

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

OCTOBER
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY COVER BY ROBERT ROBINSCH

10
CENTS

Jessie M. Leitch
Sinclair Lewis

Francis Dickie
Carolyn H. Rhone

Edith G. Bayne
P. C. Morgan

May Wynne



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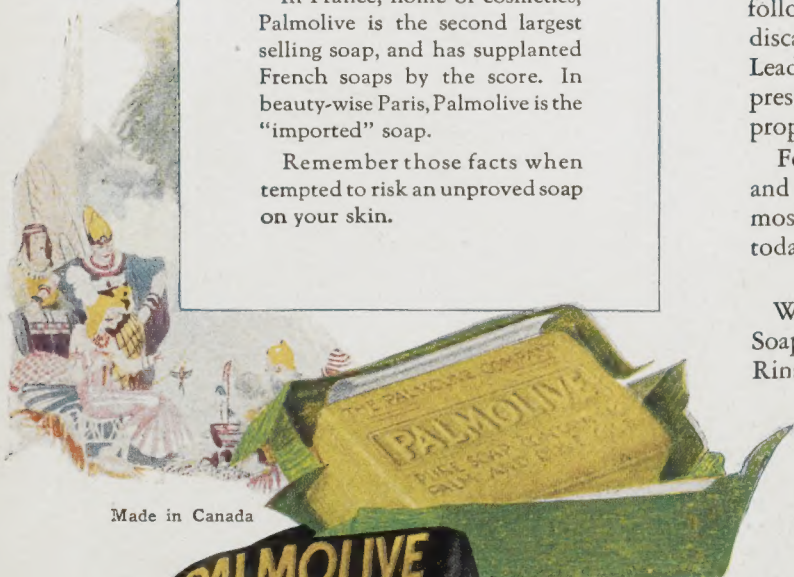
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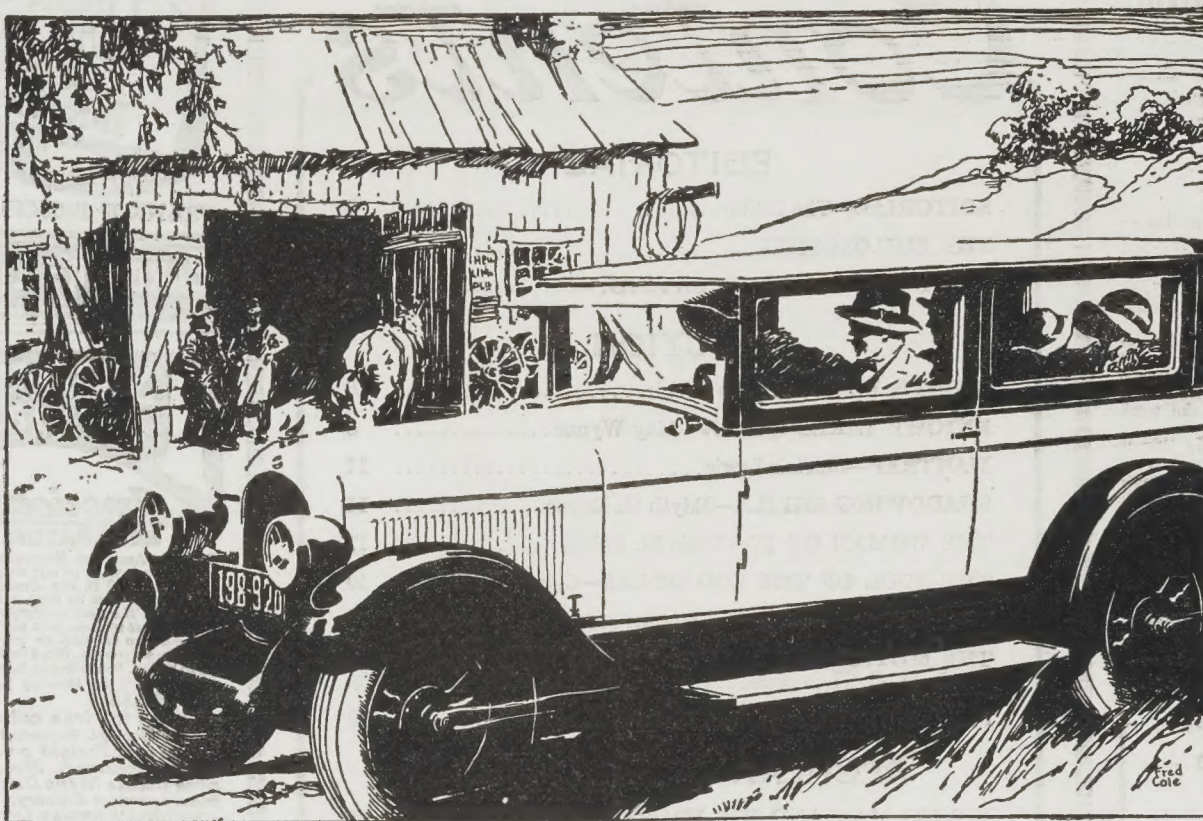
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The Western Home Monthly

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THE
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Winnipeg



The Election

THE outstanding fact in connection with the election is not that Quebec has remained Liberal and Ontario remained Conservative, but that the Prairie Provinces have asserted themselves as a unit. The members elected do not normally belong to the same party, indeed many of them are distinctly non-partisan, but they are of one mind on great issues such as low tariff, reasonable railway rates, fair trial for the Hudson's Bay Railway. In other words the West will henceforth be heard. The new government will not be able to function without the support of the Liberal-Progressives and the U.F.A. members from Alberta. If all these parties united, each having representation in the cabinet, probably it would make for stability. It would at least save time in the House. So long as government by caucus is the rule, it is a good thing for all those who have in the main the same policies to meet in caucus. It seems as if we were in for a settled government for a time. If members are true to their promises it will not be government by the big interests.

It is pleasing to note that some of those whose names have been connected with political debauchery and slander have been left at home. It is promised that officials who have been negligent or guilty of wrongdoing will be released from duty. The sooner Canadians from coast to coast understand that the same code of morals applies to both public and private life, the better for the country.

Town and Country

PERIODICALLY complaints are made that there is a marked tendency on the part of the rural population to move to the towns. The fact of removal must be admitted, for the statistics of all countries will verify it. Fifty years ago only twelve or fifteen per cent. of the population of Canada lived in towns and cities. Today the percentage is almost fifty. In the United States the percentage is a little higher. In England and Wales it approaches 80 per cent. In Belgium practically all the people live in towns. And so it goes.

The reasons for the shifting of population are not difficult to find. In the first place where land holdings are small most of the members of growing families have to move away in order to make a living. Many go to other rural districts, but a still greater number move to neighboring towns and cities. In addition, the factory system has caused people to centralize and where there are factories there are towns.

Apart from these material explanations for exodus from the farm, there are other reasons which have great weight with both older and younger people. On the farm there are long and fluctuating hours of work, there is disregard of holidays, small pay, isolation of the worker during working hours and during leisure, necessity of mastering many operations. The city supposedly or really offers standard hours, short days, a weekly half-day, or a day and a half off, fixed holidays, gregarious experiences, and easy skill resulting from specialization of industry. Yet in spite of the fact that the farmer requires a higher degree of intelligence than the ordinary worker in a factory, his salary is very much lower.

Of all these reasons none is so powerful as the social. A human being dislikes loneliness. Hence he yearns for the city with its crowds. He does not recognize until he has experienced it that the most awful loneliness in the world is that of a stranger in a great city. Better a thousand times be alive on the farm than alone in a seething crowd.

Next to loneliness perhaps the idea of physical comfort counts for much with many people. To have varied food, warmth, a good bed, clean clothes, and to be neat in appearance is a natural wish of young people and even of men and women who have toiled in heat and sun from childhood to old age. They long for a little quiet leisure where they can have some of the comforts of civilization.

Of course, it does not follow that one coming to the city secures these advantages. There is admittedly more misery in the tenements than on the farms. There is more of discomfort and disease and filth and crime, but the young person on the farm does not think of the tenements. The mail order catalogue, the movie, the travelling salesman, all tell a different story, and visits to the cities are not to the poorer districts but to the parks and beauty spots. These are lovely, but they do not represent by any means conditions in the city. The groans, the sighs, the sorrows of congested districts never reach the open spaces. The dweller in the rural districts does not always see the whole of the city picture. So often he is disillusioned after leaving his farm, but once having left, he rarely returns.

It is not altogether a misfortune that the people of the country flock to the towns. Did they not come with their ethical ideals and their strong conservatism, life in the city would become intolerable. In every city, it is usually men and women born and bred in the rural districts who are the leaders in commercial and professional life. Yet there must be moderation in the movement citywards or both town and country will suffer.

In two ways may the drift be lessened. First of all recent inventions have helped. The telephone, the automobile, the radio have performed a good service, but there must be something more. The farm homes must mean more socially and aesthetically than has often been the case. There is nothing so restful as a farm home when an effort is put forth to make it attractive, and there are no social and family gatherings that can compare with those in the farm kitchens. But even this is not enough. Farming must pay. This year has shown how it can pay when Providence is kind, and trade conditions favorable. Providence is always kind to those who do not put all their eggs in one basket, that is, to the men who engage in mixed farming, and trade conditions will be good so long as farmers combine to secure legislation that encourages their efforts.

More fundamental than either wealth or physical comfort are friendship and contentment of mind. When parents are companions of their children and when the children have thoughts, feelings and occupations suitable to their age, and where the spirit of the home is marked by kindness and consideration, the call of the city will not likely avail. On the other hand if no effort is put forth to make the home attractive, if it lacks the one essential, then the children will leave, and later on the old people, tired of their long and apparently thankless task will follow them. The fault is not in the farm and in farming, but in people who have not yet learned that they cannot live by bread alone.

The Deadly Grind

"IT IS all a grind," said the worker, one day, "a dull dead grind from morning till night." So he put on his coat and scowl at the same time.

"It is all a grind," said the rusty sword. However he came forth sharp and keen and saved his country.

"It is all a grind," said the ragged rock, but the wheel whirled it round and shaped it, and the workman patiently polished its surfaces till it came forth a precious jewel.

"It is nothing but a grind," said the great plate of glass. There is no escape from it. But at last it was lifted to the end of a great tube, and men looked through it and exulted, for the lens brought the stars nearer and revealed millions of new worlds.

"It is all a grind," say you, whoever you may be, but thank Providence for it. There is no pleasure without its pain, no good without an effort, no joy without its sorrow, no glory without sacrifice, no shining without cruel grinding.

The Need of Leisure

"IT SEEMS as though, in our great cities especially, we had ceased to know what leisure means. The speeding-up process has got into our blood, and the efficiency expert is everywhere busy showing men how they can turn out more work in a day. Business is being run at high pressure, but the speeding-up process does not stop there. We have tried to restrict the ordinary day's work to eight hours, and this would leave us at least an hour or two every day which might be claimed as leisure. But amusement, recreation, social calls, and other things have become just as clamant as business, and we have barely time to swallow a hasty meal before we are due to appear somewhere else. Our recreations and social duties ride us as hard as our business, and leisure becomes impossible.

"Leisure should mean real freedom, and to many of us there is no such thing. We venture to say that there are many people who are so accustomed to what is rightly called the strenuous life that if they had a few hours of genuine leisure they are almost bored to death. We are going through life at sixty miles an hour, and we think it's too slow, and we long for eighty or a hundred miles. And yet the man who speeds through a beautiful section of the country at sixty miles an hour does not see anything like the beauty that will reveal itself to even the humblest pedestrian. We need leisure to get the best out of life. We need to think, we need to ponder, we need to travel slowly at times."

These are sound words, but how are they to be translated into action? Surely a beginning can be made in the home. Father takes a rest after meals—maybe only five minutes, perhaps ten or fifteen. Why should not the mother rest in the same way? Something may remain undone, but whatever it is, it is not so important as the developing life of her upon whom the peace and spirit of the home depends. And there should be a time in the evening for the whole family sacred to leisure, when games, reading, conversation, and free activity should be encouraged.

Next, the school should assist by training for leisure just as carefully as for the serious business of life. Appreciation of art, music and literature should be fostered in every school-room. It is all to the good if there is no examination in these branches. The best things in life cannot be tested by written examination and cannot be measured in percentages.

In community life provision should be made for leisure hours. A well-ordered concert-hall, a properly supervised playground and all facilities for clean sport should be encouraged. The habits of youth are retained in old age. Those who never make room for leisure in childhood will find that they cannot enjoy themselves in later years. The worst thing people can do is to settle down to hard, slavish work in their early years, expecting that they can retire and enjoy themselves when old age creeps upon them. It never works out this way. The most lonesome persons one can find are they who save and slave until they are over fifty years of age and then attempt to lead a life of peaceful seclusion.

The ideal way of living is to mingle the joy of work and the joy of leisure, beginning in childhood. People who do this never grow old. The sweetest character in the world is she who is old in years and yet young in heart. No one can be young in heart who has not taken time to read, to think, to mingle with people, to associate with the best that the race has bequeathed in music, art and letters.

Religion in Education

WITH thousands of the youth of our land at this time entering our higher institutions of learning, the words of a distinguished American author and educator are of interest: "Education to achieve its best and noblest objective must bring two factors into intimate relationship — the school emphasizing citizenship in democracy and the Church emphasizing citizenship in a democracy that is Christian."

COMMUNITY PLATE



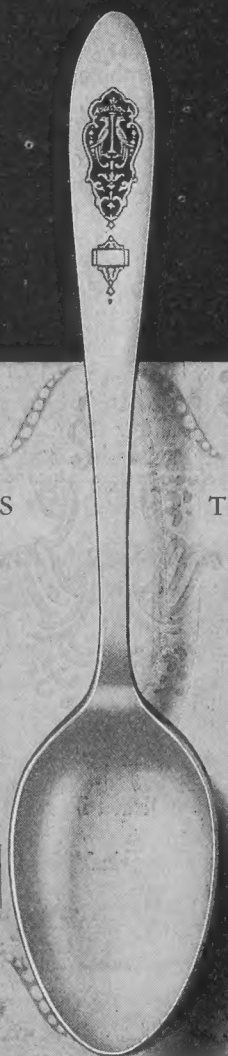
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Nearing the cabin, he noted with surprise a thin line of smoke ascending from the tin stove pipe

The Higher Love

By Francis Dickie

WITH his hand on the door latch of the office of the trading post, Mackenzie paused. "Better come to the moochegan, Billy."

"No thanks, Mac, I've no hankering for dances."

"Well, all right." Mackenzie threw the door open, adding as he passed out: "Wait till you're here a while longer—oh, you'll go all right!"

Sprawled in the big arm chair, valued possession brought from the "outside" by Mackenzie, and which radiated an air of magnificence in the office of this log trading post, Gravelle heard the latch drop, the momentary soft padding of moccasined feet, then—silence.

Now the awful quiet of the northern night boomed in his ears; beat up on his senses with bludgeon blows, intangible, yet deadly real; intensified his heart-ache, bringing back acutely a pain, the edge of which had been dulled during the toil of the day. Leaning forward he dropped his chin into cupped hands, resting his elbows upon his knees, and stared out of the one little window at the end of the room into the stillness impregnated dark, his eyes strangely tired and old.

With the door's closing had returned an old longing, and doubts and fears. Left alone, thoughts of England came, and again a questioning of his actions of the past four months.

Of course, Grace had been right—the blood relationship of first cousins was too close to permit of marriage. But, because this was denied them, was he justified in thus disappearing into the far reaches of the Canadian wilderness; in the changing of an old and honored name for one selected haphazard on the spur of the moment? Was it best for her—fair to his family? . . . Ah, the family! Curious group, his family. An integral body, certainly; but only by reason of name and estate. He held nothing in common with them, nor they with one another—his father obsessed with politics; Henry his big game hunting and foreign travel, and Charles his chorus girls and never-winning string of horses. He felt almost glad now that his mother was gone. His absence at least could not hurt her: the only one who would have cared, with the exception of his cousin Grace.

But Grace? Despite her firm stand that first cousins should not marry, he knew she cared for him deeply. She had given him a great love. What of her?

Was this wilderness burying of himself, this wordless dropping from sight, the right way to make easier her forgetting? Would not the very mystery, the uncertainty of his whereabouts, his fate, the hope of written word keep alive her love for him? that love which by his recent action he hoped to kill? Hoped to kill for her sake, for the sake of her future happiness.

Well, no matter, it was the only course seen, and, now taken, should be pursued. From now on, George Arthur Haileybury, third son of an earl, was no more; instead stood Billy Gravelle, fur trader in the making.

And then, moved by the strange inconsistency of the human mind, and with the ache in his heart felt more poignantly in the loneliness of this northern fur post, he hated the thought that her love should die, even as he prayed it would.

For two months now he had acted as assistant to Johnny Mackenzie, Hudson's Bay Factor at Lesser Slave Lake Post. And even his numb heart had, in a little way, responded to the elixir of these busy spring days so actively filled with the checking of endless bales of fur unloaded by the halfbreeds from the incoming scows. Too, Gravelle, under Mackenzie's tutelage, had begun to understand the grading of the various pelts; to detect imperfect ones, the "rubbed" and late summer caught; to select prime winter skins and those of late autumn.

Thus busy, and with interest aroused in the new work, the days had passed quickly. But the nights!—he had come to dread their slow passing. When late falling dusk, fading so slowly, so imperceptibly to dun dark, crept down, he seemed more than ever shut off from the world. Mackenzie, unlike most factors, was young. He held none of Gravelle's distaste for native companionship,

having married a full-blooded Cree during his first year in the country seven years before. He spent most of his evenings out with his native wife at some nearby Indian dance, or, alone, played poker in one of the native cabins in the settlement. Thus, left much to himself, Gravelle passed lonely evenings in the office of the fur post, smoking and reading till, the hour growing late, he would make his way to his own little log cabin a stone's-throw away among the poplars and spruce.

Presently his thoughts drifted to dull wondering about the future; but it was such a futile pondering to one with such an empty heart as he, that he tried to cease dwelling on himself; strove to drive himself to a calm acceptance of life as it came in this new world where he had immured himself. But somehow tonight, with the recurrence of painful memory stronger than any previous one, the loneliness irked more powerfully than ever. And then, unsought, unwanted, came desire for woman's companionship—a sudden wanting for no particular one—just a longing to see light in bright eyes, hear soft voices intoning, look upon red lips curved in smiles.

A minute he gave full sway to this. The dull light faded from his eyes; in place shone a faintly dawning fire. Angrily he sought to fight it down, feeling it a sacrilegious emotion, an affront to his love for Grace. But still the longing persisted. And in the wake of it came quickly a stronger desire. Gaining strength with dread rapidity, clamoring louder, it surged fiercer within him, a snapping fire that quickly licked hungrily the foot of his spiritual shrine; took hot hold and sent all his pulses throbbing, till his love for Grace was left in the background, and grosser natural needs assumed full sway.

. . . "And, God, how handsome some of these native women were!"

At last it had come—realization. Forming subconsciously and slow through the weeks when at various times he had sold them goods from the store, it now burst from hidden recess of unexplored brain, rousing long inhibited passion, hungry, tigerish wantings. He sat very still, eyes burning into the dark. To his nostrils, through a

broken window pane, there drifted, on furtive, momentary breeze, a little breath of the night, heavily odorous of bursting Balm of Gilead buds and fresh-greening spruce, a perfect essence of spring, soft, sensuous, appealing, rousing to highest pitch cravings primeval, old as the race of man.

Without as yet any lucid idea, Gravelle got to his feet, pulled on his battered felt hat, and stepped out into the night. Before him lay the one street of the settlement, a mere sandy trail, upon either side of which, at irregular intervals, stood half-breed shacks, and the cabins and stores of the three rival white traders. In the near distance, and lapping the northerly end of the street, lay Lesser Slave Lake.

As Gravelle stood erect and trembling under the effect of this sudden-come emotion there came consciousness that in the seeming soundless night there was sound—frogs throated raucous melody; a night hawk, high wheeling, then low, called monotonous, one-noted cry; out in the lake a loon laughed maniacal scoldings to the night; and, as if answering back, a lone bittern on shore reiterated solitary voicing: "Pom-Pom, Pom-Pom," a hollow booming, strangely sinister, shivery as the dark waters across which it came. But over all, encompassing everything, lay supreme an awful quiet, a vast calm, profound, possessed of insidious, indefinable something that, in spite of all the noises of the night, maintained the sense of oppressive stillness: that hanging hush of endless listening distance. It was this that had irked so often the lonely man. Now it seemed almost like a live thing, a presiding deity wrapping the sleeping wilderness in gloomy, unshakeable mantle.

Then, with the oppressiveness weighing upon him more heavily than ever before, there came drifting to his ears the sound of a fiddle rapidly played, the crude music robbed of its harshness, made pleasant by distance; and Gravelle's thoughts, momentarily diverted by his contemplation of the stillness, leapt back on the tangent of desire. Giving way to his impulse he turned, went quickly toward the music which came from a pretentious whitewashed log house lying on the top of the low "hogsback" ridge somewhat removed from and behind the straggling street proper of the settlement. It was the home of Mary Miskinak, wealthiest halfbreed woman on Lesser Slave Lake, and a recent widow whom gossip proclaimed as being in search of a new husband, as her home of recent days had been the scene of lavish entertainment, of many moochegans, at which dances the gathered young bachelors might the better realize the value of so fine a place and, in the realizing, overlook the owner's age and increasing stoutness, for Mary was thirty—a handicap in a native woman requiring much to overcome.

REACHING the end of the street, Gravelle turned off upon a little pathway and climbed the rise leading to the door. Around the step a few men were clustered taking a moment's rest from the strenuous exertion of the dance. They nodded a little wonderingly to him as he stepped within the low-ceiled room.

Air foul and odorous of unwashed, sweating bodies, and heavy with dust stirred up from the rough plank floor met his nostrils. Feeling strangely awkward he slipped into a niche behind the square kitchen stove directly at the right of the entrance. Standing here he gazed about; took in every detail of this meagre theatre so typical of its occupants little, empty lives.

Directly at his left seated on rude benches and upon the floor were a dozen women, close-huddled against the wall. Several held babies—round-eyed, black-haired creatures, from one to three years of age, who gazed with wide-eyed absorption at the dancers whirling so close. Occasionally one of the women left her position to join the dance; but, for the most part they sat mere spectators of the younger squaws. Not that they were really old—perhaps thirty to thirty-five years—but, after the quick ageing of their kind, were already coarsely stout, all charm of face and figure faded. Places on the bench and floor not occupied by them were filled from time to time by the native dancers, male and female, snatching a breathing space.

Against the wall directly opposite Gravelle, sat the fiddler, a grizzled halfbreed, his lined, parchment-like face bent over the instrument without expression, eyes half closed as if drunk from the music, and carried far away. One moccasined foot padded, padded upon the planking in crude time, his body slightly titubating from the movement. Over him, bent far forward and stooping, was a youth of perhaps sixteen, in his hands two poplar

sticks the size of a thick lead pencil, and as long. With these he beat upon the upper strings of the violin, between the holding hand of the musician and the bridge—a not difficult task, for the player's fingering was crude, covering limited area. The boy's action created a queerly weird twanging tattoo, monotonous repetition of four muffled notes, which, mingling with the clearer, shriller tones the bow produced, made a peculiar wild harmony; not of esthetic appeal, but in keeping with the noisy, stamping dance forms of the people.

But Gravelle was alien, even with two months in the Northland. The music only tended to heighten this feeling; and though every eye in the room had taken him in, every tongue made him subject of momentary conjecture and discussion, no one paid him any attention, for Northland moochegans are informal affairs, everyone welcome without invitation, and expected to do their own acquainting. Unaware of custom, Gravelle remained jammed in his little niche, oddly uncomfortable, watching the dance, and suddenly thankful, without any particular reason, that Mackenzie was not in at-



Mary Rose

tendance here. The majority of the women present were familiar to him by sight from their visits to the store. Many of them were beautiful in wilderness way. Yet now he was in their midst, his desire, so strong back at the post a few minutes ago, died. A little ashamed, he was about to slip out and return to his cabin when out of the ruck of the whirling dancers a face caught his eye, an alluringly beautiful one, different from the other women's, which resurrected all his wild longings. His eyes kindled. The primitive man within him leaped again fully into life, fiercer, stronger than before, banishing entirely shyness and diffidence. Leaning forward, his one hand gripping the edge of the cold stove, he followed every swaying motion of her body; tried to catch her eye, to make her see his hungry smile.

She was taller than the rest of the women dancing; narrow-waisted, with hips perfectly rounded and falling away in a long curving line; clean, fine, perfectly moulded. She moved with a certain lithe lightness, foreign to the others, as though thrilled with superior chemicals. Though her skin was bronzed, a little white blood was in her veins; the blood of a French nobleman, an

ancestor three generations removed, yet which still showed its effect; fining her face with firm, small chin, low cheekbones, and oval face. Only her eyes and hair remained true to her native breeding; the orbs heavy-lidded, slightly slanting, made more alluring by the foreign refining influence of the features.

All this Gravelle glimpsed as he watched her through the maze of the dance; and watching, was so moved he was about to step out and join this unfamiliar revel when the music stopped abruptly—the first cessation since his entrance. For the most part the dancers remained grouped in the centre of the floor awaiting the striking up of the music, such affairs being an almost continuous number upon number with only a moment's respite till creeping dawn's arrival.

But leaving and coming towards the door, Gravelle saw his woman; was thrilled anew by her nearness, by closer view of the sumptuous sensuous savagery of her. And, as she came nearer still, he was startled by a strange resemblance of her features to those of a painted Cleopatra hanging in the gallery of his English home. Here, stamped upon this wilderness child, this epitome of wild youth, was the same indefinable allure of hidden something which, as a boy, had held him fascinated before that old painting.

Massed upon the native girl's crown her jet black hair was held from falling over narrow brow by band of velvet ribbon, from the centre of which flashed a circlet of glass diamonds, gleaming almost real in the glow of the solitary brass lamp hanging suspended from the centre of the ceiling. Over her ears the hair was coiled, covering all but the tiniest tips of the lobes. Beads of sweat stood out on brow and cheek, and in two little lines trickled down her face to a neck that merged, in long, softest of curves, into shoulders delicately symmetrical and bosom full and firm, which, because of the low cut of her cheap blue cotton waist, was bare to the swelling line of her little breasts.

As she came opposite him, and so near he had but to reach out and touch the coppery satin flesh revealed, the door swung open creating momentary breeze to carry the odor of her to his nostrils, an intangible musky smell, warmly sensual, heavy with animal appeal. At that moment the music struck up, and the girl, changing her mind, whirled back to join the dance.

Half a step out from his niche behind the stove the man halted, staring after her. Then, swayed by uncontrollable impulse, he stepped swiftly forward, joined the dance, his limbs swinging to the rhythm of weirdly fiddled air. He moved not badly, grasping easily the simple steps in origin more white than red, derived from trail-blazing Scotch and Frenchmen in the last two centuries.

Half the width of the room apart the sexes faced each other with momentary mincing step, then came together to whirl about the room, clinging but

briefly to ever-changing partners, in time to the droning voice of the caller-off. Women, one, two, three in number, Gravelle held in his arms. Then she came. The blood rushed to his face as his eyes gazed into hers, and from the brown depths of the woman's his took fresh fire and leaped and flared and burned in mad wild gleaming.

Last vestige of calmness gone, traditions of race forgotten, he danced and danced; figure followed figure, "Money Musk," "The Grapevine," and an endless whirl of evolutions, an odd combining of Scotch and French dance steps with those of native origin. Under the spell of the woman so often close, Gravelle forgot the passing of hours. Presently in an interval of rest he found his tongue, began conversing with her, learned her name was Mary Rose.

Twice they left the room to stand in the quiet night under cool sky and the stars. But again, with her close, a little of his old diffidence, the chivalry of him, a thing innate from ten generations of gentlemen, asserted. And Mary Rose found herself being talked and deferred to in a manner strange, utterly unlike the ways of white men with whom she had been familiar in the past.

Morning neared. They had drawn a little apart to a corner of the now less crowded bench, and were seated watching a youthful halfbreed doing the Red River Jig; beside him, as pace maker, Mary Miskinak, the hostess, when Mary Rose whispered softly in his ear: "Kee wee tak." Then, remembering he did not understand, she added in her soft, lisping English: "Let's go home."

Outside, he took her arm a bit tentatively. They passed down the rough street of the little settlement merging dimly to view with growing dawn. Presently, where a faint path branched off, she stopped, started to draw away. With the movement, Gravelle slipped back abysmal years. He lunged forward cruel gripping arms; drew her to him with strength that elicited a faint gasp of pain. His head went down. Hot, hungry lips met hers.

And now she understood; thrilled to his wooing, as she had to other white men before; gave him sensual lips, soft and warm and luscious as ripened, sun-kissed peach. But Mary Rose was true primitive woman, despite the mixture of her ancestry. Knowing herself wanted, and in turn come to care for this moonias (new-come white man), drawn to him by a feeling stronger than any ever felt for any man before, she was not yet ready, so as his arms loosened momentarily after the first fierce embrace, she broke free and sprang away; like startled fawn seeking cover went speeding in and out among the underbrush and close-ranked poplars, and disappeared. Faintly, from hidden spot among the near trees, Gravelle heard the muffled sound of a closing door. For a moment he was moved to follow, but something stayed him. Stumblingly he went along down the main street to his cabin. But long after creeping between his blankets he lay awake, thinking, thinking on the strange happenings of the night. Why had he gone? And, dwelling upon every moment from the time of his first stepping out of his cabin, a queer conviction of predestination of things mapped out and impossible of escaping haunted him, as at times in the past it had haunted him before.

At last he slept, and it was nearly ten o'clock when he awoke. Rising hastily and without breakfast he hurried to work. Since his arrival at Lesser Slave Lake settlement, it had been his custom to make his own breakfast and supper at his cabin, taking the mid-day meal with Mackenzie and his native wife in their cabin next the store. This at the factor's suggestion. Arrived at the post, the grading and baling of an extra large shipment of fur made the day extra tiring. This, coupled with the previous night's unwonted exercise and loss of sleep brought a heavy weariness as he turned his steps homeward with the end of the day's work.

NEARING his cabin he noted with surprise a thin line of smoke ascending from the tin stove pipe that projected through the roof. Puzzled he quickened his steps, swung open the door, stepped within. The usual disorder of the room, the spotted oilcloth table cover, dirty dishes, unmade bed, dust-covered stove and shelves of his bachelor housekeeping, was gone. The place was immaculate. A shining table greeted his astonished eyes. Upon it supper stood waiting. And there, in the centre of the room, was Mary Rose, lithe, sinuous, more beautiful than ever—Mary Rose came to him in her own time, in her own way, after the strange fashion of her kind.

And now Gravelle remembered how Mackenzie, in confidential mood one day some time after his arrival, had told of his wooing, and the coming of his woman in similar odd way. So Gravelle only said, very quietly, taking her presence as a matter of course: "Hello, Mary Rose."—and sat down to supper, as he did so noting in one corner her unrolled rabbit-skin robe and blankets.

It is a strange truth of life that wherever white pioneer mates with native woman, he seldom raises her to his plane, but rather sinks down to hers. Lacking education or knowledge of white ways or world, the women have but one appeal, one which, unfortified by any superior qualities, makes partly for this end.

Gravelle was no exception. And, too, as an aid against the terrible monotony of a trader's existence, he, like countless others of his kind, took to drinking whisky. Little by little the finer things of him dropped away—niceties of manner, thought and action. But the dissolution was so gradual as to leave him almost unconscious of its taking place. Sometimes, though very dimly, his innermost being glimpsed for a star-falling flash of time the slipping; but it was only momentary, caused no change, and the coarser-forming ego became ever more a part of him, corroding as grey fungi upon the trunk of a tree. But one part of him still remained unchanged.



She came back to him, clutching his shoulders with fingers tightening from spasmodic, fear-lent grasp

He still cared for Grace; cared for her in a bigger, broader sense, in a way that turned his thoughts continually to her. Always he wished her well; hoped she was happy. At the end of his second year at Lesser Slave Lake he convinced himself that now she must be reconciled, perhaps had even found someone else to care for.

With his conscience cleared upon this point, he thought at times of returning to England. Particularly on long northern winter nights, when the arctic wind howled across the ice and snow covered expanse of Lesser Slave Lake, did the desire affect him the strongest. Then he sat by the hour dreaming, dreaming; dreamed of going back home, of being white again. Sometimes the mind pictures he conjured up affected him so powerfully he went out into the night to escape the searching eyes of Mary Rose, and stood for many icy moments under the cold stars, so unresponsively gleaming, while his hungry heart beat weary tattoo to a hell's own loneliness for his own world and kind.

And under the spell of the longing he many times made decision to return, yet did not go; for though he had come to know his love for Mary

Rose for what it was, for what it must always be—superficial, earthy, of the flesh—he could not deny that dumb devotion she gave him, a love absolutely sincere, unbounded, which was all her life. It preyed upon him; raised strange feelings of sadness and pity for her; and always it rose up, confronted his going.

* * *

Three eventless, slow-drifting years slipped by. Near the ending of this time, Mackenzie was transferred, and Gravelle given charge.

ONE early summer evening, some three months after Mackenzie's departure, Gravelle sat before the door of the post methodically sorting a pile of just arrived months-old newspapers, copies of the London Times, his only link with the outside world. He had this sent daily to the head office

at Winnipeg, to be later forwarded in great bundles by the half-yearly mails. Always upon receipt he sorted them carefully in order of their dates, to read one each day, beginning with the most ancient edition, and reading on through to the latest. Thus he had his daily paper, even as the men of the outside world, and away out here, the mere matter of the ancientness of the news did not matter.

But now suddenly as he performed the task of sorting his attention was caught by seeing his own name attached to a prominently displayed advertisement in one of the papers of most recent date. Curiously he scanned it:

Doddington, Oxon, England, May 26th, re George Arthur Haileybury:

Information of Mr. George Arthur Haileybury, last heard of at Montreal, is wanted at once; or if the aforesaid should not be alive, will any other person able to give particulars, at once communicate with the undersigned. One hundred pounds reward will be paid.

Scroogins, Kerr and Granham, Solicitors, 26 Farnival Street, London, E.C.

Gravelle laid the paper down wondering. The firm name was that of the family solicitors, and their wanting him could mean only one thing: his father's death, and the division of the estate. But, as the third son, his would be so little, he was not greatly moved by the information.

Still, the advertisement had roused his curiosity, and, recognizing the fact that so prominent a man must have been given considerable newspaper space, he began going carefully through the mass of papers, over a hundred in number. Presently, at ten o'clock, the daylight dimmed, making further outdoor reading difficult, so he rose, went within the post to continue the search by lamp-light. At last, under the date of March tenth, he came upon the story, one of a kind wholly unexpected.

Front-paged, under heavy-led headings, he read the name of not only his father but his two brothers, and the story of their death, along with hundreds of others in England's greatest train wreck. Upon another page, what of their prominence, were their pictures and that of the family home—and, Gravelle started, for there, staring out at him from the now yellowing paper, was his own countenance, blurred and dim, made from an old photograph and almost unrecognizable. The caption underneath read: "George Arthur Haileybury, the heir to Haileybury estates, youngest son, now travelling somewhere in Canada."

So the family never let the world know the true story of his disappearance. Without any feeling of emotion, Gravelle laid the paper down. The sudden deaths of all his nearest relatives while

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"I think you are cruel," she said, and her eyes were full of tears.

Knight Takes Queen—Check

"YOUR move, sir," said Cardrill, shortly. Dynleigh smiled. He was studying the board. He had been studying it for the last half-hour.

But then he was a chess player. He had grown old at the game—so absorbing, so fascinating that he had forgotten so many things that he had meant to do.

Life had become a chess-board—and his hair was grey. He seemed content enough. His home if small was comfortable, the man who kept it, cooked, dusted, even washed, was a Chinaman—and devoted. He had no domestic troubles since the girl he had intended to wed married a more ardent suitor whilst he studied chess problems. He had lived abroad for years, finding the culture of chess more advanced on the Continent. Now he was back in England—though he kept the reason for his return to himself. It was not the business of neighbors to know he suffered from an incurable disease which might terminate life at a minute's notice. He often forgot and always ignored the fact himself.

He had his chess—and there was no jarring note at Rosemary Cottage, set amongst apple orchards, pleasant woods and streams. There were days when for all he knew or cared it might have been set amongst the slums—but those were times when the game of games held some special problem.

He had welcomed Heath Cardrill with the lukewarm welcome a master gives a novice—and was surprised to find the novice a skilled player, almost his equal. Almost is a word—with wide analysis—Thomas Dynleigh would have been heart-broken had Cardrill beaten him. He never had.

Today, he was nearer than he had ever been. A single move might decide the game.

Dynleigh studied the board—no hovering fingers—no irresolution. His grip of the queen was no uncertain one as he brought her out into the thick of the fray.

"My bishop," hinted Cardrill, "threatens your queen."

Dynleigh's smile was placid.

"The knight guards her," he retorted, and his opponent bit his lip, finding his oversight inexcusable.

By May Wynne

Once again the two men became immersed in their battle—but, for Dynleigh, the crisis was over. He knew that for today at least he was secure—and one never sees defeat on the page of tomorrow.

A GIRL came singing up the lane and opened the little green gate.

Cardrill had left the house five minutes earlier—he had met the girl as he rode back to the manor house where he ruled, for he was the great man of the place, this Heath Cardrill, to whom all kow-towed.

June Kellan was an exception who did not count since her widowed mother was one of Cardrill's most humble admirers.

June lived at Rallarni Farm with her mother and aunt—there is something about the word farm which sounds so snug and homelike, suggestive of rosy-cheeked milkmaids, golden honey, foaming pans of creamy milk and lowing herds. Rallarni Farm was not ideal. The man who looked after the cows was a rogue, and his son regularly purloined eggs from the poultry-house. June had discovered so much, but her mother would not believe it. She pointed out that George rang the church bell and sang in the choir. June gave up trying to make the farm a solvent affair—it was hopeless. She had told Tim Wynthorpe so—and he had sympathized.

Tim was an enthusiast. Life was difficult, he admitted. But he gloried in difficulties. It was the fighting instinct which had already carried him along many a rough road. He needed all the punch he had in him to.

June came softly into the room where Thomas Dynleigh sat fingering a pawn.

She knew him well enough to understand whether it would be kinder to steal as softly away as she had come. Today, he greeted her with a smile.

"The queen saved the situation," he said.

Chess was to June as the Sphinx to mankind, but she had her answer.

"That's the woman's job," she retorted and perched herself on the edge of the table, swinging silk-stockinged legs.

Dynleigh regarded her tenderly. She was sunshine—the only sunshine of the kind he had ever approved. Women had never played a conspicuous part in his life and so he had never railed against them. But June was the only one who had really interested him. She was a problem. And he loved problems.

"I hear Cardrill has bought the Rallarni Farm," said he.

June frowned. "Yes," she replied, "he is our landlord now. I am sorry."

"Why?" asked the other.

She hesitated. "I don't believe I can tell you," she sighed. "Mother is pleased; he is very kind—and after all I suppose it was silly to say I was sorry. Did Mr. Wynthorpe remember to bring you that packet from the station?"

It was too sudden a change in conversation. Dynleigh smiled. "Yes," he said, "he has a way of remembering. We sat and talked half the night. Pity he is not a chess player, he would be a good one."

"Why?" asked June.

"Because," said Dynleigh, "he has courage—and knows how to hold on."

June puzzled as she picked up a pawn.

"I don't see that you need those virtues for chess," she objected.

The old man smiled.

"Ah," he replied, "but then you are not a chess player either."

"Only," she answered, "a pawn in a greater game."

"No," said Dynleigh. "A queen. Now run away like a good girl. I have a problem to study."

Afterwards June wondered if he had seen Tim waiting over there by the hedge of hollyhocks.

He had been waiting there for some time, his jolly, sun-tanned face very grave—almost tragic though he tried to smooth out the lines as he greeted the girl whose face flushed at sight of him.

"Is it good news?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said drearily, "but it is not. There is nothing saved at all from the wreck."

She tried to stand very erect.

"The farm?" she asked.

He nodded. "Just that—only that. I must work—harder than I've ever done. I may make a living but . . ." His voice broke. June could not stand that; she could not smother that sob.

The next moment his arm was around her.

"June, June," he groaned, "don't. Don't say you love me . . . don't love me. Oh, my darling—If it had not been for this I had hoped . . . I . . ."

She fought back her tears and tried to smile. "I had hoped too," she confessed. "And—I do love you, so it can't be helped."

She did not insist that he should tell the story of his love. She knew it existed though he had not spoken before—some girls must hear word for word what their hearts tell them is their possession. June had the gift of faith—here it served to remove a mountain of despair. They clung to each other like children, grieving over their trouble.

June's throat grew dry in voicing the speech which she knew must hurt so badly.

"You . . . you know what mother will say," she faltered.

It was he who drew back, withstanding the temptation of her lips.

"It is no use, June," he said very slowly. "I shall have to go away. I can't stick it. I've behaved like a cad—letting you know what it means to me. You little pitying angel, for Heaven's sake scorn me as a rotter who . . . thought more of his own pain than your welfare. For—it's no good, June. I couldn't even dream of marrying you for years, and not then if the croakers are right about poultry farms. It's hopeless, and your mother is right."

"She is not," said June. "She is perfectly wrong. Love is the only thing that counts. And if I lived to be a hundred I should never love Mr. Cardrill. To begin with he's too old. Nearly forty—and fat."

Tim's lips twitched, but his eyes were haunting.

"So it is Heath Cardrill," said he.

June opened the gate and walked down the path. She wanted to do something desperate, and, instead, she could do no worse than break down the proud head of a hollyhock in passing!

"Yes," she answered at last—turning her head away from the man beside her.

He did not for his part ask for the explanation. He knew June's mother was ambitious. He did not blame her tremendously. He knew she was poor and had had a hard life through this same poverty. It was natural that she should want her child to escape the searing, sordid struggle which takes the sunshine out of most faces. Of course he thought her mistaken. Youth has a way of criticizing age—and who will say Love is not the best of life? But he found extenuating circumstances.

June was intensely grateful. Not only was she loyal to the core, but also she knew best how her mother had always worked and pinched for her sake, aye, and had suffered, too, because she could not give more. Poor mother! if only she had willed any sacrifice but this one! A hackneyed cry! And the mother was set on that splendid match.

JUNE found Heath Cardrill at the farm on her return. She was one of those girls who find it difficult to mask their feelings, but she did her best.

And after all most people would have told her she was a very lucky girl to possess such a lover.

Even if he were forty and inclined to be fat he was a handsome fellow; big-nosed, clever faced, with the eye of a chess-player—if you know what that means. He could read June like a book and he did not altogether like his reading, but he had his theories about women. One was that love with a girl is nothing but a glamor and a riddle which marriage in solving binds—in most cases for all time. He believed a man could win the love of any woman he chose—if he knew so much of the sex as he did himself.

He had therefore decided to marry June Kellan, with or without her wish. Convinced she would make the ideal wife. Having settled a knotty ques-

tion which, in the abstract, had worried him ever since he had come to a marriageable age, he made his arrangements. He even ordered one of the disused rooms at the manor to be redecorated and furnished as a lady's boudoir. It never troubled Cardrill to hear his neighbors were discussing him. So he watched June pour out tea—and smiled. He liked the way she sat, with her head held up and little curls astray over her brow while she handled the blue-and-white teapot with the air of a presiding genius.

They would entertain at the manor when she reigned there. He would come out of his shell and become a popular figure in society.

After tea, the mother vanished—discreetly, and June was left tete-a-tete over the fire with the man she would never love.

He did not beat about the bush.

"When will you marry me, June-rose?" he asked. "You know I want you more than I have ever wanted anything. You will say 'I don't want you,' though,—but you are mistaken. You will learn to love me, and I think you will be glad to make your mother the happiest of women. She has been tell-

well not to suffer in disappointing her of her hopes—"

June stood up.

"I think you are cruel," she said, and her voice was full of tears.

Heath Cardrill stood up too.

"Will you call it an engagement?" he said, "for a month? That is fair. If you wish to end it then I stand aside. But you won't do so. Your mother's happiness will prevent that—and your own must. I am only a prophet, but a prophet has the right to be tested. For your mother's sake, June?"

"Yes," she replied. "You knew I would have to say yes. There wasn't anything else possible. But I shall never love you."

Then she ran away and cried, tempestuously, feeling that death would be sweeter than this hard road of life. It was consoling to weave a tale of tombstones and white roses and too-late regrettings. But—alas for June! she was so preposterously alive and healthy.

THOMAS DYNLEIGH heard the news of June's engagement from Tim.

They were good friends, these two, even though Tim did not play chess.

Old Dynleigh sat with his board before him, watching the young man thoughtfully.

"I suppose," said he, "you will throw up the game, eh? You couldn't stand to your guns and work at the hens and ducks as though June were the reward. It would take some grit—and this generation is born without that—or else left it behind in the war. I don't blame you."

Lynthorpe's laugh was not amused.

"I am remaining at Rexwall," he said. "And I am going to make my poultry pay. I shall work about twice as hard as I did before. And, if June wants a pal to be standing by; if ever she sends out an S.O.S., why, I'm there."

Dynleigh did not seem particularly thrilled by this speech, his thoughts were straying back to his game. He had been too late in moving his bishop.

"A false move takes all the bloom off a game," said he. "I must think before I make another. Good day, lad. If ever you get dull, buy a chess-board—you'll find a

desert island quite cheerful to contemplate in a resting place—after you acquire the gift."

Tim smiled—but he did not try more confidences. Next day when Heath Cardrill visited Rosemary cottage he found his adversary ready for him.

"I have chosen the queen's gambit," said he. "After all, I consider it the soundest opening."

Cardrill laughed.

"I agree," he replied, "though I am not averse to the four knights quine."

He helped to arrange the board, his lips still creased pleasantly.

"When you are married," crooned Dynleigh, "you'll have to give up chess and take to the jazz. What fools men are not to know when they are well off."

Cardrill had his hand on the king's pawn—"I shall still play chess—and entertain friends," he replied. "After forty a man feels it is time to think of the future. My sons will inherit a fine property."

Thomas Dynleigh did not reply. He had never been a landed proprietor.

Meantime, June was learning her lesson. It seemed to be a task outside her strength. Cardrill was not an ideal lover—and it hurt her pride to see his housekeeper's smile when he showed her the boudoir already completed. How sure he had been of acceptance.

And she counted the days of that month as a condemned prisoner counts. Could she make an excuse for breaking it off? Her mother's radiant happiness forbade it. And only her mother seemed to fail to notice June's pale looks, her thin cheeks, her listless ways.

Old Dynleigh noticed, but he did not ask questions. He knew quickly how matters stood.

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"It's no use June," he said very slowly "I shall have to go away, I can't stick it"



The Bible and the Church

By Rev. P. C. Morgan, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

WHERE does the Church stand today with reference to the Bible? This is one of the outstanding questions of the age, as indeed it has been of every age in Church history. This literature is so superlative that it cannot be ignored, and as a result the Church is divided into many differing schools of interpretation and application.

Today the student of contemporary Church history is confronted by conditions which at first appear to be most distressing. Opinions have become so sharply divided concerning the Word of God that we hear on every hand such terms as "Modernism" and "Fundamentalism;" "Liberalism" and "Conservatism;" "Orthodoxy" and "Heterodoxy." We find those who profess to believe the Bible "from cover to cover;" and those who say that certain parts of the Bible are "more inspired" than others.

One result of such conditions within the Church is that the "man outside" is regarding the Church with mingled feelings of pity and disgust, and is telling us that when we have settled our own differences he will listen to us.

On the other hand there are hundreds of thousands of men and women who are literally starving for the Word of God. Wherever one travels, whether in this land or that, whether in the crowded cities or in the small villages, one constantly meets with those who honestly desire real instruction concerning the things of God and religion.

Behind all the conditions described there lies a deeper cause. The present condition of world affairs reveals a supreme discontent within the heart of humanity. From almost every nation there comes the story of revolt against existing authority, and there seems to be a tremendous wave of lawlessness sweeping over this earth of ours. Restraints seem to be cast off, and the present quest for "liberty" too frequently becomes an excuse for well-nigh unbridled license.

It becomes evident, even to the casual observer, that there must be a deep-seated reason for such conditions, and it is for that reason that we must seek.

Personally I believe that all the things so far enumerated are but the symptoms of the underlying cause; and that cause I believe to be the quest of humanity for authority. This might be illustrated in national affairs at considerable length, but such is not the purpose of this article. We are concerned with the same thing in the realm of the Bible and the Church, and here we are confronted with a mass of evidence.

The Church today is seeking for authority in religion. When she is told that this or that is obligatory upon those who unite with her fellowship, she enquires as to the credentials of those imposing the said conditions. From whence do they derive their authority?

The Roman Church has settled the question so far as she is concerned by centering authority in the Pope and in the College of Cardinals, so that when the Supreme Pontiff, after consultation with the Sacred College, makes a pronouncement it is regarded as of supreme authority, and therefore infallible.

The boast of Protestantism for centuries has been that her final authority was the Bible. To that literature she has made her appeal, and upon her interpretation of it has been based her doctrinal and ecclesiastical position. Today, however, the position is changing; and the Ministry of our Protestant Church is in many cases the ringleader in attacking the veracity of the Holy Scriptures.

It is with these facts in mind that we enquire: "Where does the Church stand today with reference to the Bible?"

The first thing to be said is that much of so-called "Modernism" is not really modern at all. It is but the re-hashing of ancient heresies which are being foisted upon the public under the guise of "recent discoveries." In many instances those who seek to promulgate these theories are men of certain attainments along the lines of intellectual scholarship, and as a result the ordinary individual becomes greatly impressed. The question naturally



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arises: how is it that these pronouncements of so-called "scholars" are received with such avidity?

The answer is not far to seek. It lies in the fact that the average church member today does not know the Bible, and does not know how to handle the Bible. To them the Bible has become a book for devotional reading, or merely a storehouse of texts for the preacher. There are literally thousands in our churches who have no idea of the grand distances of Bible study, who have no conception of the content of individual books, who have never caught a glimpse of the inter-relationship existing between Old and New Testaments, and who therefore have never really begun to appreciate the value of this literature.

Here our investigation must be pressed a little further; and when this is done we are reluctantly compelled to admit that a great deal of the blame lies in the pulpit rather than in the pew. Those of us in the Ministry have devoted a great deal of our time to an attempt to "keep abreast of the times" by reading current literature, when we should have been listening to the Word of God. The Church has almost lost her teaching office. We have entertained the public with our opinions about this or that recent event, when we should have been instructing them in the eternal principles of the Holy Scriptures. We have thought more of large crowds and big collections than of saved men and women who were intelligently instructed in the great verities of our Holy Faith. Our Sunday morning services have too frequently become cold and formal, and our Sunday evening services have degenerated into entertainments; while the midweek service has, in many cases, been abandoned altogether.

These are severe charges to bring and yet many a man and woman will, if honest with themselves, admit the truth of them. It is a good thing ever and anon to face the facts of the situation, and this must be done before we can attempt to better existing conditions.

One of the world's greatest Bible teachers recently said: "Every Church ought to be a Biblical College;" and in that statement lies the solution of the problem. In order to bring this to pass there must be a return on the part of the Church to the diligent study of the Word of God. It must be expounded and applied in our pulpits, it must be studied in our homes, and above all it must find entrance into our hearts. This literature is different from all other literature in that it must not only be studied intellectually but obeyed and incarnated if it is to be effective. I grant immediately that

all this spells *work*. There can be no dabbling in the Word of God if it is to win its way in the hearts of men and woman.

Turning from the theoretical to the intensely practical, the question which confronts us is very largely one of method. "How can these things be?"

Here I would urge upon the individual the necessity of reading large portions of the Bible. Take a book, any book, and read it through, and keep on reading it over and over again until that book has made an indelible impression upon heart and mind. From such reading there will emerge an idea of the book as a whole, and there will come a revelation of the value of its message to life in all its complexities. In the course of such study new light and truth will constantly break upon the most familiar passages when they are seen in their relation to the whole movement of the book, many mis-interpretations will be corrected, and many false ideas will be dispelled.

In the wider work of the Church I would urge upon all my brethren in the Ministry the grand experiment of turning the week-night service into an hour of Bible study. It has been my privilege to do this in various centres both large and small, and always with the same results of increased attendance and interest in what is commonly regarded as the hardest service of the week.

Here let me illustrate from the most recent of those experiences. I came to Central Church in Winnipeg last July to supply the pulpit for the summer months when "everyone is away on holiday." I have now been here for two and a half months. Our Sunday morning congregations have grown from around five hundred to over fifteen hundred; on Sunday evenings in August we have had to turn people away from this great church which can accommodate twenty-five hundred people; and the week-night service on Thursday has grown from a hundred and fifty people to an audience of over nine hundred, and all this in the summer! Do not construe this as boasting; I use it merely to illustrate the fact that men and women are hungry for the Word of God. On Thursday evenings we quietly study together, taking a whole book in an evening, and illustrating the work with a blackboard outline. As a result of this work many men, women and young people have come to me in the vestry and told me how they have been helped, and of their determination not only to study the Bible, but to live according to its declared principles.

One great advantage of this method of Bible study is that it can be undertaken either in the great cities, or out upon the lonely prairie; it can be followed with equal profit either in the "downtown church" or in the village chapel. In its preliminary phases it is independent of libraries or "helps." The essentials required are a Bible; an open mind; a prepared heart; a determination to study; and above all, that which will be given when these other conditions are present, the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Once the general content of a book as a whole has been mastered, there are other endless realms of research confronting the student. He may delve into the study of great Biblical words; he may consider the cardinal principles of religion as revealed in Holy Scripture; he may review the book under observation from the standpoint of ascertaining its pertinent message to our modern world. Doors open on every hand inviting further investigation; problems clamor for solution; in a word, once one has felt the fascination of Bible study its themes are inexhaustible, and instead of wondering whether there will be enough to occupy attention for a year, one comes to feel that a lifetime will be too short to do any more than touch the fringe of the great subject!

As we face these coming winter months I am praying that as a result of this brief article there may be many in this great Dominion who will turn again to their Bibles; who will devote a portion of each day to the study of this literature, and who will come not only to love it, but to live it. Thus we shall come to know the will of God for all life, whether it be national, ecclesiastical or individual; and thus we shall, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, come to have a "reason for the hope that is in us."

MANTRAP



She looked at Ralph. Her eyes demanded "Are there many girls like me"?

By Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations By Clark Fay

THIRD INSTALMENT

RALPH PRESCOTT, the professional bachelor, was in fact considerably more excited about the presence of Alverna than he had been about fifteen-pound muskalonge, the prospect of seeing a moose, E. Wesson Woodbury's travail with the outboard motor, or anything he had experienced in the Wild Northland save the sturdy friendship of Joe Easter. He felt for the first time since the death of his mother that he was veritably coming home, as he crawled up on the wharf.

Not till he had peeped at Alverna for half an hour did he decide that her eyes were not babyish but damp and secretive with desire; and not till that night, when he lay sleepless on the porch of the cottage, did it come to him that it might be difficult to combine his friendship with Joe—a man whom he liked as well as anyone he had ever encountered—with the incessantly feminine, the softly and inescapably alluring, the unconscious and illiterate and overwhelming sorcery, of Joe's moist-eyed wife.

As they trailed up the wharf, Alverna asked only: "Everything go all right? Oh, did you get me the crepe de chine? And the candy? Five pounds? And the fashion magazines?"

She flung out an aria of light, excitable chatter about all that had happened. Old Mag had had pups. Her biscuit dough had fallen. There had been a mosquito in her room last night. Curly Evans, the policeman, was on his way here—some Chippewyan Indians had passed him way up the Ghost Squaw River. And she had washed her hair, just this morning.

Ralph was curious about Joe's attitude, as he followed them. Himself, he would have been stirred by her, yet irritated by her twittering. Apparently Joe was neither; apparently he took her just as she was, as he took warm sun or hopeless rain, toil or feasting—gravely, peacefully, never seeking to change anything in life from what it inevitably was. His arm was about Alverna's shoulder, but he was not ardent; he bent his head to her exclamations, but he did not comment on them.

They made procession through the bare yard, beaten by the moccasined feet of many Indians, a court surrounded on three sides by the store, the warehouse, and the cottage. They passed a gate, a garden with a few northern flowers, roses and tiger lilies, and entered the cottage.

To the neat-minded Ralph, after the filth of the other cabins, of tent and camp-fire, it was a linoleum-floored paradise. There were four rooms: two bedrooms, living-room, and kitchen-dining-room. Either Alverna or Joe was a born housekeeper, for the house was as fussily in order as a New England kitchen. The rooms were lined with artificial wallboard, painted in glossy blue. There was no litter of dirty dishes, and the wood-stove shone black. On the polished sideboard was a row, luxurious to Ralph after weeks of greasy enamelware, of gilt-rimmed china plates, and by the sideboard a canary cheerful in a cage.

"I carried that damn bird four hundred miles in a canoe!" said Joe.

The pictures were chromos of yearning maidens in rowboats, or of cavaliers in something like the costumes of 1500 bowing to young ladies of 1730.

Six weeks ago Ralph would have twinged with elaborate and cynical reflections to the effect that they were horrid pictures—so *crude*—but here they gave him a feeling of home, of cheerfulness, of security, of rest.

Beside the poison-green tufted velvet couch in the living room was a parlor organ of the days of William Dean Howells: a magnificent structure with diamond-shaped mirrors, potted geraniums on airy brackets, and red silk behind carved fretwork. (Both couch and organ had been carried by sled along the winter highway of frozen lake and river.) On a shelf was Joe's astonishing accretion of books: a paper-backed Bertha M. Clay novel beside "Pickwick Papers," a Church of England prayer-book, "The New System of Accounting," and "Pollyanna" together; Wells' "Outline of History," a James Oliver Curwood novel, Longfellow, and "The Smoking Car Joke Book."

Ralph had small time to glance about. Alverna seized both his hands and cried: "I'm awfully happy you came along with Joe. Are you going to stay some time?"

"If you'll let me!"

"Oh, sure—oh, you bet! Be *awfully* glad. Are you up on business, or a vacation?"

"Just a little fishing."

"Say, I bet you come from Chicago."

"New York."

"Honest? Oh, that's grand! I've always been crraaaazy to see New York! But I'm not a hick. I was born in Minneapolis—well, practically in Minneapolis—in Idella. Oh, we'll have some dandy

good long talks, Ralph—you don't mind me calling you Ralph, do you?" She languished at him. And it is written that Ralph Prescott did not look on her so coldly as his stenographer would have expected. "You can call me Alverna, if you want to."

"Why—" said Ralph.

"Any of that ale left in the cellar?" said Joe.

"Sure. You bet," she caroled. "I'll get you boys lunch in a jiffy. I bet you're hungry, after all that horrid bannock. Say, Ralph, do you want to go and wash? Do you like perfumed soap? Lots of gen'lemen don't. But then lots do. Oh, say, Joey! We got to give Ralph a party tonight. We'll get Georgie Eagan and Pete Renchoux—they're trappers, Ralph; they're taking a loaf here before they go back to the woods for the winter; we'll get Pete and Georgie and Pop Buck, and maybe Nels Stromberg, and shake up some poker. We got plenty of gin, and Nels'll bring some of his new batch of white mule—it's awful nasty but oh, Bertram, maybe it don't pack a kick! Shall we, Joe? Come on, Joe! Aw, let's!"

"Why, sure—tomorrow, maybe," droned Joe. "Wouldn't mind a little poker and a drink myself. But tonight, Ralph bein' a New Yorker and a great hand at reading and music and all that, I think we ought to have the—the respectable folks—Mac and his wife and the Reverend Dillon."

"Oh, God!"

Alverna brought it out in a startling shriek.

"Honest, Ralph, Joe is the limit. Mac—that's McGavity, Hudson's Bay factor—he's as funny as a crutch. He's got neuralgia in the sense of humor, and Ma McGavity, she hates anybody having a good time. Reverend Dillon, he ain't so bad: I guess maybe he wouldn't mind a touch of hootch himself if he could get away with it, but still he's a missionary, and he's hired to crab the game. Oh, Joe—"

"We'll have them tonight—the Macs—and get it over. See how I mean, Alvy?" Joe said placidly.

"Damn you!" She flew into the tantrum of a four-year-old child. She stamped her foot. She seized his lapels and shook him. "I could kill you! You never listen to a word I say! I want a *party*! I don't want a funeral!"

"Get it over, Alvy, and then we'll throw a real party tomorrow evening." Joe had not even frowned at her explosion. "Got a surprise for the boys—whole case of real Scotch! And I'll tell 'em it's your present."

She hesitated, then she flew into ecstasy as she had into rage. She kissed him smackingly; she even hurled herself on Ralph and, to his embarrassment, kissed at his cheek.

"All right," she clamored. "Maybe you're right to get the old crows off our chests. Now I must find you boys something to eat."

She began to bustle about the kitchen, humming "I'm Just Wild About Harry" as amiably as though never in her life had she cared for anything more violent than cooking for the men-folks.

Ralph noticed that her nails still bore the unreal flush of manicurist's paste. He (who had always hated unduly rosy nails as he hated muckily perfumed hair) found himself admiring her for keeping up her poor attempts at refinement. And he meditated: "No wonder she's furious sometimes. Joe is the soul of kindness, but he's so sedate—like me, I suppose—and she must find it dull here sometimes."

She prepared for them coffee served in real china cups, real incredible ham between thin slices of real and more incredible bread, and whole ripe tomatoes from Joe's tiny greenhouse, with a clean linen napkin on the tray.

Ralph Prescott of New York would not have regarded china cups, cold ham, or white bread as epochal; certainly he would have refused a naked tomato; and he would have taken clean table napkins for granted. But after weeks of bacon and bannock and tea, in a land whose season is so short that it is hard to grow vegetables, he had discovered food.

How luxurious not to squat on a tarpaulin, with knee-bones cracking, holding a tin cup fiery to the fingers and dribbling into his coffee condensed cream from the two holes punched in a tin can, but to sit righteous in a chair, his legs ecstatically stretched under a table with clean beautiful oil-cloth; and pour the cream—though it was the same condensed cream—from a jolly little gilt and white pitcher! How delicious was the ham, how exquisite every crumb of the fluffy bread! And the incredible relish of a fresh tomato—rarer in its crisp flavor than the fruits of Araby; the love-apple, very food of love, to be eaten to soft music and fainting lights.

"By golly, that's good!" he shouted, in the tones of a Wesson Woodbury, and Alverna's smile made his feast the more joyous.

Never had he felt so intimately at home as with his friends Joe and Alverna, over a red oilcloth chastely depicting the burning of the capitol at Ottawa. . . . Her bent elbows were white and sweet against its conflagration.

Before they had finished, the screen door creaked open and, without knocking, in rolled an aged and whiskered man, mighty of shoulder, huge of paunch, wrinkled and hoar and very smiling.

"Oh, Pop, you sweet old thing!" screamed Alverna, leaping up from the table and launching herself at his chest.

"Hey, git off me!" he said casually, encircling her with a grizzly-bear arm, lifting her, and dropping her in a garish golden-oak rocker.

Joe explained: "Pop, here's a fellow we got to give the keys of the city to—Ralph Prescott. Got to show him some real fishing. Ralph, this is Pop Buck, the toughest old scoundrel north of Dauphin—been in the woods for sixty years—first man to team from Winnipeg to the Mackenzie River—seventy-five years old, and hasn't quit cussing yet."

"And," said Pop Buck, complacently, "can hold more liquor than any ten young men in the Mantrap River district, and win more pots on two deuces. Glad to see yuh, Ralph!"

Ralph's hand was white and feeble in the grasp of the hairy paw. Pop seated himself cautiously in a kitchen chair. Alverna flew over to perch on his lap. He stroked her tinsel hair while he rumbled:

"Yep, sixty years since I hit Winnipeg. Just a fort and a mudhole then. But my days are over.

Used to could kill an ox by twisting his head. But now I've retired on my pension—that's my polite name for the dough I make my boy send me, 'less'n I go bust his head in—and I'm no good no longer for anything but light amusements, like booze and love-making."

"Oh, Pop, you're just terrible!" crooned Alverna

"Well, you ask any likely young squaw around here if she don't think Pop Buck is a better dancer 'n any of these young cusses. Ralph, glad to see you up here. Take you out fishing any time Joe's too busy."

"Thank you very much."

"From Winnipeg or the Twin Cities? Or maybe Chicago?"

"No, New York."

"New York, eh? Well, well, well! And you look perfectly human. Well, New York's got along pretty well without me. I was born East myself—Fort Wayne, Indiana—but I never could figure out

why a fellow that had plenty of damn meanness and ugliness right in his own self had to snuggle up to six-seven million other fool humans to keep warm. Bad enough here—all-year-round population of eight white men and twenty Indians, and maybe fifty more crowding in every summer between trapping seasons. That's enough brands of foolishness for me. Only one sensible person here anyway—Joe Easter—fellow that can take a drink or leave it alone, and usually shows enough sense to take it. And even he's up and married this toil and trouble with the goldilocks."

Alverna curled up against his chest, purring, "You know you're crazy about me."

"I am like hell! Well, yes, maybe I am. So am I about liquor. But that's no sign I like to take it on my porridge. You're a luxury, that's what you are, Kitten, and a natural-born, hard-working, conscientious, able-bodied grafter, and there's nothing that tickles you so much as to get all the young trappers and storekeepers around here crazy about you and then look innocent."

"I do not!"

Alverna flung away from him, almost indignant. "I can't help it if a lot of idiots hang around. They haven't anything else to do."

"That's as may be," Pop Buck snorted genially—genial as an old pine tree in a June breeze. "Anyway, I'm glad Ralph comes from New York. He won't fall for you! There's chickens like you on every block in that burg, Kitten!"

She looked at Ralph. Her eyes demanded, "Are there many girls like me?" And reluctantly his eyes admitted, "No."

Winsomely, with soft insolence, like one who knew many secrets, she slipped from the room, glancing back with a look which seemed to be meant for each of them alone.

"WHADYUH think, Pop?" mused Joe, when

Alverna had left them to the freedom of masculine conference. "Alvy had a fit because I insisted we ought to have Mac and his frau and Reverend Dillon for supper tonight, and get 'em out of the way, and then do a little climbing among the mountain-tops with a real party tomorrow . . . Ralph: Mac and the Reverend will be crazy to meet you and hear all the news about New York

and Europe and everything. McGavity ain't so much on books, but he's travelled a lot—believe he went to France one time, 'fore he come over here from Scotland—and the Reverend, he's a holy terror—guess he's read about every high-class book that was ever written. Why, he reads the Bible in Greek! Way I figured it out, Pop, we ought to have 'em in tonight. Whadyuh think?"

Pop Buck shifted his corpulence in his chair, tugged a pipe out of his mighty pockets—they were like wheat sacks sewn to the tent of his worn jacket—laboriously filled the pipe, wheezed out a whiff of smoke, grunted, tamped the pipe, lighted it again, and lumbered into speech:

"Well—tell you—here's how I figure it . . . Ain't a professor, are you, Ralph?"

"No, a lawyer, Pop."

Alverna had slipped from Ralph's mind. He liked Pop Buck. It was this he had come to seek, this refuge from the fidgets of New York . . . Yes, he was glad that he had deserted Woodbury—

"Lawyer, eh? Well, that's some better than being a professor. Professor takes boys and makes 'em into fine moral young fellows, and a lawyer merely keeps 'em out of jail for acting that way. Hope you don't mind me coughin' and snortin' and bein' blasphemous, Ralph. Joe always makes me like that, him and his dern refined poetic feelings!"

"Anyway," said Joe placidly, "I've got you now so you don't spit tobacco juice on my clean floor any more. Now look here, Pop; was I right about the supper tonight?"

Pop Buck sucked mellifluously on his foul pipe and sighed:

"Well, I don't hold with George Eagan and all these fellows that insist missionaries is all devils. I'm kind of radical about that. Way I figure it, a missionary is all right—long as he don't interfere with drinking and cussing. Now you take Reverend Dillon here. He's a pretty good coot, for a fellow that's spent his life in college and so on. One time when he was out on the trail with me in January—and by golly it was cold, too; mittens almost froze to my nose when I blew it—Reverend Dillon, well, he thought about it a long time, and finally he figures out it's up to him to pass some observation, and he says, 'Pop,' he says, 'Pop, it's damn cold!'

"Don't know's I'd go so far 's to say that it was a good damn. Fact, between us, it wasn't more'n a boy-sized damn. But it showed good will and hopes. So I'd have him tonight, I think. But—"

There was in Pop's voice a heavy anxiety.

"But I hope you won't waste any liquor on him, when there's so dern little round here, and all us young fellows needing it to keep our health up."

"I won't," said Joe.

Pop Buck departed.

While Joe galloped out to invite his guests and Alverna began to prepare supper, Ralph lolled on the screened porch, looking across the wide glow of Lac Qui Reve. There was a cot on the porch, and he had chosen it for a bedroom as against the stuffy spare room with its small windows. He was at once content and worried. He saw Joe Easter's little philosophies drowned in the flood of Pop Buck's booming cynicism; he saw Joe's fondness for Alverna rubbed raw by her flirting and mincing and play-acting; he saw the man lonely, and courageous in his loneliness; and Joe's life and its problems were more to him than the puzzles of any golden client, any fatuous acquaintance of the club.

Then, "What a rotten useless bookworm I am!" he sighed, and went out to try to help Alverna.

It amused her to create food. Her art of cooking was the higher in that she had to depend on canned things and make them seem fresh. Joe had brought with him boxes of new luxuries, into which she dived frenziedly, bubbling (she never stopped talking while she vied): "Isn't it a shame to waste all these viands and everything on dubs like the Macs? Reverend Dillon (I call him Ray, in private, and believe me, I get away with it, too, but Joe would skin me alive if he caught me being fresh with a Reverend)—Ray does appreciate nice grub, but I guess old McGavity and Mrs. Mac think it's kind of naughty to be caught eating anything but prunes and pork and beans."

Soup—canned vegetable soup—she prepared, but she enlightened it with English sauce, and carrots and parsley from their amateur greenhouse. The asparagus was canned as well, and so was the butter which formed the basis of the sauce, but with red pepper and slivers of onion and white of an egg (precariouly fetched from Kittiko) she did cunning chemistry.

It was a luxury to watch her slim fingers, to listen to the silver current of her voice, and

The Story So Far

Ralph Prescott, a New York lawyer of the prosperous and aesthetic type and E. Weston Woodbury, vice-president of the Twinkletoe Stocking Company, a successful business man, self-made and loud and boastful of speech plan to spend a vacation together in Northern Canada, their ultimate destination being the Mantrap River country.

Before they proceed very far Prescott discovers that he and his travelling mate had but little in common, Woodbury being boisterous, arrogant and self-assertive.

Trusting that his companion's temper may improve, Prescott continues the journey. But his hopes are far from being realized for Woodbury, not having the camping experience that he had boasted of, each day became more and more of a misery and to make matters worse, the blame for all their misfortune was placed on the shoulders of the long-suffering Prescott.

One evening, drenched with rain and quarrelling violently, they are discovered by Joe Easter, owner of the Easter Trading Company Mantrap River. Woodbury greets him effusively but makes the mistake of heaping ridicule on Prescott which ultimately acts as a boomerang, Easter having taken a great fancy to the young lawyer. After a night of bickering, Prescott definitely refuses to be his companion any longer and gladly accepts Easter's offer to accompany him to Mantrap.

He had, it appears, gone to Minneapolis for a little holiday and while there met and married Alverna, a manicure girl. Prescott is vaguely alarmed at the news and is still puzzling the matter over in his mind when they reach their destination. As their canoe approaches the dock a girl rushes down to meet them. It is Alverna.

presently Ralph forgot that her only adjectives were "cute," "swell," "dandy," and "nice."

The central dish was to be that moose-meat which, killed legally in season or illegally out, in the house of the Justice of the Peace or the missionary or the law-abiding McGavity quite as much as in the reckless shacks of the Crees, was the staple meat of the land. And it was, as usual, tough; it was extraordinarily tough; a knife rebounded from its rubbery mass, and forks fell beside it bent and weary.

"Just a matter of gumption and elbow-grease," said Alverna. "I made Joe get me that sausage-grinder—almost the only one north of Bearpaw, I guess. Here, you turn the handle."

Thrice she had Ralph grind the tenacious fibres of the moose-meat in the little aluminum mill, after she had belabored the cut with a steel hammer. This Hamburg steak she briskly mixed with sliced onions, garlic, and bamboo shoot—canned, from a Chinese shop at Winnipeg—sprinkled it with celery sauce, and set it slowly broiling over an even bank of birch coals.

"Watch it now, Ralph dear, and I'll scoot in and change my dress and show the lilies of the field a coupla tricks!"

She darted into the bedroom beyond the kitchen. He wished that she would shut the bedroom door completely. She was so innocently comradely, but he would have preferred her not taking quite so much innocence for granted. He tried to ignore her white-clad figure whisking about the next room as he stood solemnly guarding the moose-steak.

If she was still fussy about polished nails and a certain delicate use of rouge, Alverna was also admirably quick, and in ten minutes she had changed from sailor-blouse and white skirt to a frock of black moire with fantastic scarlet embroidery flaming at the hem. In the darkness she was the more slender and flexible; her hair, sleek now and demure, was the more luminous. For the first time he saw her not as a lively child, a "good sport," who was something of a nuisance and rather to be admired for keeping up her little airs and gaieties among the leathery white wives and greasy squaws of the barren land, but as a girl with whom one might walk proudly through a drawing-room.

She posed in the door, her hand held drooping before her shoulder, too obviously showing off to be offensive.

"Do you like me?" she murmured—clinging voice, eyes caressing, moist seeking eyes.

It was with almost the voice of Pop Buck that Ralph grumbled: "Oh, yes, I guess so. Come on now and watch your steak. Do you keep turning it over or not?"

She sidled toward him; she begged, like a white puppy with a blue neck-ribbon begging for bonbons: "You're an old grouch! Now isn't it a sweet little dress?"

"Of course it is," nervously . . . Mr. Ralph Prescott, so calm to instruct Supreme Court justices, so full of abstractions and of succulent words all set end to end, reduced now to irritated vacuity.

He was glad when Joe lumbered in—his blue eyes lighting at the sight of his guest, resting happily on his pretty wife. Joe hemmed, "Well, if I've managed to stay away long enough so you children have most of the work done, I'll take a chance on sticking around. The Maes and the Reverend both coming, Alvy. Be right here . . . I'll do you proud. I'll shave, and wash my neck, and I'll put on a clean white shirt . . . Decided what you want to do, next few days, Ralph? Fish, or rest up a bit, or what?—that is, aside from flirting with Alverna. Course you couldn't keep from that; she'd feel insulted if you did."

"I do not flirt! I think you're horrid, the way you talk!" pouted Alverna.

"Why, you poor child!" Joe chuckled, casually removing his coat and disposing of it by the neat method of firing it across the kitchen into the bedroom. "I'm not bawling you out. As soon expect a calf to bear kittens as expect you not to look come-hither at every poor cus that happens along. I'm just trying to protect Ralph."

There was, Ralph fancied, a wistful seriousness behind Joe's teasing as he went on:

"Besides, even if you weren't the lightweight flirting champion, Alvy, you'd want to grab Ralph off and hear the latest about the shows and the dance steps and everything. I'm a noble soul, and a great authority on trap-bait and third-grade arithmetic, but not so much on society. Only, don't bore Ralph to death."

It was an implied compliment, perhaps, to be taken quite so soon into the heart of a family quarrel, to be made part of it, but Ralph felt it

rather an irksome compliment, when Alverna hurled a plate on the floor and screamed: "Oh, you and your old Ralph and all the rest of you men make me sick! Because I try to be jolly, and have a little conversation besides just dirty stories and swearing and how smart you birds are at shooting and fishing, and because I like to have folks act like educated ladies and gentlemen, and maybe ask you to take a little time off from your hard work at sitting and listening to your hair grow, and clean up and look kind of nice and civilized—Oh, you make me sick! Just because a girl is nice to people, you all got such nasty minds that—The steak's burning!"

Her tirade ended in a shriek of domestic solitudeness, and Ralph sneaked away to the front porch.

Three minutes later he could hear Joe's voice cheerful as he recounted the incidents of his trip Outside, while she amiably gurgled questions, and encouraged him with "That's swe-ell," or "Gee, that was fierce luck!"

"Oh for the reticence of an E. Wesson Woodbury and the philosophical calm to be found in that golden presence!" Ralph sighed, in a rather flabby attempt to be sardonic. But he knew that he did not wish to escape Alverna's violences as he did those of Mr. Woodbury.

Family dissensions and family confidences were both interrupted by the appearance of Mr. McGavity, the Hudson's Bay factor, his good wife, and the Reverend Mr. Ray Dillon of the Church of England Mission, all walking as gravely as cats on eggs.

Mrs. McGavity had a double chin, gold spectacles, cheeks that were round but parchment-like and adorned with liver-spots. She had a simpering, pious jo-



Mrs. McGavity whispered delicately and helpfully with a whisper which could have been understood much further away than the lakeshore. "Be careful deary! you're showing your legs!"

cosity. Her converse was full of little personal jokes, little sly digs, which no one ought really to have minded and which caused the most amiable persons to choke with quick fury.

In another circle of society, she would have tapped people with fans. Very virtuous she was, never accused even by the most venomous of drug-taking, arson, worshipping heathen idols, robbing banks, or being often in the way of eloping; virtuous she was, and lush with ideals for others as well as for herself, and full of jolly rebukes which she presented in the kindest, sweetest, most matronly way, with a bright display of gold teeth. She had wonderful eyesight. She never missed a flirtatious look, nor a cobweb in the cabin of a neighbor.

The Reverend Mr. Dillon was a tall, thin young man with a high forehead and a remarkable Adam's apple. He was always forgiving the Indians for being Indians.

After their sweetness there was a certain relief in the heavy gruffness of Mr. McGavity. He was an anxious man, with a moustache and an abdomen. He said in a hesitating way the most

lugubrious things about store-fixtures and the duty on furs.

Mrs. McGavity opened the merriment with a tenderly sighing "Good evening, Mrs. Easter. I do hope we're not putting you to too much trouble, coming to supper sudden like this."

She peeped at Alverna's bouquet of roses in a marmalade jar on the table. She giggled slightly, in the direction of Joe.

"You know, Mr. Easter," she snickered, "we all love the dear child for being so young, and believing she can just put it all over the old grannies like Aunt McGavity, that've gotten so lazy and stupid after all these years. It's darling, her being so dear and ambitious, and fussing so much over the way things look, and I do hope she'll still be able to keep up some of it when she's had children!"

Mrs. McGavity looked again at the table, and choked a little in neighborly mirth. Ralph noticed that Alverna's mouth was drawn in a thin line.

His own turn came:

"How do you do, Mr. Prescott? I'm real pleased to meet you, I'm sure. I hear you're from the States. From—New York, Joe said. But you weren't born there?"

Her really miraculous powers of observation were devoted to his stained and greasy whipcords, his spotty jacket, and at the end she smiled with faint fat amusement. He could feel his spine prick as he labored in politeness:

"No, I was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts."

"Really? Massachusetts? It's so curious. You look so much like a man I met that came from Oklahoma. He kept a shoe-store. Massachusetts. Um. You see, I came from the States, too. My husband's from Scotland. You and I will have to stand together. He thinks all Scotsmen are so superior, but I often laugh and tell him—he doesn't mind my having my joke, and rubbing it in now and then—life would be so dull without a sense of humor, don't you think? I tell the Reverend that humor is next to godliness and—And I often say to my husband, 'Oh, you wild Heelanders may think so well of yourself and all, but I notice most of you are working for somebody else over here!'"

Mr. McGavity's lips had the same tightness as Alverna's.

His helpmeet turned on the Reverend Mr. Dillon:

"Have you been trying to hold services in the Cree language again, Mr. Dillon? . . . It's so dear and good and sweet of the Rever-

end, Mr. Prescott; he tries to preach in Cree, and I do admire him for it so, but—he! he! he!—the Indians can't understand one word he tries to say! Oh, soup!"

So, having put everyone into a delightful humor, the good lady leaped at her chair, tucked her napkin under the folds of her shiny neck, and sucked in an ecstatic mouthful.

Mr. Dillon was less jocund:

"Come among us for a little fishing, Mr. Prescott?"

His voice was surprisingly profound for one of so thin a neck.

"Yes, a little."

"Your first visit in the North Country?"

(Would they never shut up, and let him enjoy the rapture of soup? Real soup! Hot! With a flavor! In china plates!)

But: "Yes, it's—uh—it's my first visit."

"Well, well, indeed! Your first visit here. So you came from New York. At first I thought it was from Chicago."

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Shadowing Sheila

By E. G. Bayne

MCCARTNEY drew further back into the shadows and endeavored to flatten himself against the stone coping where it formed a kind of short flying buttress on the garden side of the house. He was early, for just as he had accomplished this feat of squeezing his stalwart form into a very unsatisfactory niche a clock somewhere near at hand boomed nine. Thereafter for a time he looked out at intervals upon the approach of footsteps or at any untoward sound, but the real object of his expectations failed to appear.

He pulled his cap closer over his eyes. Then he consulted his luminous-faced watch. Quarter past nine.

"Almost any time now!" he muttered.

Three people had left the house in this period, all by way of the servants' entrance. Two were evidently the cook and a housemaid going to a party, to judge from their attire. The other was the butler, familiar enough to McCartney even in the velvet gloom, leaving with leisurely calm for an evening stroll, his pipe alight and his hands in his pockets.

The psychological moment for Miss Raffles' advent was at hand.

McCartney stepped out and viewed the windows of the old mansion. They were all dark. He cast a searching glance over the moonlit driveway that swept away in a long curve toward the acacias and the big stone lodge gates. He kept an eagle eye on the shadow-dotted lawn and the edge of the shrubbery. There was a little spinney beyond and next to that a deep green mass that looked like a series of cedar hedges and it was this that puzzled McCartney most. He watched it suspiciously. It was too low for a wood and too high for a shrubbery and it wasn't the garden, for that was in plain view, just beyond the conservatories.

Last night, for example, how had she gotten in? Not by way of the lodge gates for he had been concealed there behind the rhododendrons, and had only sprung up when he had heard her light step on the gravel at the piazza. And from his varied reading and his observation he knew that the true Englishman's grounds are always fenced in and generally impregnably so. These, for instance, were bounded by a high stone wall. Nothing more insular could well be imagined. McCartney had always thought it a splendid idea to have one's home and lawn and flower-beds all to one's self and protected from the ravages of the neighbors' children and dogs, but in the amateur sleuth game this custom presents drawbacks. He had a pair of skinned knuckles and a near-sprain in the ankle from having gained access somewhat as Jean Valjean gained the convent grounds when the inspector was but a few yards behind. In McCartney's case, however, there was only the roundsman or "bobby" to evade.

Perhaps she had become apprehensive. Bold as she had been on the two previous occasions she may have thought it best to allow some days to elapse before making a third attempt. By George, but she had lots of nerve! And such a slender little creature too. McCartney fell into a deeply reflective mood here.

Everything comes to him who waits—if only he has the patience to wait long enough. At a quarter past ten she glided like a silver shadow into his ken, and he started up broad awake (he had been dozing a little), and held his breath while she passed within four feet of him. Then, very warily he followed her—her and her leather bag.



She was kneeling before a safe in the oak panelling pulling out papers

She skirted some bushes, crossed the driveway and mounded the terrace and steps. He gumshoed his way along the edge of the verandah, crouched behind a big stone lion and waited while she inserted a key, skeleton, of course, he

said to himself, into the great door. She disappeared and darted up the steps and tried the lock. It yielded! (Last night she hadn't achieved entrance). It was a simple matter to insinuate himself through a nine-inch opening and to close the door as noiselessly as it had opened. He stood a moment in the hushed darkness of the big vestibule, listening.

He could hear a slight click-clicking of little heels on hardwood floors. Then he caught a dull beam of light. He entered the hall. The light came from a room beyond. His feet encountered fur rugs and he discovered a great newel-post at the bottom of a broad flight of stairs that curved upward out of sight. A shaft of moonlight poured down from a leaded-glass window on the stairway and made a pool of rich light at his feet, and by the aid of this and his outspread hands he managed to avoid several tall chairs, a pedestal surmounted by a Winged Victory and a number of *objets d'art* which otherwise he would have tripped over. As it was he knocked against a squat brass coal basket and a pair of andirons and drew hastily back against the portieres until assured that the other occupant of the mansion had not heard.

She was moving about quietly but busily in an adjacent room, which, by creeping carefully up to the partly-open door, he ascertained to be a library. She had switched on a wall light and was kneeling before a safe in the oak panelling pulling out papers and placing them in the big grip which lay open beside her. A jade vase, a cloisonne jar, a marble Venus and a couple of small framed oil paintings were grouped on the rug beside the grip. Then McCartney through the crack of the door caught the gleam of jewels. Miss Raffles was holding up to the light a string of magnificent pearls! There was also the rich green glint of emeralds in a huge old-fashioned brooch. Being less than a dozen feet away he saw these articles plainly.

She finished in a few moments, and having relocked the safe and closed her bag stood for an instant before the oil portrait of a dignified old man who had the earmarks of a statesman and all the features of a typical Irishman. Then kissing

her slim hand gaily to this life-like picture—McCartney almost would have sworn that the old man frowned down with severity at her—she wheeled, picked up her grip and made for the door and a getaway.

MCCARTNEY, uncertain as to whether she proposed to loot any of the other rooms and unwilling to run the risk of being locked in the house, retreated in haste toward the vestibule where he reconnoitred from behind a set of chain armor. The girl paused before a long mirror in an alcove and humming an air under her breath patted her hair and then drew on her gloves. This was hint enough and he noiselessly opened the big door and sought sanctuary behind the lion without.

Should he denounce her now with her booty or follow her at all hazards and learn the ultimate destination of the grip and its valuable contents?

His only hesitation came from the consciousness of his own position. Led by a spirit of adventure he had constituted himself a sleuth without any very definite idea as to how he might explain his reasons to the authorities. He had absolutely no business in Sir Peter Desmond's grounds, was clothed in no official authority and was as liable to an indictment for trespass and for house-breaking as the girl. He smiled ruefully as he tried to imagine how much credence a hard-headed British police magistrate would give to his tale of a lost baseball—especially after that last bit of hoodlumism he had led the boys in, when they had endeavored singly and in unison to paint the little suburb a bright vermillion!

No, his simple, honest story wouldn't be believed. And anyway he had a certain repugnance to imposing sheer masculine force on a slender girl in a lonely, secluded spot like this. She'd be sure to faint or pull a gun on him or call some male accomplice stationed nearby. No, better continue shadowing her. He could base his further action upon eventualities.

She came out, locked the door, descended the steps and terrace and crossed the lawn to the shrubbery. McCartney, keeping well in the shadows, followed her as she thus pursued a devious course to the gates. Two or three times she looked back over her shoulder and once she stopped short with a muffled scream, but he saw that it had been merely a toad that had frightened her. When she reached the great stone-pillared gates she opened them with some difficulty and passed through, and waiting only long enough for her to get clear of them, he, too, passed out. Up the street he followed her; but not on the pavement. He chose the shadowed boulevard beneath the trees.

At the first corner a man was waiting. He came forth into the glare of the gas-light and met the girl with her grip.

McCartney started in wonderment. A Regent Street "nut!" He was silk-hatted, spatted, monocled and carried a cane.

"You're late," McCartney heard him remark as he flung away his cigar.

"Lor, don't I know it," returned the girl, sighing. The "nut" had seized the grip with eagerness.

"Did you get them all?" he demanded.

"All? Are you sure?"

"Every bloomin' scrap. Lemme a-hold of your wing, do. I got a queer feelin' that I'm bein' watched."

"Impossible! Not a soul knows or suspects we're in London. How on earth could—"

"I know, but—" and she shuddered slightly and looked back over her shoulder.

"Well, the third time's the charm," said the man with a laugh of satisfaction. "And you're a little brick to stick it out after two unsuccessful tries. I think—what was that?"

The girl started and again looked back. A twig had snapped somewhere near at hand, under McCartney's foot, in fact.

But as he was hidden behind a stout elm-boule they saw nothing. The street was deserted.

"You're as fidgety as I am," giggled the girl. Come, let's be goin'."

"Taxi, tram or bus?" queried the man, and there was unmistakable gallantry in his manner as he gave the girl his arm.

But she drew back and slapped his proffered arm.



"A bus?" she shrilled. "I like that! An' me a lady! Quit that laughin', do!"

"By jove you're a wonder!" he exclaimed. "No one would ever guess that you—"

"That I what?" as he paused.

"Are what you are!" and he chuckled. "Was anyone about?"

"Not a soul. I saw to that. Here comes a taxi!"

As the taxi drew up at the man's signal the girl, about to enter, paused with a muffled exclamation that McCartney didn't catch. Her escort said hurriedly:

"Oh, well, never mind it now. You can go back for it. We're late as it is."

The cab whirled rapidly away, and McCartney stood gazing after it with a baffled expression. It was out of sight before he even thought of signaling another, and there wasn't another to signal in any case unless he walked three squares west to a cab-stand at the park.

Obviously he was a flat-foot, a fizzle and a farce at the Sherlocking business!

WELL, he "had the goods on her," if he cared to use his information, but the whole idea was growing distasteful to him. After all, what concern was it of his if she walked off with the whole interior of the mansion? The pair were off now in all likelihood to some Jew dealer in the East End, and then they would "work" some other locality, for the night was still young. Sooner or later they'd be caught red-handed. Let the girl and her fop friend be captured by the proper authorities. He'd wash his hands of them!

So he strolled out and down the pavement toward bed, yawning meanwhile and wishing he'd fetched a smoke along. Something white at his feet suddenly caught his eye. He picked it up and held it to the light. It was a dainty linen handkerchief. In one corner the name "Sheila" was embroidered.

Ah, yes! This was the bit of evidence she had discovered that she'd dropped. He'd just keep it. Lucky for her it hadn't been left in the grounds. Fond of nice things she was, even though apparently but a notch removed from the Whitechapel or Billingsgate class. The daughter of a huckster, with a very slight veneer. But what pretty ankles she had! It was a pity she had dabbled in crime. Who was the "nut?" He certainly belonged in a higher strata. Was he infatuated with the girl or merely using her as a catspaw?

He had great contempt for her methods of burglarizing. A mere amateur from the servants' hall and he'd thought her a regular crackswoman! Any modern female crook who expected to make a success of the game would have provided herself with a woman-size jimmy and a dark lantern!

Ah! Here was Sir Peter's butler returning.

"Wonder if it's any use to try to pump the old boy," muttered McCartney. "He loves me like rat poison."

But he hadn't been a reporter for nothing, and recollecting how often he had unscrewed the unscrutable in wringing interviews from reluctant trust magnates (a calling eminently suited to his irrepressible spirit and his persistent nature), he stepped nonchalantly forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Criddles," he began, with a disarming grin.

"G'd evening to you," returned the butler, coldly, staring at McCartney but not stopping.

"You—don't know me I guess," laughed McCartney, easily, falling into step.

"Oh, yes, indeed. I recognize you quite well," returned the other, grimly. "You're the young man who browed our conservatory window with a byse-ball."

"So I am," said McCartney cheerfully. And—I wish to make reparations and to get the ball back."

"You cawn't. I told you that before, young sir."

"I know, but good heavens, man, that ball was blessed by Babe himself! It's—it's semi-sacred! It's won us the pennant twice. I'd rather lose—"

"Someone's been in the grounds looking for that byse-ball. Lawst two mornings I found the vines torn below the south 'edge and all the flower-beds near the shrubbery trampled on. If it occurs again—"

"Now, Mr. Criddles, look here, or rather listen. This crisp, crackling sound is a bank-note for—"

"It's no good, I tell you. Sir Peter wouldn't 'ave it."

"But you'll have it. Be a good scout now and let us have our ball back."

"Why down't you ply cricket, young man?"

"Cricket? Don't make me laugh—me lips are cracked."

"I said we'd have trouble a-plenty when I 'eard they were turning that 'ous next door into a boarding 'ouse. You hoverseas chaps—"

"Aw, quit beefing, Mr. Criddles!"

"'Ere's my stop, young man. I give you g'd night."

"Say, hold on a minute!"

The butler, his hand on the big gate, turned inquiringly. McCartney, in no wise abashed by his British severity, had followed him to the very gate-bars as though he expected to be invited in for a brandy-and-soda.

"I could tell you something—" the young sleuth began in a confidential tone.

"Well, 'urry up."

"—but I don't believe I will. On second thoughts I think I'd be wiser to keep my own counsel. How's Sir Peter anyway? Is his health improving?"

Mr. Criddles had snorted in impatience at the first part of the speech, but at mention of his distinguished employer he paused. He tried to think of something crushing to say, of some rejoinder that would impress this upstart baseball fiend, this youth from overseas who had so little respect for British traditions and precedents.

"Sir Peter Desmond is much better, I thank you. The south of Frawnce 'as done wonders for him. I fawney we'll 'ave 'im 'ome before summer. When he comes I should say you chaps next door 'ad better behyve! Sir Peter is in parliament and does a deal of studying. He never did like noise."

"Poor old gentleman! We'll be very quiet. I'll tell the boys they've got to pussyfoot it then."

"Begging your pardon, young man, 'ave you ever seen Sir Peter Desmond?"

There was a note of patient exasperation in the tone of Mr. Criddles.

"Never laid eyes on him," said McCartney.

"I thowt not. I thowt not," said the butler with satisfaction. "For you see, Sir Peter is quite a young man. He was twenty-seven 'is lawst birthday."

And Mr. Criddles opened the gate, passed in, shut it in McCartney's face, and stalked up the driveway. A clock near at hand boomed out eleven strokes.

McCartney rattled the ironwork of the gate and gave a prime imitation of a little dog that has been inadvertently shut outside. But the butler, paying no heed to these mournful howls and scratchings, he desisted at length and strolled on, whistling cheerfully, doing his best evidently to look philosophically upon the loss of his talismanic ball. But just at the point where the grounds of the boarding-house joined those of Sir Peter Desmond he stopped.

"It's a dashed shame we've got to lose it!" he muttered.

A NEW idea seemed to strike him.

He slapped his thigh, chuckled a moment and then wheeled. Rapidly he walked almost around the block. When he had arrived at the rear of the little spinney aforementioned he crept cautiously along the bottom of the high stone wall until he was directly beneath a great old walnut tree, whose thick boughs hung over the boulevard. Strictly speaking the block was

really several blocks in extent (as blocks go in cities of the Eastern Hemisphere), for the mansion and grounds were of imposing dimensions.

By dint of much jumping he managed finally to



"A bus?" she shrilled. "I like that! An' me a lady!"

lay hold upon a stout branch of the tree, and soon he had swung himself up and over the wall, avoiding this time the fragments of glass on the top. This was the point farthest from the house and from his quest, and he now began to wish that he'd had the sense to break in here the other time so he might have been able to make a more leisurely search. He hesitated whether to jump or scramble down the tree-trunk. He chose the former means of descent and landed between a pair of cedar hedges, or what he judged to be hedges.

"What a cute little lane," he muttered. "Must keep that crusty old chap who is combined butler and gardener humping himself to trim the tops!"

He judged that he was approaching the formal gardens. He passed through

lane after lane, bordered closely by the clipped cedar hedges, making incredibly sharp turns at times, and at other times walking into a square open space with four exits to choose from. Somehow he always contrived to choose the wrong one, for three or four times it led him into a blind alley. Again, where the impenetrably thick cedar rose to a height of six feet he had the sensation of being imprisoned in a sylvan catacomb.

"Ye gods! What is this!" he groaned as he stumbled on and on.

Ah! Now he had it! It was that dark mass that had loomed so grotesquely beyond the spinney! How fond of cedar hedges these English must be to grow 'em wholesale, lay 'em out in city blocks, as it were! Suffering centipedes, was there no end to them!

The moon was obscured by the wood and the gloom, star-pierced only, served to accentuate his difficulty. He seemed to have walked two miles already, and always between these dashed hedges! If only he could get out he knew almost to a square yard where his ball must have fallen! He'd been searching too near to the fence before. He knew it hadn't gone into the conservatory because he'd seen it bounce back after breaking the pane.

Ha! What was that? McCartney stopped at half-step, peering ahead. He could have sworn he saw something moving, some object ahead of him in the lane. A bat, no doubt. He proceeded, still in some doubt, however.

Once again he saw it just as he emerged for probably the tenth time in the open space where four avenues met. It whisked out of sight at the first turning to the right. Was it bird or beast or —another human night-bird like himself? Was it following him or evading him?

He promptly decided to find out, and cursed his lack of foresight in not bringing his electric flashlight.

There ensued a strange chase. McCartney now in full pursuit, now waiting in ambush, stole silently along between those high green walls, pausing with ears sharpened to an almost painful sensitivity, going on again as he fancied he caught a stealthy footfall. That something ahead—human or ghostly—seemed always, will-o'-the-wisp-like, to keep just out of his reach. At one time his outstretched hand actually came into contact with something flimsy, ephemeral as cloud-mist, impalpable and yet somehow rather definite, too, like a bird's wing. From time to time he tested the vulnerability of the cedar walls. Nothing doing! Even should he attempt to claw his way over—through was out of the question—he'd make noise enough to raise the Seven Sleepers and Mr. Criddles and the precinct policeman into the bargain.

But that prowling thing, he must catch it! He now realized that it wasn't following him at all but trying to avoid him.

He dashed blindly on, hearing it moving just over the hedge to his left. At the first turn he stumbled on a root, clutched at the cedar to avoid a fall, and cursed softly. Then he went on with both arms outspread. Another turn, but nothing to be heard down that avenue! He wheeled sharply and doubled back and took a tack to the right.

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Winter Sports in Sweden

Hints for Canadians Travelling Abroad

Contributed By William Thompson

Besides ski-running in every conceivable kind of terrain, bob-sleigh-running, "skeleton"-sleighbing,

many interesting mountain-trips, with the advantage of the sportsman being able to spend the night in one of the sports cottages that have been put up at convenient spots here and there, their object also being to provide shelter in case of sudden snowstorms. Hotel prices in Storlien range from Kr. 8 upwards.

AS A land of winter sports Sweden is now recognized in international sport circles as one of the most prominent. This has even been acknowledged by those who think

winter sport consists of a more or less mobile social life at continental winter resorts. People's eyes have been opened to the attractions of the "sport of winter sports"—ski-running, and to all that it has to offer to the sportsman who is devoted to open-air life. Ski-running is not a sport that thrives in narrow boundaries—this without in the least depreciating the exceptionally educative and athletic value of ski-jumping—no, ski-running demands space; it is akin in this respect to the sport of flying, with which—however strange it may sound—it possesses many features in common.

If one realizes this, then one will also realize that the real skiing country is not to be found in narrow mountain valleys with steep, inaccessible precipices under one's very nose, such as very often characterizes the topography in many of the winter resorts on the continent.

In many provinces of Sweden one finds ideal skiing country, where one can stretch one's limbs to the full and fill one's lungs with exhilarating pine-scented air. In these places one feels a sense of freedom and spaciousness, and the eye seeks in vain to penetrate the vast distances which nevertheless one's newborn feeling of strength and energy finds but little difficulty in overcoming.

THE skiing country which best of all meets the above requirements and conditions, and which, besides, is easily accessible without much trouble and expense, even for the international skiing enthusiast, is to be found in the province of Jamtland in northern Sweden. Here arrangements have been made at most places to provide the sportsman at various points along the ski-running routes with every comfort and convenience, which even the most ardent fresh-air enthusiast of today highly appreciates. The most popular of these well organized winter sports in Jamtland are Are, Storlian, Valadalen, Halland, Bispargarden and Ostersund.

With Stockholm as the point of departure one arrives after seventeen hours' railway journey, mostly spent in the world-famous sleeping cars of the Swedish State Railways, at Are, and after another couple of hours at Storlien, at a cost of Kr. 39.75, second class, and Kr. 25.60, third class.

Are is a continental winter sports resort, perfectly equipped technically, which may well bear comparison with, for instance, St. Moritz and Davos, and which from the point of view of sport and comfort, is no way surpassed by those places. At the same time it offers the advantage of a skiing country the like of which is scarcely to be found among its competitors. The prices at the hotels, which are first class both in equipment and management, are reasonable, ranging from Swedish Kr. 6.50 to Kr. 8.00 and upwards.



1. King Gustav V. of Sweden viewing the Winter Sports at Stockholm.
2. Skiing in Sweden.
3. B. Meyer and Madame Bergfeldt, champion fancy skaters of Sweden.
4. Sleighbing at Leksand, Dalecarlia.
5. Lapps resting en route to a new encampment—Lapland, Sweden.

ice-skating, curling, sledge-parties, driving behind reindeer, both on skis and in the Lapp boat-like sledges called "akja"—all can be had at Are.

Storlien, on the other hand, is devoted entirely to ski-running, and is the point of departure for

IT IS from the beginning of February to the end of March that you will find Jamtland the ski-runner's paradise. The snow is then sufficiently hard packed or crusted over to enable you to move about in all directions without difficulty. At the beginning of February there is daylight from about seven o'clock to six o'clock at night—nearly eleven hours, and by the end of March the day has lengthened to about fourteen hours. During these two months there is very seldom a thaw, and, if there is, it hardly ever lasts more than one day, and never more than two.

Reliable guides are to be had everywhere, and it must be taken as a strict rule: Never go among the mountains alone or without an experienced companion.

For less experienced and less adventurous sportsmen, especially ski-runners, there are, as has already been pointed out, splendid opportunities and first-class conditions for winter sport practically everywhere in Sweden.

Dalarna (Dalecarlia) and some parts of Varmland are not far removed from Jamtland in this respect. The finest winter resorts in Dalarna are situated around the beautiful Lake Siljan, namely, Rattvik, Leksand, and Mora. The hotels at these places are excellent, prices being as low as from Kr. 6 to Kr. 8 per day. Hotel Siljansborg, Turisthotellet Persborg, and Hotel Rattvik, may be particularly recommended. Besides splendid skiing country, of a comparatively easy character, there are opportunities for skating, tobogganing, curling, and torchlight sledge parties.

From Stockholm to Rattvik takes about eight hours by rail, and from Gothenburg about twelve hours.

A SPORTING event of the greatest interest is to be found in Dalarna, where the so-called "Wasaloppet" (the Wasa race) is run. This race was instituted to celebrate an important episode in Swedish history from the year 1521 in connection with the great champion of liberty Gustaf Wasa, who later was made King of Sweden. The Wasa race, which is run without handicap, takes place over a distance of ninety kilometres, about fifty-six miles, and is not tracked or marked out. The start is from a small village—Salem—on the Norwegian frontier and the goal is in the neighborhood of Mora. For the last few years the number of starters has amounted to over 150, and the records that have been made in this gigantic race are exceptionally good. In 1924, the winner made the distance in six hours, three minutes and fifty five seconds, and the second and third men followed seven minutes after. It is well worth a journey to Dalarna to witness this great event. The sports season in

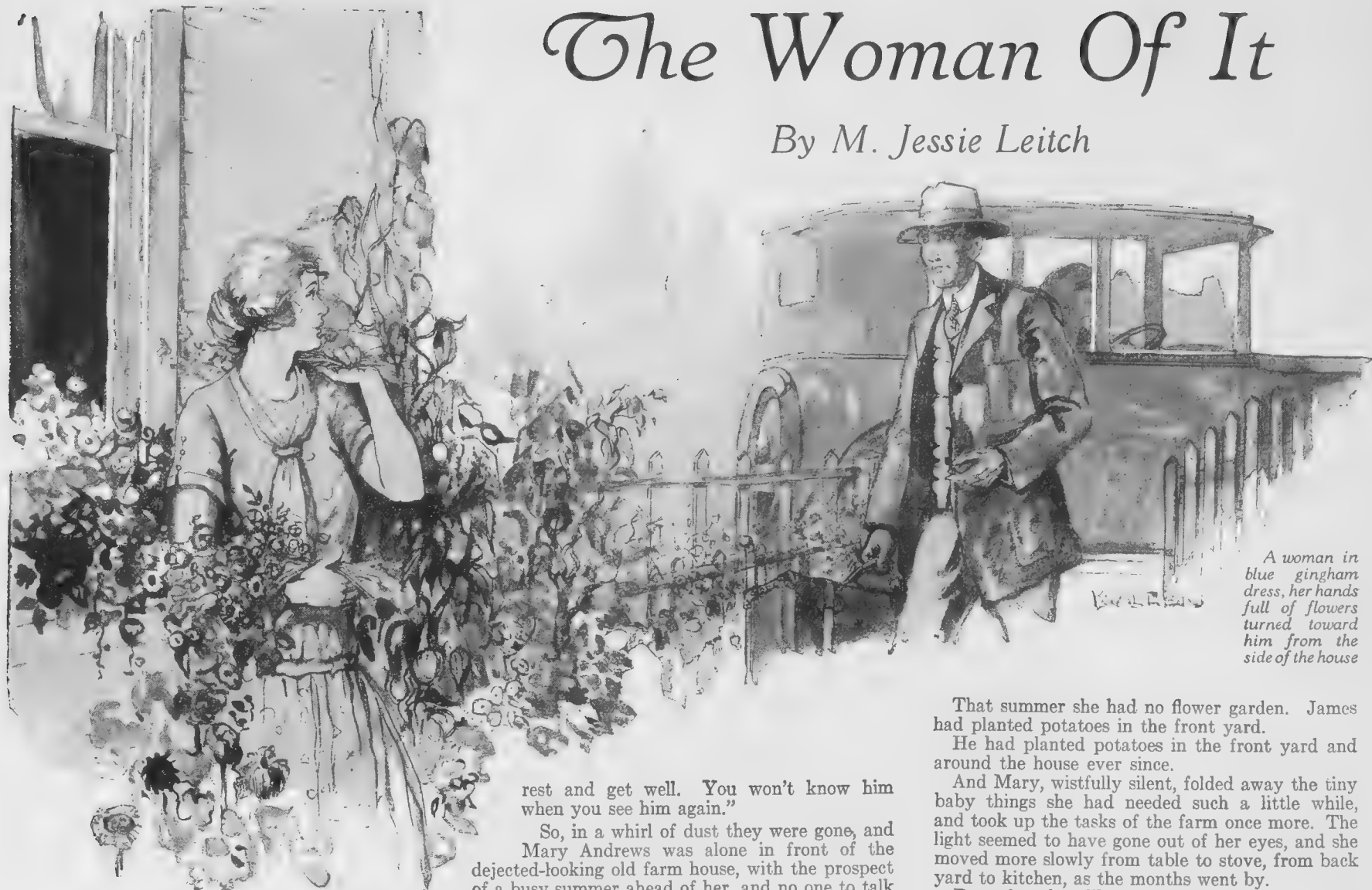
Dalarna and Varmland begins and ends a week or two earlier than in Jamtland.

If the winter is a normal one it is not essential to make the journey to Jamtland or Dalarna or

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The Woman Of It

By M. Jessie Leitch



A woman in blue gingham dress, her hands full of flowers turned toward him from the side of the house

BETTER plant potatoes at the front of the house again this year and some extras at the side. We ran kind o' short last winter."

James Andrews, Minnesota farmer, was saying goodbye to his wife on the eve of his departure for a three-months trip to Australia.

The only reason he was leaving the farm in the spring, when other farmers were finishing their sowing and working in the fields, was that the doctor had insisted upon it. And James had had to pay for the advice. He had been sick abed all winter with inflammatory rheumatism, and he had learned, at last, after forty years of hard work and honest toil, that there are times when a man has to listen to advice, whether he wants to or not.

So James was going to Australia for a change of air and the benefits of an ocean voyage. And he was going reluctantly and with many misgivings in his heart as to the ultimate effect this ill-timed trip would have upon the harvest at the end of the farm year.

Mary Andrews nodded. She was not thinking of potato planting, but of the long weeks that would pass before she saw her husband again. And there was an unwonted brilliance in her eyes as she felt the light brushing of his lips against her face, the brilliance of tears struggling to overflow. She fought them back. Mary was not a crying woman, and James hated scenes. But she threw her arms about his thin neck and crushed him against her bosom as she murmured: "goodbye." It was years since caresses between the two had been more than gestures, and utterly meaningless.

"There, there," said James, a little uncertainly, and turned toward the doctor's waiting auto, painfully. He still walked with difficulty, and climbed into the car with effort.

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Andrews. This trip will do Jim all the good in the world and bring him back at the end of the summer full of 'wim and vigor.'" The doctor spoke cheerily as he seated himself beside his erstwhile patient, adding: "I'll see that he has lots of time-tables to read on the way to the Coast, and I have wired to San Francisco for his steamer ticket. Everything will be easy for him. The ship's surgeon happens to be an old colleague of mine and I'll give Jim a letter to him. After he gets aboard all he has to do is

rest and get well. You won't know him when you see him again."

So, in a whirl of dust they were gone, and Mary Andrews was alone in front of the dejected-looking old farm house, with the prospect of a busy summer ahead of her, and no one to talk to except the hired men.

The Andrews were an enigma to their neighbors. They were hard-working, honest and God-fearing.

But they made no friends, and for months at a time no one crossed their threshold. Hired men stayed with them for years at a time, and appeared to be content. The threshers liked to go to the Andrews' place and spoke repeatedly of the excellent housekeeping and cooking of Mary Andrews. Aside from that, there was no "neighboring" about the Andrews.

They had more money than anyone in the community. But James Andrews was not one to squander the money he had made out of his far-flung acres. And Mary Andrews never asked him to spend.

She kept no help, preferring to do her own housework. Perhaps, if the baby had lived, neighbors said, she might have been different. Most folks in the vicinity remembered the time, twelve years before, when Mary Ross, a pink-cheeked school teacher from the East had married James Andrews after a winter's courting. Remembered the pretty, light-hearted girl she was, spading up her front yard the first year and planting a garden that flaunted itself to the four winds as the most extravagantly lovely gardenside in the community. The Andrews farm stood close to the road that wound beside the railway track, and the new farm house, with its patchwork-quilt of blossoms spread in the front yard, had made a great impression on the farmers when Mary was a bride.

Hollyhocks and Sweet William, phlox and pinks, burnished beds of California poppies and mignonette, larkspur and petunias had splashed color carelessly all over the yard.

A few had wondered at James Andrews "standing for" such a flagrant waste of good garden soil.

THAT winter Mary's baby was born.

It was a winter of deep snow, and the doctor's black team had stood many a day in the Andrews' stable after the baby came, while the age-old battle against death was waged in the big farm house. There was a nurse from the city, and every night a light burned in the front bedroom, downstairs.

One night the light went out.

After the funeral, Mary seldom left the farm.

That summer she had no flower garden. James had planted potatoes in the front yard.

He had planted potatoes in the front yard and around the house ever since.

And Mary, wistfully silent, folded away the tiny baby things she had needed such a little while, and took up the tasks of the farm once more. The light seemed to have gone out of her eyes, and she moved more slowly from table to stove, from back yard to kitchen, as the months went by.

Day after day, like a human machine, she went about the farm, cooking, sweeping, scrubbing, mending, feeding pigs, and chickens, preserving and baking, washing and ironing, weeding in the garden among the endless rows of vegetables, but never, any more, among the flowers she loved.

Flowers grew on the prairie, of course, and even the scarlet tiger lilies were ruthlessly plowed under for the planting of alfalfa, they had bloomed and spread their red beauty for a little while. They left their memories, though, like the little garments in Mary's cedar chest upstairs.

If Mary missed the flowers she loved, she never spoke of them. James had said once, that first year, when she had her flower garden, that they were "nice in their place," but that they took up a lot of good ground that might be put to better use.

So, in the years that followed, Mary contented herself with the magic carpet that Mother Nature spread across the prairies at her door each year.

Her one thrill, as the years went by, was the moment at dawn in the summer time, when, long before her household was astir, she would steal down the creaking stairs and stand alone at the kitchen door, gazing across the fields, all dew-spangled and sparkling in the early morning light.

In the early spring the breath of crocuses stole to her, from the purple-patched hollows and sun-warmed slopes across the pasture. Later in the summer there was the scent of brown-eyed Susans from beside the track, the perfume of wild roses and the faint insistence of tiger lilies and sun-dried grass. From such moments of reflection Mary seemed to draw something of the strength and endurance of the prairies, the will to begin another day of endless tasks that left her numb and stupefied with weariness, when darkness settled down across the undulated plain once again.

BUT tonight—it was April. The sun was sinking in a flood of crimson glory. Like great, gold-barred gates, the West swung open to receive it, and the cool violet of dusk deepened swiftly, like a velvet curtain swinging down the sky.

In the shadows the ugly, old, unpainted farm house took on something misty and unreal. The sunset had kindled its windows to flame for a moment. Now they were grey and indistinct, and for a fleeting minute the house was like a picture hung against the sky.

Frogs were croaking in the slough across the fields.

Mary shivered a little as she went in and shut the door, lighting the lamp and putting it in the centre of the kitchen table as she went about the preparation of the evening meal.

Abstractedly she went about the old familiar tasks, frying potatoes, opening a sealer of fruit, bringing cake from the tin box in the cellarway, cutting cold meat and bread, and filling the old-fashioned pickle-cruet with pickles from the great jar in the cupboard.

Mary was thinking of the shadowy vision she had seen as sunset light tumbled radiance and glory over the weather-beaten house. Of climbing red-flowered vines and rows of ghostly hollyhocks stalking around the house; of lemon-scented verbenas and phlox, and little sun-warmed patches of sweet alyssum and heliotrope; of the mignonette and pansies she had grown that first happy summer, before the baby came.

That night, when the supper dishes were washed, Mary sat for a long time, with a paper-covered book in her hands. There were pictures of flowers on the cover.

It was the first time for ten years that Mary Andrews had looked at a seed-catalogue, without rustling past the flower section and devoting her entire attention to early June peas and cabbages.

WHEN, after more than three months absence in a strange land, James Andrews neared his native town, he was conscious of nothing but impatience. Physically, he was entirely restored to health. He was tired of strange lands and peoples, and with all his heart he longed for the quiet and peace of the farm.

He would be glad, so he told himself over and over again, to see the place once more, but he was obsessed with nameless fears concerning the crop. It was a big job to ask a woman to take charge of the farm for the summer and he wondered how Mary had managed. There had been long lapses between her letters. And they had said so little, except that everything was well and he was not to worry.

There was thankfulness in his heart as he thought of his wife. Mary was a good wife, he mused, with no nonsense about her. On his travels James had seen many women, well dressed, idle women, pretty women too, but none, he told himself soberly, that could come up to Mary.

He found himself, later, thinking of the baby.

He would have been eleven years old if he had lived.

Eleven years! The same age as the youngster on the boat, who had taken such a fancy to him. The youngster who had looked at him with such wondering eyes when he explained that he had no little boys back home awaiting their father's return.

"No kids of your own? Gee! We got seven at our house. Dad says it's wonder he isn't in the asylum, we make such a racket when we're all home. But we have a lot of fun," the youthful acquaintance concluded.

James' eyes were misty as he climbed out of the train at the familiar station, and signalled for a waiting taxi. Funny how a fellow got to thinking about things like that—kids. Why, he had no time for kids of his own. He was too settled down now—and the farm took up all his time—and Mary's, too.

AS THE taxi that met all trains rolled uncertainly across the little main street and got under way toward the country after much sputtering and back-firing, James spoke once to the driver. "Take me to Jim Andrews' farm," he said.

The driver looked up quickly. "Mr. Andrews is away, sir," he volunteered. "Gone to Australia or New Zealand or some place like that, for his health. But his wife's there. And gee, say, won't the old man throw a fit when he gets back?"

The car was spinning along the country road.

now, and James settled back in the seat cautiously.

"Throw a fit?" he asked.

"I'll say he will. The minute he got away, Mrs. Andrews bought about a bushel of flower seeds, and say, you ought to see that place. It used to be the ugliest house in the township, never had a speck of paint on it. You know the kind, all weather-beaten boards, with potatoes and turnips growing in the front yard. Andrews was too stingy to buy flower seeds, I guess. The way he has kept his wife slaving is a crime. My mother says she's the only woman for miles around here who is still using coal-oil lamps, and can you imagine an old guy who still milks his cows by lantern-light? No wonder Jim Andrews can afford to go travelling around the world, while his wife stays home on the farm and works like a hired girl. But say," here the youth headed the car around the corner of an oat field and toward the hill that led down to the Andrews farm, "just wait till he gets home and sees what his wife has been doing!"

dered with whitewashed stones. Little clumps of blue flowers grew beside the path

There were pink and red geraniums in green windowboxes at all the downstairs windows. Every door and window in the house was wide open, and even from the car James could see the new screens, screens that Mary had mentioned so often, and he had never found time to get.

"There's a farm for you," said the driver, drawing up with a final grinding of brakes.

James, scarcely waiting to open the car door, vaulted out, grasped his valise, and pressing a dollar upon the boy, rushed toward the door.

A WOMAN in a blue gingham dress, her hands full of flowers, turned toward him from the side of the house. It was Mary. With one stride James Andrews had her in his arms, and she was gasping out her surprise against his coat.

"My dear, what miracle is this?" James faltered, still holding her tightly as though he would never let her go.

"You're not angry, James? I didn't expect you till next week—I tried to tell you in every letter, but I couldn't explain. It was the loneliness that made me do it. The flowers have been company—and I missed you so. I paid for everything out of my own money, James, the heifers you gave me, and the butter-and-egg money I saved. You won't be angry?"

"I've been a fool," James admitted, smothering his face in his wife's hair to hide the tears which welled in his eyes. "I've been so busy all these years, Mary, that I never dreamed you wanted flowers—so badly. I've been a selfish hound. But Mary, I meant to do all this, some day." And James' eyes roved around the place with pride and satisfaction.

Mary's hands were full of corn-flowers.

"They're just the color of your eyes," said James awkwardly.

And so, both talking eagerly, they went into the house. And sat for a long time after supper on the front porch among the scented blooms, while the heat that welled up from the fields around them, cooled to dusk and the stars came out in a sky that was like purple velvet.

"We'll get electric lights in the house and in the barn," James said, softly. "And after the harvest, Mary, you must go on a trip and buy yourself some of these new-fangled clothes. We've wasted a lot of time working our fingers to the bone, but I've learned that life holds something else. All work and no play is not good for anyone."

* * *

THRESHING was over and James Andrews stood alone in his back yard. Lights glim-

mered in the house behind him, electric lights that flooded the old rooms with warmth and radiance. Bleak skies arched over the fields of stubble, and there was a hint of snow in the air.

As he entered the kitchen, Mary put down her sewing and came to greet him tenderly, her eyes full of happiness.

"All ready to go to the city tomorrow, for those new clothes, and some fol-de-rols for the house?" asked James.

"I don't think I want to go, James," said Mary softly. "You see, it's going to be a busy winter, and I'd rather wait till spring. Then we can all go to town together."

"All?" James' voice was tinged with faint surprise, but Mary spoke with certainty.

"The three of us," she said shyly, as she folded away her sewing, revealing the fact that it was a very small, but unmistakable garment, commonly known as a baby's shirt.



Mary sat for a long time with a paper-covered book

James was speechless. As far as the eye could reach lay his waving wheat and oat fields, while across to the west, barley billowed silvery-green, like a tropical sea. It would be a bumper crop, James saw at a glance.

They were at the top of the hill. Below, in a flood of sunset, lay his farm.

James started to speak, thought better of it, and swallowed hard.

He would not have known his own place but for the fact that the house still stood near the road that ran beside the track.

Painted white with a red roof, its windows were blazing with the light of the setting sun.

Green vines screened the old door at the back of the house and a purple, flowering clematis climbed around the front door, which had acquired a friendly porch.

Hop vines were rambling over the old well in the back yard, and like a crazy patchwork of color, flowers were everywhere in front and at the side of the house. California poppies spilled gold down to the edge of the road. There was a path bor-



The Soul of a Sod House

THE changing West has three monuments: the sod house, the "frame-and-lean-to," and the "two-story-square,"—and the soul of the old house passed when the new one takes its place.

Grandma Thompson belonged to the sod house that was doomed. Her presence had saved it, in the era of the "frame-and-lean-to;" but the day of the "two-story-square" had dawned and the soul of the sod house must pass.

Even in the heat of an early September afternoon on the plains, the old house was as cool as a cellar, and as fragrant and dark as a woods path, back home. Grandma loved every inch of it; the deep-set windows, whose sills, a foot wide, were gay with geraniums; the open Franklin stove, bright with a summer-blaze of red berries; the braided rugs; the knitted bed-spread; the samplers on the walls; the "what-not" in the corner; but most of all—yes, she loved most of all—the great black-walnut chest of drawers in which her treasures were stored.

Grandma Thompson shook her head resolutely as she shuffled through the low doorway, out into the uncompromising sunshine across the yard, and into the staring new "two-story-square" house, that, her son said, must be her new home.

"Huh!" she grunted. "And they expect me to live with them here. They got another guess coming. I always live in my own house. Every woman must live in her own house."

Grandma pattered about in the white kalsomined interior of the new house, all alone. She turned on the faucets in the gleaming kitchen sink, just to hear the water splash; she pushed buttons to watch lights flash on and off; and then she climbed the unaccustomed stairs to the room they meant for hers.

"Mercy, how light it is!" she commented, involuntarily shading her eyes from the sunlight which poured through the shadeless windows upon the white walls.

She touched the shiny black hot-air register in the floor with a speculative toe. "Fancy a body's getting warm by that little black hole. Huh!"

She spanned the narrow window sill with a wrinkled thumb and finger. "Not more'n three inches wide. Can't set geraniums there!"

Opening the door of a small clothes-closet, she stared in, dejectedly. "Seventeen hooks and a shelf for my bunnet. Matt says my chest of drawers is too big to bring up here; that this clothes-closet is better anyway. Hooks! Seventeen hooks!"

Grandma and Grandpa Thompson had honeymooned and homesteaded, simultaneously, forty years ago in the prairie schooner days—eloped to do it, at that. And the sod house era began. Twenty-five years later, when their son Matthew had married, the *frame-and-lean-to* rose up to shelter a new generation, the old folks remaining by themselves in the adjoining sod house. When Grandpa weathered away the *frame-and-lean-to* was so crowded that Grandma was allowed to remain alone in the sod house with the past. Forty years, and the day of the *two-story-square* dawned, a house built to shelter two generations and to receive within its modern walls the spirit of two generations. The sod house must be abandoned. Grandma Thompson must bow her head and enter a new home not her own.

By
Carolyn Hosmer Rhone

She turned hopelessly from the vision of cheerless comfort, and left the building, stopping for a moment on the narrow front porch.

"Nice stoop," she said, "when they get some morning glories trailing over it." She shaded her eyes to watch an approaching wagon loaded with household goods.

"But why aren't you at the encampment?" Neil asked.

Nobody in that section of Eastern Colorado missed the yearly encampment on the Arickaree, a sort of patriotic camp meeting held every September on the scene of the Indian massacre perpetrated by the redoubtable Roman Nose. Neil knew that Grandma always reveled in that week of camping and reminiscence, when the pioneer came back to his own.

"No sir; I ain't going to the Arickaree encampment, nor anywhere in Matt's new car!" The faded challie dressing-sack, the shapeless dark woolen skirt; the dingy comfort shoes could not conceal the personality, the spirit of determination that dwelt in the frail old body of Grandma Thompson.

"Nothing wrong with the car, is there?"

"Tain't that, Neil. But I 'lowed that team he traded in on the car was mine. They was the very last colts his father raised. I wanted to keep that team. And I says to Matt, says I, 'If you trade them horses in towards a car, I'll never to my dyin' day set foot in an automobile again'."

"Well, well, Grandma, that's putting it pretty strong. What'll you do when you come back to Ohio to visit us?"

"I ain't aimin' to spend my old age visitin'. Winter'll find me settin' right by my own fire. But you give Addie 'n the children my love, Neil, and tell 'em, no neighbors are like the old ones." Grandma's blue eyes grew misty. "Nothin' but changes, Neil; life's nothin' but changes."

Neil's hands tightened on the reins. "Well, I'll be in to say goodbye before I leave, but it'll sure seem funny to have a lone bachelor on our 640, and for us to be all cramped up on 80 acres, back East. When you movin' in the new house, Grandma?"

"Matt and Hannah and the children's movin' in next week, but I—I ain't never movin' in. I'm stayin' right where I am. I don't live in no other woman's house, Neil." Her blue eyes darkened and her bent shoulders straightened.

"Good for you; that's the spirit. You don't stick out your toes for somebody to step on. Got to get this load of furniture to Wray by night, and the roads are pretty sandy. S'long, Grandma." The big wagon creaked into motion, and she was alone.

SHE stood watching him, her arm crooked above her eyes to shield them from the hot, afternoon sun. Pathetic, she was, in her very will not to be conquered; not to let the sod house

lost its identity in that of the *two-story-square*.

Back she shuffled through her own little square of front garden, and under the low lintel of her own door. Straight to the chest of drawers she went, and stood in front of it worshipfully, her cushioned soles sinking affectionately in her latest hit-and-miss rug. One by one she opened the capacious drawers: the lower drawer with her "everydays;" the next with her "Sundays;" the next with her "put-aways;" and the last with her trinkets. She sniffed their herb fragrance and gloried in the orderly arrangement of box and garment.

"Clothes-closets! Seventeen hooks and a bunnet shelf! Huh!"

Absently she fingered her keepsakes: a bright



"That's for me to decide,—when better company aint in sight," Letty answered

"Neil Grigsby's a-movin', I swan." She started down the path to the gate. "Le's see, Addie and the children's been gone a week, now."

Much to the disgust of the countryside, Neil Grigsby had recently traded his 640-acre ranch for an 80-acre Ohio farm and was moving east, so that his children could grow up in the shadow of modern school and college.

"Why, Grandma, you here alone." He pulled up in front of the Thompson gate and stretched a big hand down over the wheel to Grandma. "I reckoned you'd be with the rest of the folks, down to the encampment."

"No, Neil; I ain't exactly alone. Silas is over in the tenant's house on the north-east quarter, and he's looking after the stock."

silk handkerchief, an autograph album, an odd silk-lined sewing basket that no woman would ever use. She set them down on the marble-topped centre-table, and shook from its paper wrappings a pink-sprigged muslin dress, yellowed, and fragrant with sweet lavender.

"Queer, how this happen't to be my wedding dress." She sat down in the cane-seated rocker and swayed back and forth, fondling the old-fashioned dress. And straightaway she was back again in the Ohio orchard in blossom time, and it was her birthday. She waited for her lover, waited as the sun went down. And Hiram Thompson, the hired man, came whistling along the path, on his way to the village. He halted at her side.

"I'd give the world to be in Matthew Campbell's boots tonight, Letty," he challenged. "Any time that Matthew don't treat you right, remember Hi. Thompson is yours for the takin'." Off he went again, whistling "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

And then Matthew came, his birthday gift borne awkwardly under one arm: a silk-lined work-basket that no woman would ever use. And Letty in the pink-sprigged muslin received it as if it were the most priceless of offerings.

The rustic seat under the gnarled apple tree found love's young dream as sweet as the petals that drifted down from the encircling branches.

But jealousy blundered, as cruelly as jealousy will. "Letty, demanded Matthew suddenly, 'what's all this talk about Hi. Thompson being sweet on you? About you going riding with him, and he only your father's hired man? His face darkened. 'You got to stop it, Letty, if you're goin' to be promised to me!'"

Letty's temper flared. "You needn't say 'got to' to me, Matt Campbell. You may say it to other folks, but not to me!"

Matthew, unversed in the psychology of woman-kind, pressed his issue. "What I want to know, Letty, is: are you or are you not going to keep on riding with Hiram Thompson?"

"That's for me to decide—when better company ain't in sight," Letty answered, demurely examining her work basket. "I always did like pink silk linin', Matthew."

Not recognizing the fact that Letty was throwing out signals of yielding, the man continued stormily: "I suppose you'll be eloping with him, next."

"Matthew—Matt, dear, you're so funny when you're jealous!" The pink muslin slipped closer to him in the soft-petaled dusk, and straightway he forgot that Hiram Thompson existed. Plans for the wedding day, plans for the honeymoon, plans for the home. And then it was that Matthew blundered upon the old cause for argument.

"Mother says that she and pa will move into the south room, after the wedding, and give us the east room with the alcove."

"Then you ain't goin' to build us the little house on the town road, just for ourselves, like you promised?" Letty asked in a voice so low that Matthew should have taken warning.

"No, Letty, I've decided not to. There's only the two of them, and only the two of us, and it ain't reasonable . . ."

Letty arose and faced him. "I told you, once and for all, Matthew Campbell, that I won't live in some other woman's house. I'd—I'd elope with—with Hiram Thompson, first!" And she fled to the house, leaving her lover alone and bewildered in the orchard.

And Grandma was as good as her word. Off with Hiram Thompson she had gone, the next day, straight to a Colorado homestead and her own home. And then began the era of the *sod house*.

Here was the dress, the soft, mute historian of a long-ago love story with memories of apple blossoms and a stormy farewell. But it told, too, a new story—a story of a wedding, a journey, and a new home—not a tragedy, just a memory, softened, darkened, and sweetened by the years, like the interior of the house, itself. Life.

"Queer, how things happen, ain't it?" Grandma murmured, beginning to fold the dress.

"Mercy! Wa'ant that a moth miller? Where on arth did it go? Here! No, there it goes! There! She pursued her enemy with a trembling hand. "It's gone! I've lost it! Land sakes! It's so dark I can't see!"

She hastened to the match box on the wall by her elevated-oven cook stove. Then, dropping on her knees by the cavernous bottom drawer, she lit

a match and jiggled the drawer to set the insect in motion.

"I see it!" She held the match in her left hand, while with her right, she tremblingly descended on the wings of her enemy. Glory be! She had it!

IN THE excitement of the chase, the match slipped from her fingers into the folds of her last summer's voile dress, just put away in a bath of gasoline. In a second it was blazing, and the flames spread upward and backward into the other drawers, standing partly open. Grandma was congealed with fear. Her treasures! Her wits cleared; her fear changing into a wild anxiety for the safety of her keepsakes.

The water bucket! Empty! She must smother it, smother the fire. Quickly she snatched off her skirt and dressing sack and crushed them into the bottom drawer where the fire blazed the highest. Still the fire crept up, into the second and the third drawers. She tore the knitted bed-spread

from her four-poster and thrust it into the second drawer. A crackle of fresh hot flames flared out of the third drawer as the pink celluloid toilet set the children gave her last Christmas burst into fire, pink rosebuds, gilt initials, and all.

The teakettle! Why hadn't she thought of the teakettle. She ran to the stove, seized it in trembling hands, and poured what little water it contained upon the blazing celluloid. For a moment the fire subsided, only to flare up angrily as it came in contact with the dry straw of her old bonnet.

Her wool quilt! The autographed one! She staggered through the smoke to her bedding chest, and returned with the precious wool quilt. She crushed it into the drawer, and the fire smouldered and died out.

The fire was out, her home was saved, but sodden and charred beyond recognition were her keepsakes of a lifetime, the cherished possessions at whose black walnut shrine she had worshipped.

She sank down upon the braided rug, burying her white head in her thin, wrinkled, bare arms resting upon the cane-seated rocker. The frail little old figure in its tattering-trimmed chemise trembled and then was appallingly still. Youth in the poignancy of shattered love never had suffered as age suffered now, silently, in the destruction of the mere symbols of youth and love. A long, long silence, and then the saving grace of quietly flowing tears.

The big maltese cat, returning from a field-mousing expedition found his world much upset, his mistress weeping into the depths of his accustomed rocker. He sprang softly up beside her, gently asserting his right to a resting-place.

Grandma sat up disconsolately. And then her humor suddenly conquered her woe.

Matt's seventeen hooks and a bunnet shelf. And I ain't got anything to put in a clothes-closet."

"What's that, puss? An automobile?"

Puss purred his answer.

"Sure's I live, it is! Comin' in the drive! And I ain't got any clothes on! Mercy, what shall I do?" Puss seemed not the least concerned that Grandma was a ludicrous figure.

"The pink muslin. I never put it back in the drawer. It ain't burned. My land!" She struggled into it, and only partly hooked up, she hastened to the door. An incongruous apparition, she stood in the doorway; hair loosened from its tight knot; a smoke smudge on her straight nose; blue eyes red from weeping. Under the quaint folds of a girl's pink-sprigged dress of forty years ago, protruded flat-heeled comfort shoes well-cushioned and decidedly roomy.

A car of generous dimensions stood in the driveway; a stranger of proportionately generous dimensions was coming up the flower-bordered walk.

"Your new neighbor, already come a-borrowin'," a genial voice was saying.

And then he stopped and stared at her.

Conscious of her strange appearance: "It was a fire," she explained, "and a moth miller."



"A fire?"

"Yes, my chest of drawers. A moth miller set it afire and burned up my clothes. It's out now," she added. "Won't you come in, sir?"

He followed her into the smoke-filled room.

"Won't you sit down!" She pushed puss off the rocker.

"Oh, no, no! Ain't there something I can do? You're not burned, ma'am? Not hurt, any?"

"Mercy, no. Just my clothes, and my keepsakes."

"As I said, I come a-borrowin'. Havin' trouble gettin' my furniture into the house. Came to see if I could get your saw for awhile?"

"Sure, we'll be glad to let you have it, and anything else you might be needin'. It's over at the new house. Matt left all the tools there when the family went to the encampment, yesterday." She led the way towards the new house.

"Matt?" asked the stranger.

"Yes; Matt's my oldest son, you know. He lives here, on the ranch. Just goin' to move into the *two-story-square*," Grandma explained as she tried to finish hooking her dress, without being caught in the act.

"Fine new place," he commented, gravely, examining the foundation of the building.

"Yes, if you want to say so. Maybe you'd like to see through the house, sir!" Seeing through a new house was the pastime of the season. Everybody had to see through the new house. Even the rural free deliverer had been entertained, en route, with a sight-seeing trip through the house, and had passed its perfections on down the miles of country road to the post office.

Grandma led the stranger from room to room, enlarging upon the advantages of "chiny closet" and patent flour-bin.

"See Hannah's bay window? She's Matt's wife, and she did have her heart set on a bay window without any little mites of panes to wash. She's always talking about light, light. 'Sod houses,' says she, 'are worse'n cellars; they're that dark!'"

"Wanta see upstairs, too?" He followed her up the stairway. There's four nice square rooms with lots of light, and a regular city bathroom, up here. This room," she stated drily, "they plan for me. Southwest; nice and sunny. See, here's the clothes-closet. Seventeen hooks and a shelf for my bunnet! And my clothes and my bunnet all burned up. Ain't that a waste of good hooks?"

"Well, well," commiserated the stranger, that is too bad. You'll have to have a brand new bonnet to put on that shelf!"

"No sir; not me. Not with winter coming on." Grandma shut the closet door with emphasis.

"Are you movin' in soon?" The stranger touched the varnish, speculatively. "Everything seems to be finished."

Matt and the family aims to move over from the *frame-and-lean-to* jest as soon as they git back from the encampment. They figured that would give the paint plenty of time to dry."

The stranger started down the stairs, Grandma stopping to test the varnish on the hall floor.

"And you?" he asked curiously. "When are you movin' in, yourself?"

"Me? I ain't movin' in, myself. I'm goin' to live in my own house to my dyin' day. Why, sir! They can't even bring my geraniums and my chest of draw's up here!"

He looked at her, in amazement, from the foot of the stairs. "You live in the sod house, alone?" he inquired.

"Why, of course. It's my own house. Every woman must live in her own house. I won't live in any other woman's house," she set her lips firmly, "if—"

"If you have to elope first, Letty," he finished with grave humor.

Grandma gasped.

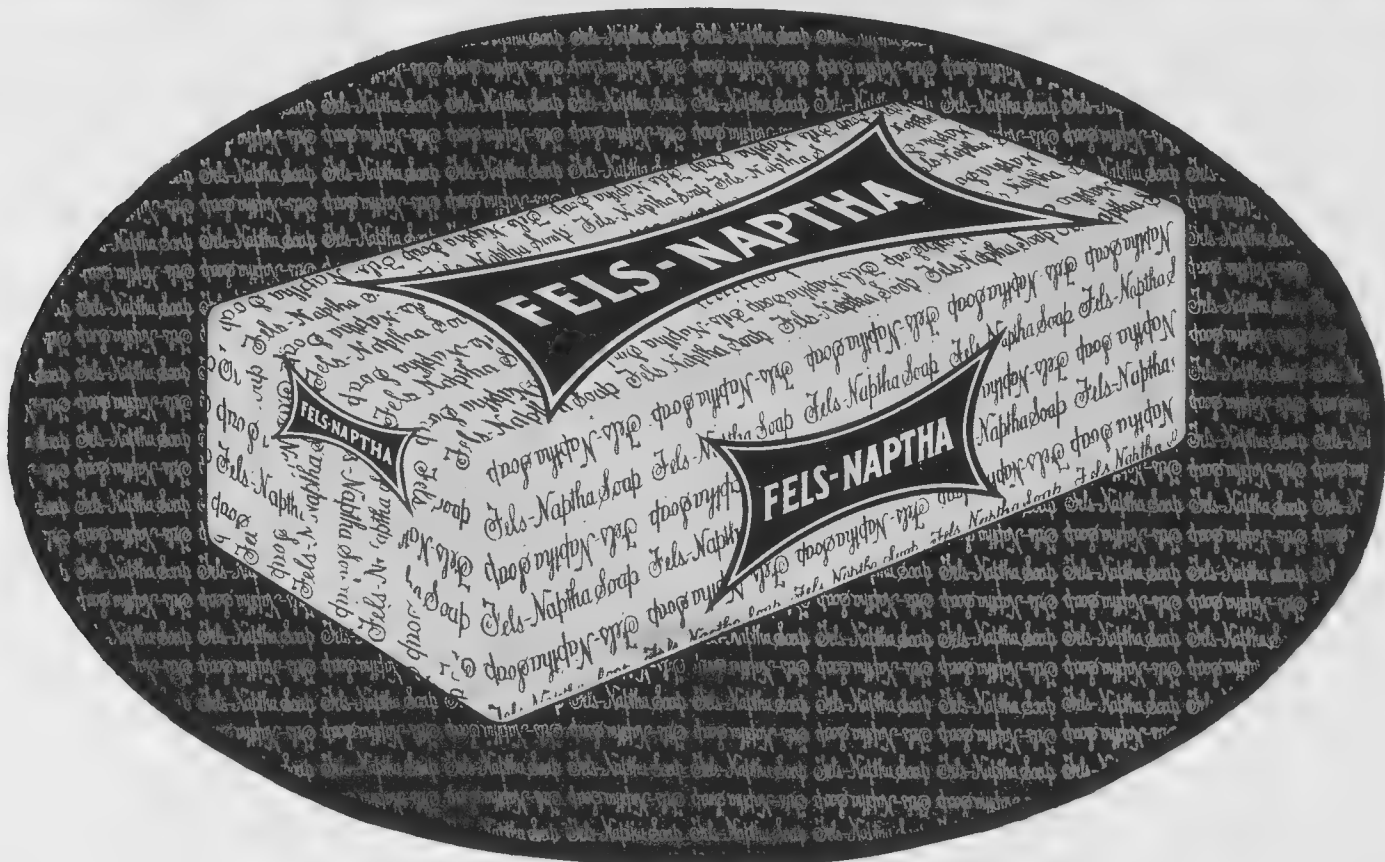
"If you have to elope first, Letty?" He made it a question this time.

"Why Matt—Matthew Campbell, is this you? Is it?" Grandma stammered, slipping on the "oncommon slippery" steps, straight into Matthew's waiting arms.

Continued on page 111



Millions of Women



Insist on FELS-NAPTHA because it gives extra help

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The Last Chord

By P. Clayton

IT WAS a golden day in late June when I first saw him. I was strolling along the sands beneath the grey-walled town. The Channel lay blue and still, the green coast of Dinard opposite quivered in the heat. Shrill-voiced children played around me and the townspeople were hanging out their washing on the rocks to dry in the sun. He was standing on some weed-covered boulders near the sea's edge when I came upon him. His hands were in the pockets of his well-worn, well-brushed coat, and his head was thrown up and back, his eyes half closed as though he were entirely oblivious of his surroundings, lost in his own dreams. He had a fine, thin face, the skin of a clear delicate pallor; his clothes were frayed and shabby, but his chiselled, almost hawk-like features bore the unmistakable stamp of culture, pride and breeding. His appearance arrested me. He was obviously not one of the common bourgeois or trippers that infested the beach.

Now, I am a keen student of character, and delight in making the acquaintance of anyone who appears to be a little above the ordinary. Human beings are as intensely interesting to me as his specimens to a naturalist. This man was more than interesting, however, he was arresting, unique, and in him I sensed novelty, romance. I was possessed with a sudden longing to make his acquaintance there and then, and as an excuse I stopped before him and said:

"Excuse me, monsieur, but could you oblige me with a light? I have used all my matches."

He came to himself with a start when I had repeated my request, swung round to face me and his eyes met mine. They were large and black and astonishingly hungry, as though they could never find what they sought.

"Pardon, m'sieur," he said in English. "A match, m'sieur? *Mais certainement.*"

His voice was deep, musical and cultured, his manner courteous to the extreme, and when he took his hands from his pockets and gave me a match, I saw that they were those of a musician, very white, large and flexible, with long, sensitive, broad-tipped fingers. I thanked him, passed the time of day, and resumed my walk, leaving him to his dreams.

Thus began our acquaintance.

I met him a few days later at the same spot, chance bringing us together. I had tucked a book under my arm on leaving my rooms in the hotel, resolving to flee the heat, smells and noises of the town for the comparative quiet and coolness of the beach. This time he saw me as I passed, and I noticed that the dreamy look had left his face, instead it wore a sad and weary expression. He lifted his hat with a courteous "*Bonjour m'sieur.*" I was feeling lonely for I knew no one in the city, and, as he seemed inclined to talk, I readily fell in with his mood.

"A splendid view," he remarked in English, sweeping his hand round the magnificent curve of the green shore, yellow sands and old, grey-walled town. "It inspires one, does it not, m'sieur?"

I looked at him curiously.

"Monsieur is an artist?" I asked at random.

He smiled, half-sadly, half bitterly.

"No, it is my misfortune to be a musician," he replied.

"But why misfortune, monsieur?" I probed. "Surely to be a musician, a composer, perhaps—"

"Ah! But, m'sieur, a poor musician—" He spread out his hands, glancing down quickly at his shabby clothes, "it is indeed a misfortune to be a musician poor and unknown, when one longs for fame and recognition, hungers to hear one's compositions played in the theatres of the great capitals, enjoyed by all, heard in every home—" He paused as though half ashamed of his outburst, the unquestionable fire of genius burning in his eyes. "Forgive me, m'sieur," he ended with a shrug, half turning away. "You must think me mad to talk thus to a complete stranger."

"No, no," I hastened to assure him. "I am, on the contrary, very interested, m'sieur, and cannot understand why—"

He whirled about on me so quickly that I was startled, and searched my face with those blazing eyes of his, while he cried:

"Understand! Yes, I do believe you understand. Are you, too, a musician, a composer?"

"No," I shook my head. "I am nothing, nobody; only one of those beings cursed with sufficient means to support himself in comfort, and a placid temperament that allows him to remain content with his lot. I am but a shirker, monsieur, in the battle of life."

"No," he cried sharply. "Not that. You are one of the lucky ones. Ah! what could I not do with your money, your chances. I am often hungry, m'sieur," he smiled a little bitter smile,

what I judged from his appearance, that he came of ancient stock.

WE MET many times after this, mostly on the beach, or in a little cafe which he frequented because it was cheap, where we drank coffee, smoked and talked. He was, I learnt, the last of a noble but impoverished Breton family. He inherited his musical talents from his mother, a Pole, and from his father nothing but debts. I asked him why he did not live in Paris or London, where he would have a better opportunity of making his name than in the little seaport town. He spread out his hands.

"Lack of funds to travel," he replied with his bitter smile. "And living is too high in the capitals. I was born and brought up here, but passed my early manhood in Paris studying music. Two years ago I returned to my birthplace to be with my father, who was dying. He left me penniless, and I sold the chateau and estates to pay his debts. I had just enough money left to rent a little garret in one of the houses in St. Malo, overlooking the walls, and commanding a view of the bay and the green shores of Dinard. I love to watch the sunset fade behind Cap Frehel, and the stars come out over the channel. I am desperately poor and there are few joys left me."

"But can you not sell some of your compositions?" I asked.

He smiled, then frowned thoughtfully.

"I sold one or two small pieces before my father died," he replied. "But since then . . ." He paused and shrugged his shoulders. "They were but a drop in the ocean of my poverty. Now I am at work upon an opera which when finished," his hands gripped the table edge—we were sitting in the cafe at the time of this conversation—and his great eyes blazed in his white thin face, "It is just finished," he cried, "all but the last bar, the last chord." The light died out of his face, the old hungry, seeking look returned to his eyes. "I—I cannot find that last chord. Many have I tried. All—all are good, but they do not satisfy me."

"Why worry about a little thing like that?" I asked him. "Surely it does not matter if the rest of the opera is good."

He turned on me quickly.

"I thought you understood," he flashed. "How can I remain true to the highest ideals of my art and give to the world a work improperly finished? Why, I would rather starve than do that! I would rather live forever in poverty and obscurity than my opera should not be faultless, perfect."

"But," I urged him, "cannot you compose something else meanwhile, and return to your great work later?"

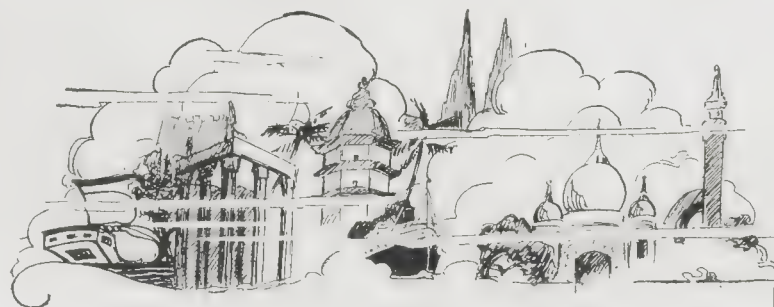
"No," he cried sharply, "I cannot. I have tried again and again and failed. My mind is obsessed by my unfinished opera, and I am ever seeking, seeking, seeking that last chord. I think," he ended wearily, passing his hand over his forehead, "that I am a little mad. Poverty, misfortune, thwarted ambition can well turn a man's brain."

"You will find it," I assured him.

"Surely you will find it."

He smiled but shook his head. "Is there not a song," he questioned, "about a man playing the organ in a church, and his fingers, straying over the keys, sound a wonderful chord? Ever afterwards he seeks to recapture it and cannot! Well," he dropped his head on his chest, "I am like that man, only I have never even found it. Though night and day I seek it I have never played nor heard it. It is always eluding me. That time you first saw me," he continued, "when I was standing on the rocks looking out to sea, I was seeking it then, listening with straining ears to catch it in the voice of the sea, the whisper of the landward blowing breeze. Some day, perhaps, I shall find it," and again the fire returned to his face, "and then I

Continued on page 110



Wanderlust

By Olive Macken

*So sure as April brings the buds,
And May brings blossom time;
So sure as dandelion studs,
The greening hills of every clime;
So sure as birds their mating trills,
Lilt o'er the wakening lea;
So sure as purling, wandering rills,
And romping rivers, seek the sea.*

*Then, just as sure the restless urge,
Compelling, subtle, keen;
Unfathomed as the ocean's surge,
Resistless as the moonlight's sheen
Insistent lures. 'Tis then I must,
Hie off, away, away,
It is the call, the wanderlust,
I cannot, dare not, stay.*

*My feet shall find the mountain trails,
In ecstasy shall trip,
Adown the dew-kissed violet vales,
Or in a tossing ship.
The billows wild I'll calmly trust;
I care not where I'll be;
Because this madding wanderlust
Enslaves the soul of me.*



"and I am very poor." He searched my face with his strange eager eyes. "You understand. How is it you understand? Do you love music?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I know absolutely nothing about it, or any other art. I am a keen student of personality, of character, call it what you will, and I see in you the true signs of genius, and you have a musician's hands. All the great composers had hands like yours. Therefore I judged you to be a musician, a composer."

He gripped my hand and shook it.

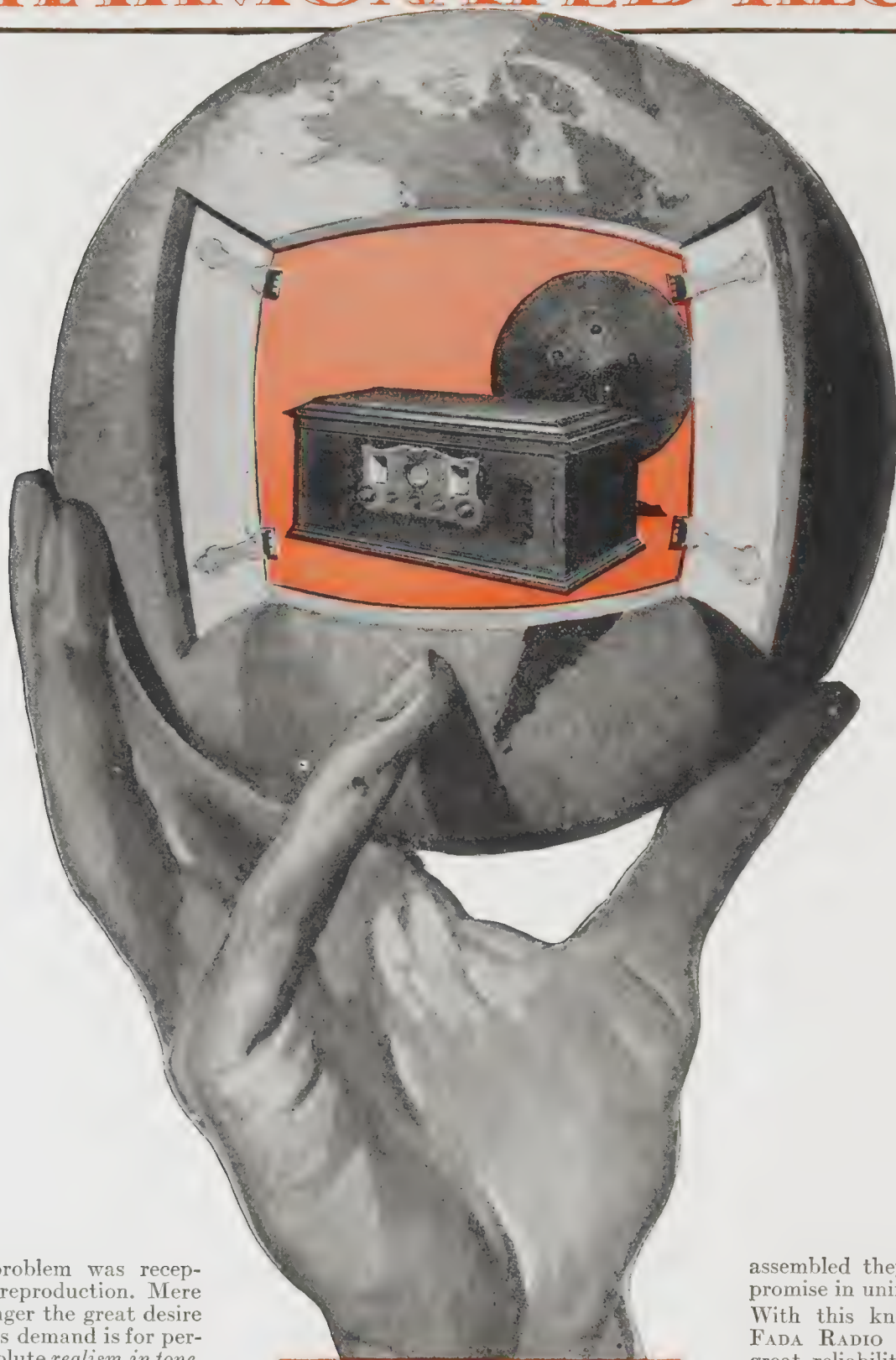
"Your name, m'sieur?" he asked abruptly.

"Arbuthnot," I told him. "Leonard Arbuthnot," smiling at his impulsiveness. "And yours?"

"I am called d'Aleth," he replied simply. Lucien de St. Hilaire d'Aleth, at your service."

It was a high sounding name enough, and proved

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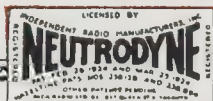
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Twentieth Century Folk Songs

St. John Ervine Contributes This Amusing Bit of Satire to the London Morning Post

I LATELY listened to a lank-looking gentleman being ecstatic about folk-songs. He dithered about "the folk," as he called them, and seemed to lament his misfortune in having been born about two or three centuries too late. What would he not have given to have been born in the days when shepherds piped and milkmaids warbled! He longed for the bar parlor of The Pure Drop, so that he might regale himself with the lovely folk-songs that the laborers sang to each other in the evening after their work was done.

He liked hearty choruses, full of hey-diddle-diddles and rum-tum-tummies, and was only prevented from wearing an embroidered smock and dancing round the maypole by his extreme sensitiveness to derision.

I went away from his company without much reluctance, and during the night I dreamed a dream. I found myself shot forward in time to the year 2225, and by an extraordinary coincidence I was again in the company of my arty-and-crafty friend—with this difference, however, that he was a highbrow of 2225, rather than of 1925. The difference was one merely of time.

Essentially he was the same highbrow. He had the same thin, reed-like voice in which he lamented the dreadfulness of his own day and bemoaned his misfortune in having been born two or three centuries too late.

I heard him murmur rather wearily in dislike for anything positive. His harshest word of condemnation was *robust*. So-and-so, he said, was terribly *robust*, and there was indescribable contempt in his tone as he said it.

He was elated because of a discovery he had just made. It seemed that he had been poking about in a house built in the year 1922 by a gentleman who had done very well out of the war that was fought between 1914 and 1918. It seemed that this gentleman had given his services to the Government for nothing, and had contrived to leave it richer than he was when he joined it. So pleased was everybody with him that he was often publicly described as 'one of Lloyd George's precious peers.'

This affectionate reference, said my highbrow, showed what an excellent chap he was. It appeared that he was a patron of the simpler arts, and my highbrow friend could not sufficiently thank Heaven for the fact. "When I think of the vulgarity of contemporary noblemen," he said, "and of the way in which they devote themselves to mean entertainments, I am filled with admiration and respect for the great-hearted man who found time to collect and preserve the folk-songs of his age."

He exhibited a bundle of old music to me, but was not very willing to let me handle any of it.

"I found these songs," he said, "hidden away in a corner of Concrete Hall!" That was the name of the noble house founded by the "precious peer." "No one had looked at them for many years. They were covered with dust and mice had nibbled them, but fortunately the mice had not seriously damaged them. I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I found myself in possession of a valuable collection of folk-songs, hitherto unknown, not one of which was more recent in date of composition than 1925!"

"Nineteen-twenty-five!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he. "Three hundred years ago. Think of my joy in the discovery. To recover the simple songs of the simple people who loved them!"

"Here," he went on, "is a pretty little love ballad of a sort that seems to have been common then. We have no such songs today."

"Is not the chorus charming?" he said, adding: "Read it aloud, so that you get the whole pretty effect of it. It has not, of course, the remote and elusive grace of the Elizabethan songs, but I think that it has more introspective beauty!"

"Yes, yes," I murmured, and then, as he bade me, I read aloud the chorus:

"Yearning just for you,
That's all I do, my dear.
Learning why I'm blue,
I wish that you were near.
Smiles have turned to tears,
Days have turned to years;
Yearning just for you,
I hope you're yearning too."

He clasped his hands together when I had finished, and said that it was too beautiful. "The delicate naivete of it!" he exclaimed "I hope you're yearning too!" Oh, charming, charming! And how fond of color they were then! 'Learning why I'm blue!' Observe how intricate the rhymes were, despite the delicacy and simplicity of the sentiment. The first word and the last word of the first line rhyme with the first word and the last word of the third line. That seems to be a unique instance of double rhyme! A very rare specimen of an earlier-twentieth-century folk-song, I assure you. Presently I'll play it to you, but now read some of the others."

I did so, and suddenly he became excited about one that I had almost put aside without more than a glance. "But you must read that," he said. "It's a little gem. Difficult, perhaps, but less so if you read it with care. Let me sing it to you." He took the song from me and in a somewhat throaty voice sang these words:

"Yes, sir, that's my baby;
No, sir, don't mean 'maybe';
Yes, sir, that's my baby now,
Yes, ma'am, we've decided;
No, ma'am, we won't hide it;
Yes, ma'am, you're invited now."

"By the way—by the way,
When we reach the preacher I'll say:
Yes, sir, that's my baby;
No, sir, don't mean 'maybe';
Yes, sir, that's my baby now."

"I don't pretend," he said, when he had finished, "that I completely understand it, but I think I've got the general drift of it. It was sung by the folk everywhere in the English-speaking world in 1925—an intriguing, elusive thing! Here, now, is another, which has some resemblance to a still earlier song, called 'Sally in Our Alley.' I think this one, which is called 'On Mother Kelly's Doorstep,' is actually better than the other song—so much more of the '*je ne sais quoi*' spirit in it. Read it please."

I read it:

"On Mother Kelly's doorstep down Paradise Row
I'd sit along o' Nelly, she'd sit along o' Joe.
She'd got a little hole in her frock, hole in her shoe,
Hole in her sock where her toe peep'd through,
But Nelly was the smartest down our Alley.
On Mother Kelly's doorstep, I'm wondering now
If li'l gal Nelly remembers Joe, her beau;
And does she love me like she used to,
On Mother Kelly's doorstep down Paradise Row."

"Can't you imagine the folk—who, by the way, were then called the proletariat—sitting in the shadows at night singing that song! Life must have been full of charm in those days, when the folk, even if they were called the proletariat, could sing such guileless lyrics as that. Here's another one which, I confess, baffles me. The word 'ukelele' refers to a musical instrument that was popular then. There are examples of it in the British Museum. I think this song must have had a foreign origin—the rhythm does not seem quite English—but it has its own beauty: a strange alien loveliness. I'll sing this one too, so that you may realize its quaint harmony."

He returned to the piano and sang the chorus of "Ukelele Lady":

"If you like a Ukelele Lady, Ukelele Lady like-e you."

If you like to linger where it's shady, Ukelele Lady
linger too.
If you kiss a Ukelele Lady, will you promise ever
to be true?
And she see another Ukelele Lady fool around
with you,
Maybe she'll sigh, maybe she'll cry.
Maybe she'll find somebody else by and by
To sing to when it's cool and shady,
Where the tricky Wicki-Wackies woo;
If you like a Ukelele Lady,
Ukelele Lady like-a you."

"What are Wicki-Wackies?" I said when he had finished.

"I do not know," he answered. "I've done a great deal of research on the subject, but have been unable to find any reference to them. I fancy they were some obscure religious sect who were generally derided, but that, of course, is only conjecture. Now, look at this one, full of sly humor. Read that, and deny, if you can, that these people had a hearty sense of fun."

I read the following words aloud, and did not deny anything:

"How can a guinea pig show he's pleased
When he hasn't got a tail to wag?
All other animals you will find
Have got a little tail stuck on behind.
If they only put a tail on a guinea pig,
And finish off a decent job,
Then the price of a guinea pig would go right up
From a guinea up to thirty bob."

He took it from me exclaiming: "I've kept the best one to the last. It is full of political allusions, which are now obscure, but otherwise it is dazzlingly funny. Remember that the people who sang these songs had had only fifty-five years of free and compulsory education. Listen!" He picked up the song, and read what follows:

"And could Lloyd George do it,
Could Baldwin do it,
Could Winston do it? Why no!
Could Johnny Walker or Stephen Donoghue
Sit for hours in an Irish stew?
You rave at the fly and you swear just like a
trooper,
But that won't stop him sitting on the nose of
Gladys Cooper.
And could Lloyd George do it,
Could Baldwin do it,
Could Winston do it? Why no!"

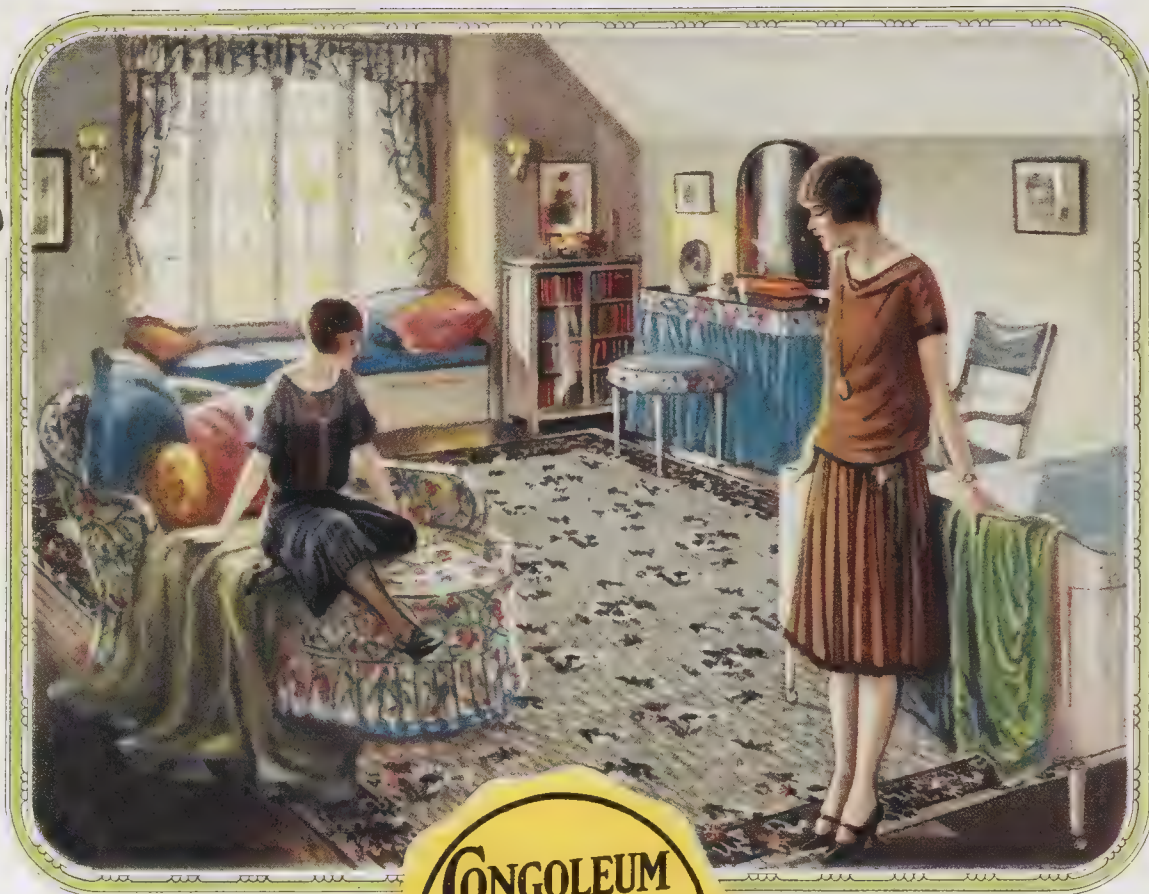
"Lloyd George," he said, in explanation, "was, as you probably know, a politician of the time. So were Baldwin and Winston. The latter troubled me for a long time until I discovered that it was a Christian name, not, as I had imagined, a surname. The full name of this politician was Winston Churchill. Johnny Walker I give up. A rival of mine suggests that this is the name of a popular beverage of the time, but I doubt it! Why introduce the name of a beverage into a group of names of politicians. The thing is absurd."

"Stephen Donoghue seems to be identical with a successful jockey named 'Steve' Donoghue, but Irish Stew is altogether beyond me. I fancy there is a reference here to the Irish political situation of the time, despite my rival's silly suggestion that it is a name of a popular dish, and brought in merely for the sake of the rhyme."

"I need not tell you who Gladys Cooper was—a beautiful actress of those days, whose loveliness is still a legend. No, I admit that this oddly attractive song bewilders me. My belief is that it is a cipher song, full of hidden references, and that if we could only find the key to it we should solve many of the problems of that time."

I awoke with a start. I seemed still to hear the folk-songster's voice, but what I heard, now that I was awake, was a stern denunciation of the vulgarity of 1925, and passionate praise of the pretty folk-songs of three centuries ago.

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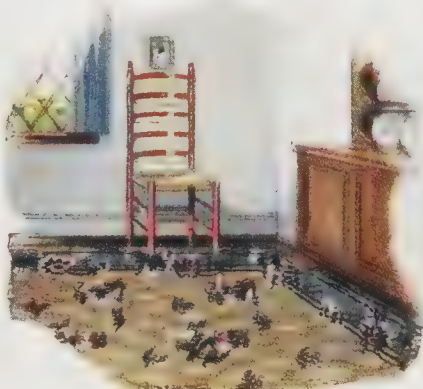
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Perfect Days

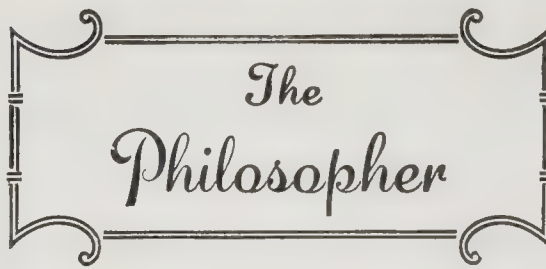
THESE words are written on a perfect September day, one of the days which are a revelation to visitors who have not known how beautiful the West can be under an autumn sky, with that indescribable quality in the air which makes the veins even of those no longer young, who know that life has its shadows as well as its sunshine, tingle with a renewal of the joy of youth in breathing and being alive in a world so wonderful. If we are to have this year another such October as we had last year, we shall have reason to be thankful, indeed, for a succession of days which only a painter of genius could paint or a poet's pen describe. Ordinary people, like the most of us, can only enjoy them. In last October where there were bluffs the trees retained their leaves, for there were few strong winds; on the first day of November the foliage of trees and bushes still retained much of the red and gold into which September had turned their green garb of summer, and garden flowers continued to bloom. It is in the open country, where the view is unobstructed by the high and crowded buildings of a city, that the beauty of the West on such perfect days is a vision inspiring to the mind and bringing solace to the soul, for all who have eyes to see.

Too Much Flabbiness

WHILE listening to certain speeches during the Dominion general elections campaign, The Philosopher found himself more than once considering a question which the speakers were not discussing at all, namely: Why is it that one speaker has, and another has not, the power of persuading and influencing his hearers. This is an easier question to ask than to answer. Perhaps the truest answer that can be found for it is that the most important element in that power is genuineness. True it is, of course, that there are speakers to whom the public platform is a stage on which they are acting a part. They are able to seem to be intensely in earnest, but it is only an assumed and artificial feeling. They are playing upon their hearers. In the long run, however, only sincere earnestness really succeeds. Character is what counts, not cleverness. To every young man ambitious to serve worthily in public life no better advice could be given than this: Be in earnest. No young man of ability can have a more honorable ambition than to share in the guidance of public affairs; and the same thing applies to all citizens regardless of sex, now that the duties of citizenship know no distinction of sex. It is true, indeed, of every endeavor in life that success depends on earnestness. Most poor work is poor because the worker has not worked earnestly with all his might. There is too much flabbiness in the world. The wretched lover is the one who is not head-over-heels in love. The unhappy believer is one who hardly believes at all. Too many of us are not whole-hearted in living our lives to the full measure of our powers. We are lukewarm. And lukewarmness never yet got up the head of steam that is necessary to "make the grade."

Cupidity Gives Crooks Opportunity

THE man who, when he is offered an investment which promises him a larger return than the ordinary run of investments gives finds himself troubled with doubts, is fortunate. There are well known cases of small investments having produced immense returns. If you had come to the aid of Edison, or Henry Ford, with a few hundred dollars early in their careers when they were having great difficulty in getting their ventures launched, your investment would have been multiplied itself many thousands of times in dividends. But such cases are not common. This is a world in which it is practically as impossible to get something for next to nothing as it is to get something for nothing. The lure of large profits is the bait with which swindlers are constantly baiting their hooks. Apparently the supply of dupes ready to swallow this bait, hook and all, never ceases. "Behind every great swindle, or small one," says Canadian Finance, in discussing some recent swindling transactions, "there is the dominating factor of cupidity. It is not sufficient to say that people are gullible when they bite at oily bait, and invest on tips that are worthless. It is not credulity, but cupidity. It is the lure of inordinate profits, the privilege of 'getting in on the ground floor,' to the disadvantage of others not so fortunate." The warning which Canadian Finance gives is one which cannot be given too often. Such warnings are always timely. In spite of them, swindlers will continue to draw dupes to their craftily baited hooks.



The Art of Dishwashing

WHEN King Alfred the Great, lost in thought over his plans for regaining his crown, let the cakes burn which the peasant woman had set him to watch before the fire in the hut in the forest where he had sought refuge, and was properly scolded by the woman, he was made to feel what many a man before and since has been made to feel when he undertook a kitchen task or other housework. The Philosopher has never been allowed to feel that he is much of a success in drying dishes. But when he is left alone and dependent on his own devices, and undertakes the whole operation of washing dishes from start to finish, he always realizes anew that he is not as successful as he might be at it—as, indeed, he ought to be. He brings serious thought to the undertaking and makes plans for working out a system for doing it expeditiously and efficiently. He starts to do the work thoroughly. He holds each plate and each knife and fork under a stream of boiling water until every particle of grease has melted and run off—or rather, he would do this, if it did not always happen somehow that he uses up the hot water before he has washed all the dishes which he has allowed to accumulate in the sink. With very hot water, there is no need of drying anything; things dry themselves. But when the water is not hot, there has to be a lot of rubbing, and it is surprising how easy it is to break plates and cups and saucers in handling them. Before he has had time to work out his perfect system of dishwashing, his better half returns, and her remarks about his helplessness, destructiveness and general inefficiency are, he must admit, somewhat to the point. And he doesn't derive any comfort from thinking about King Alfred the Great. As a matter of fact, was not the peasant woman a more efficient doer of her share in the world's work than King Alfred was on that day when by letting her cakes burn he destroyed the food she had prepared?

The Peter Pan Fallacy

IN READING about the boyhood of Sir Isaac Newton in a book entitled "The Boyhood of Great Men," which was published in 1853, The Philosopher learned that "an accident first fired him to strive for distinction in the schoolroom." The boy who was immediately above him was a bully, who "was cruel enough to kick him in the stomach with a severity that caused him great pain." The future great man "resolved to have his revenge by excelling his persecutor in their studies and lessons." If when The Philosopher was a boy some sturdy little schoolfellow had kicked him in the stomach, the resulting sequence of events would probably have been altogether different. The world would have gained little or nothing from the natural indignation caused by such an assault and the fight that would have ensued. We cannot all be Sir Isaac Newtons. It would be interesting to know what the boy who so brutally kicked the future Sir Isaac Newton grew up to be. Did he feel that any glory was reflected on him when Sir Isaac's fame grew in the world? At any rate, this can be said of him, that his foot kicks also in the stomach the fallacy that boyhood is always an age of unalloyed gold. "Ah, happy years," sighed the poet Byron. "Who would not be a boy again?" It is a pleasant and harmless fallacy, and The Philosopher, for one, would be the last to wish to destroy it. But he is only telling the plain truth when he says that he cannot really wish to be a boy again. Do not think, shocked reader, that he is unsympathetic with childhood or youth? Not at all. There are always in the world men and women who are still boys and girls; they have never fully grown up. Are they not often the worst mischief makers in the world? Most of the famous characters in history whose fame is based on the havoc they have wrought were children masquerading as adults, who happened to have the power to make other people's lives their playthings. Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, is a beautiful myth. What would be done with a real Peter Pan? But, of course, a real Peter Pan is inconceivable.

"O Canada"

CANADIAN history should be made interesting to the youth of Canada—not alone the adventure and romance and picturesqueness of the times of the explorers and the heroisms of the half-century of conflict which ended with Wolfe's victory at Quebec but the hard work and privations and endurance and heroisms of the pioneers, men and women, who were the real makers of Canada, out of whose lives came into being the Canadian national spirit. It is of the first importance that the Canadian spirit be strengthened, so that every Canadian boy and girl will be proud of being a Canadian, as every English boy and girl is proud of being English. Every son and every daughter of Canada, every son and every daughter of every other nation of the family of nations we call the Empire, has reason for such pride. There are certain writers nowadays who believe themselves to be deep thinkers and far in advance of ordinary people. By way of manifesting their superiority they cry down patriotism. "Patriotism is narrow" proclaims one of these writers. "The good at which it aims is for one's nation only, not for all mankind. We should be patriotic to the whole human race." Surely we all desire, or should desire, the good of all mankind. But before an individual human being can be helpful to his neighbor, he must develop himself rightly and fully. Translate that into nationality, and you have the right patriotism. When we sing "O Canada!" our singing of that stirring national anthem of ours should mean that we are devoted with all our hearts to the right and full development of Canada.

Bobbed Hair

FROM a friend in England there has come to The Philosopher a tract entitled "Bobbed Hair: Is it Well Pleasing to the Lord?" It expresses sad doubts as to the fate hereafter of women who in this world have their hair bobbed. But surely, if women are to be sent to eternal flames because of their bobbed hair, which of us can hope to escape? When The Philosopher thinks of all his sins, he cannot but feel that a woman who has done nothing worse than have her hair bobbed seems angelically white, in comparison with him. There is something in the simple sincerity with which the writer of that tract refers to the beautiful passage in the New Testament telling of the repentant sinner who made her offering of precious ointment and shed tears while washing the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her long hair. "How strangely ill at ease," he writes, "our poor shorn sisters would have been, had they been present in the Bethany home that day!" From the note of pity he proceeds to the sterner note of doom. "God's order is everywhere flouted. Divine forbearance tolerates the growing evil for the present, but the hour of Divine intervention in judgment approaches fast. 'Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is above rubies.' (Proverbs, xxxi, 10)." Hundreds of thousands of virtuous women with bobbed hair might well ask in regard to "Bobbed Hair: Is it Well Pleasing to the Lord?" whether that tract in itself, however sincere the writer of it, is well pleasing to the Lord. The answer to such a question which The Philosopher would have to offer, in all sincerity and humbleness, would be, No.

Worry and Slogans

MUCH has been written about worry and its cure. According to some schools of "thought," the cure is simple. The worrier needs only to "smile, smile, smile," in a glad, carefree and optimistic manner and practice Pollyannaism assiduously on all occasions. But that kind of thing, while it is all very well in its way, often fails to prove consoling. Moreover, the practice of artificial optimism, whatever its effect upon the practitioner, can become an infliction upon others who have to put up with it and may be driven by it to prefer a little gloom occasionally, by way of change and relief from an unceasing flow of smiling and forced "gladness." A liberal supply of such mottoes as "I Should Worry" and "Cheer Up" may help when one is temporarily out of sorts, blue and down in the mouth, but such slogans will not be very effective when one's unrest is more deep-seated. Platitudes and homilies are not sure sources of solace and comfort. If the cause of worry was always the same, the problem of curing worry would be an easier matter than it is. But even in cases where the condition which causes worry seems beyond remedy, there is always a possibility of curing the worry itself. The first step towards a cure is for the worrier to cease focusing his thought upon himself.

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

From Day to Day

"WRITE it on your heart," said Emerson, "that every day is the best day in the year," and then he goes on to say:

"Silent, passive, even sulkily, Nature offers every morning her wealth to man. She is immensely rich; he is welcome to her entire goods; but she speaks no word, will not so much as beckon or cough; only this, she is careful to leave all her doors ajar—towers, hall, stateroom, and cellar. If he takes her hint and uses her goods, she speaks no word; if he slumbers and starves, she says nothing.

"The days are ever divine as to the first Aryans. They come and go, like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant, friendly party; but they say nothing and, if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them silently away.

"Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. 'Tis the old secret of the gods that they come in low disguises."

Emerson puts the same thoughts in a poem of which one writer says: "No one who has fully learned its meaning can ever forget it." The poem is entitled "Days," and runs thus:

*Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.*

An explanation is added from a work entitled "Great Poems Interpreted" by Waitman Barbe, published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., 11-15 Union Square West, New York City. Another volume by the same author is called "Famous Poems Explained." These two books explain and interpret many of the great poems of the English-speaking race, including such well known titles as "To a Waterfowl," "Burial of Sir John Moore," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Light of Other Days," "Break, Break, Break," "The Raven," "Crossing the Bar," "The Deserted Village," "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," "Ode to the West Wind," and "Andrea del Sarto."

The books are intended as helps for students and as they explain many poems which are on the courses of our Western schools, they should prove to be real friends to explorers in the kingdom of literature, especially in those districts where the teacher is struggling with many subjects and can give but little individual attention to students.

A partial interpretation of "Days" follows:

"The days are called 'hypocritic' because they come bearing their gifts in disguise. From their marvelous store we may choose what we will—diadems and kingdoms and stars of love and life and hope and work, or only food for the body and things of the flesh; or we may even choose the fagots that set on fire and destroy all the finer things of the spirit.

"The poem is one of great beauty as well as great power. It is a 'criticism of life' in the highest sense. No one who has fully learned its meaning can ever forget it. Continually he will see the Days marching by in endless file, 'muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,' each bearing in her hands all manner of gifts; and when his choice is foolish or evil he will not fail to see the scorn that clouds her shadowed brow as she turns and departs, never, through infinite ages, to pass again that way or offer him again her store."

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 8. Mention has been made previously of a volume entitled "Occupations" by Gowin and Wheatley, and by way of preparation for the two remaining articles of this series, some questions are quoted from the work mentioned. These questions will serve to direct attention to some of the problems confronting the young man who is about to begin his life's work or who perhaps may be considering a change. A change, however, should not be undertaken too hurriedly. There are often opportunities for growth and service in unexpected places. Do not, for instance, be in too much of a hurry to desert the country for the city. About the time that numbers of young men were leaving a certain Manitoba town, one young man came into that town in search of opportunities that the others felt certain were not there. This was some five years ago. Today I hear that he has well-established business connections, is on the way to owning his home, and to becoming one of the leading citizens of the town.

If you can answer readily the questions that follow, it may be that you have solved a large part of the problem of choosing a life work; if not, some time might be spent to advantage in planning a proper approach to the problem:

1. Is education today more important or less so than it was ten or twenty years ago? Why?
2. Have you learned to co-operate with other people? What kinds of occupations require co-operation?
3. Can you find someone who changed his occupation relatively late in life? Find out, if you can, the causes of this change.
4. What do you think of the proverb "Opportunity knocks but once?" Give instances if you can to prove the truth or falsity of this statement.
5. See whether you can find a person who has made a failure of his high school work but has succeeded in occupational life. How do you account for his success?
6. Do you think that any occupations should be prohibited? Give reasons.
7. If a person wants to be a doctor but has little chance of success, what other occupations might satisfy him? The same investigation may be made for the occupation of lawyer and also of engineer.
8. Is there any such thing as "hurry up" vocational education; that is, can one get an all-around training in a very brief time?
9. Can you mention any ways which are distinctly non-productive in which people occupy their working time?
10. Describe the kind of man or woman a good employer should be—one that you would like to work for.
11. Prepare a general statement telling about all available means of securing work in your vicinity.
12. Should a person definitely ask for promotion? Explain why he should or should not, and how it should be done or how the promotion may be secured otherwise.
13. Give instances showing the need for adaptability. How will this quality help a person to be advanced more rapidly?
14. Trace a passenger from the time he purchases his ticket to the time he arrives at his destination, naming all the workers who help him on his journey.
15. Are you interested in securing advancement for personal reasons only or for the purpose of serving others more effectively?

Great Thoughts

EDUCATION is to the mind what polish is to a block of marble.—Addison.

There is no man but knows more evil of himself than he does of his neighbor.—Bishop Wilson.

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

Idleness travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her.—Hunter.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure.—Capelle.

The Higher Life

"FACES Toward the Light" is the title of an attractive book published by the Vir Publishing Company, 200-214 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. It is by Dr. Sylvanus Stall and is "dedicated to those who find in the devotional hour and silent time divine help and spiritual strength for the days of need." The following is one of many messages for young men that the book contains:

"It is not a sin to be rich. Abraham had his flocks and his herds, Job was rich in camels and cattle, and David and Solomon had gold and silver in astonishing abundance.

"To every young man we would say, by industry and economy seek to accumulate wealth. Yes, get rich. But in getting, remember that there are two questions which every rich man will be called upon to answer at the day of judgment. The first is: 'How did you get your money?' and the second, 'What did you do with it?'"

The publishers will be pleased to send descriptive circulars of this and other books for young men, including such titles as "Touchstones of Success"; "What a Young Man Ought to Know"; "Husband, Wife and Home"; and "We Young Men."

Obstacles

OBSTACLES are blessings in disguise! They develop the elements of success, the mental initiative to think of the best way to overcome them; they call into action the courage that moves us on to the goal of worthy ends.

The more obstacles you overcome, the easier your victory over the next, each victory giving added strength, until, after a time, you almost wish for things of a more difficult nature—something to add zest to action.

To have everything just as we like makes us weaklings, while to have things go wrong, and yet fight them with a smile, is to develop those stalwart traits that commend a person to his fellows.

Those who meet obstacles in a bold, manly and courageous way, turning defeat into victory, are honored by all, and are the most useful citizens. Obstacles make a man! They bring out the best, they develop the best, they portend the best.—J. Wesley Dickson in System Bible Study.

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 9. Reference has been made previously to the need of Bibles which while containing the Authorized or Revised versions of the Scriptures, shall contain also unbiased helps to the study of difficult passages.

For young men who for private study or for group work are interested in a Bible with special helps, the New Indexed Bible, text of the authorized version, is well worth attention since it includes also Biblical biography, geography, history, and teaching.

The distributors, Buxton-Westerman Company, 21 West Elm Street, Chicago, publish a circular, of which copies may be obtained on application, which contains a very clear analysis of the special features of the Indexed Bible. These features include just the details which young people will appreciate in a Bible to be used for study purposes. Among these features may be mentioned the following:

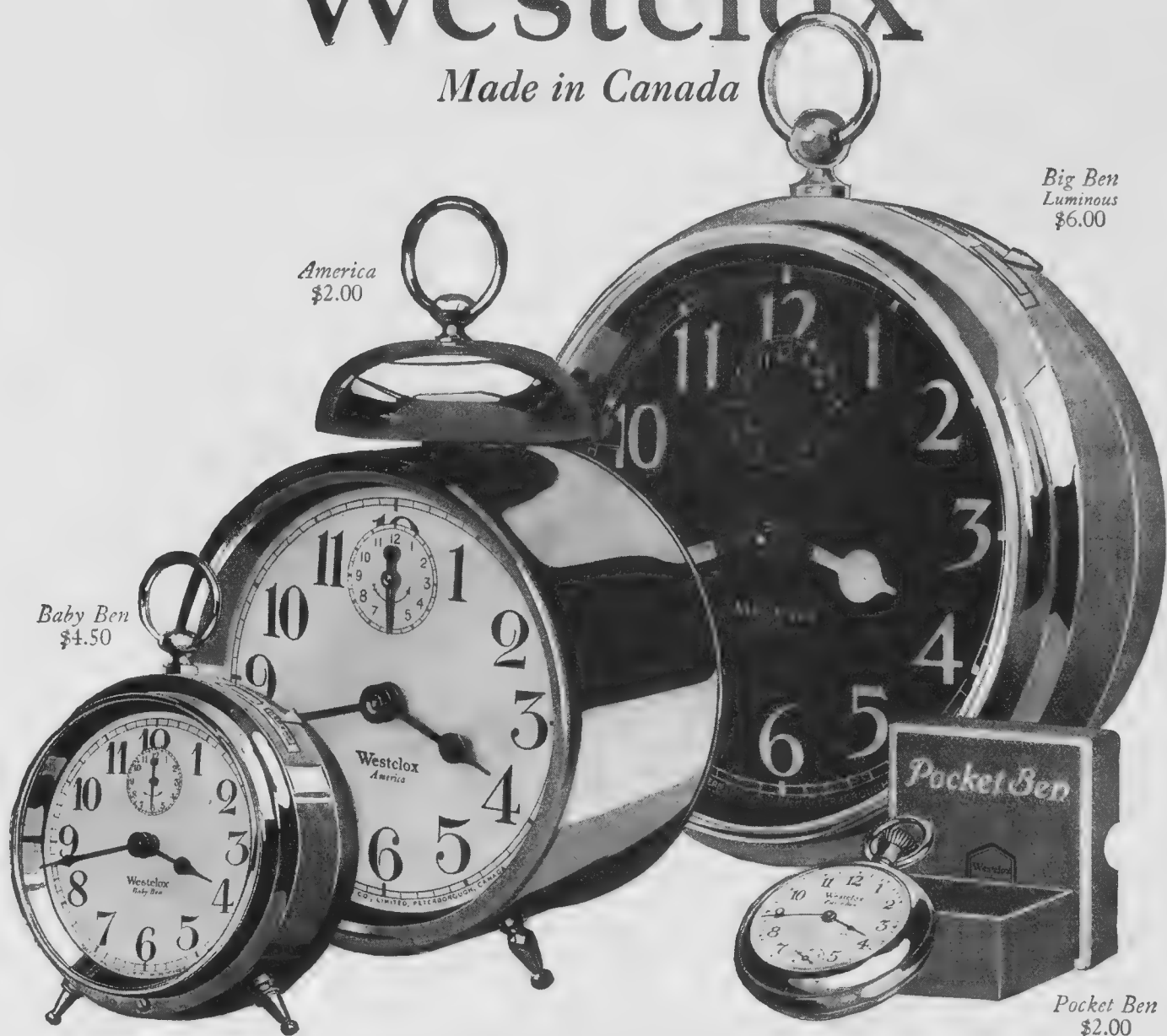
History of English translations of the Bible; history of the sixty-six books of the Bible; index and digest, or Biblical encyclopedia, collation of scriptures; concordance; Old Testament; New Testament; laws of the Bible; Bible atlas; photographs of the Holy Land; Chart analysis of the Bible; and the teachings of Christ, with an alphabetical index.

It was the opinion of Horace Greeley that "It is impossible to mentally or socially enslave a Bible-reading people! The principles of the Bible are the groundwork of human freedom."

Joseph H. Choate wrote: "The Bible is the only book for thinkers, readers, scholars, speakers, men, women and children; if we can only have one book, O save us that."

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Pocket Ben is built for rugged service, and thrives in workmen's overalls, in the boy's pocket, and other places where hard usage counts.

There are eight alarms and two watches to select from, some plain, some luminous, and at various prices.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

CHRISTMAS In England

It must seem an age since you spent a Christmas at the family fireside in England, and it will seem even longer to the people at home.

Yuletide reminds us that time is fleeting and we must hurry if we are ever again to have the pleasure of a family re-union of home.

Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson steamers from Halifax or St. John, N.B. will take you home in time for Christmas this year. The voyage across is economical, comfortable and entertaining and you will travel with pleasant companions, mostly bound on the same errand as yourself.

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Mother of Blackfoot Bouchette

By
I. M. C. Thompson

STAR BLANKET, chief of the Blackfeet, slid like a snake from his cayuse and crouched in the brush, drawing the animal's head down to his knees so that the ears would not show. A woman was dipping water from the river and he had seen her just in time. She was tall and fair and had the strange, blue eyes of the *Amunias. When she turned to adjust the yolk which supported the two brimming buckets Star Blanket saw that she was great with child.

The Indian's eyes dilated and he muttered something in an awed voice. He let her reach the top of the bank, ten feet away, and then, with an apparently deliberate motion that had, however, the speed of light, he dragged her backwards into the willows.

After one convulsive movement she lay still, if watchful. He tried to reassure her with an ingratiating smile which gave him a diabolic look in contrast to his natural, dignified repose of feature. By going through the motions of scalping and then shaking his head and pointing over the hills, he managed to convey to her that she would be taken away but not hurt.

After gagging and binding her he made threatening signs and then crawled away on all fours over the river-bank, assuming a kneeling posture in the shelter of a high-bush cranberry thicket. A hundred yards away, where the narrow fringe of willow scrub ended, a man was erecting a rude shelter of poles covered with buffalo skins. Two Red River carts made a kind of triangular barricade, while a pair of hobbled ponies grazing near moved in awkward kangaroo-like jumps.

The watcher saw that they were buffalo runners, the swiftest of the ponies of the plains. The man was Henry Bouchette, a great hunter of the Metis of Red River who had penetrated without fear into the very heart of the Blackfoot country at the foot of the Rockies in the valley of the Bow.

Indians, in some mysterious way, know all the movements of the whites and even their gossip. Star Blanket knew now that the woman he had captured was the halfbreed's wife, a white woman from Lord Selkirk's settlement of Kildonan near Fort Garry.

A look of triumph flashed in his eyes, for the child of a captive woman born in the camp of the captor becomes a great prophet and his spells render powerless the weapons of his father's and mothers people. Also was not Manitou fair with hair the color of the punkwood which kindled the fires of the tribe, and eyes blue like the floor of his own wigwam, the sky? He had painted the woman like unto himself and set her in the way of Star Blanket, his son.

The chief dropped down and crawled backward to his horse. It required only a minute to place the woman, still gagged, astride the animal, to spring up behind her and to turn his buffalo runner into a dry coulee which ran parallel to the halfbreed's camp. At one point they were within fifty yards of him. The woman's eyes were agonized as she

*Amunias—White people, aliens, greenhorns.

plainly heard the thud of his axe on the tough willow roots and his sharp command to the horses who had stumbled into the camp-fire. Past this dangerous point the savage pushed his beast hard. The unshod hoofs made no sound on the sand and grass tufts and he knew that he must be over the head of the valley before the sun dipped for then all the light would be caught on the ridges and figures plainly discernible from the river below.

THE man at the camp went on with his work. Maggie had found cranberries maybe and would pick as long



Star Blanket, Chief of the Blackfeet and his Cayuse, in full war panoply.

swished in the water and the dropping of mud from the shelving clay bank made a hollow splash ominous to the car.

All night Henry went up and down the river-bank calling softly. He stumbled at dawn on one of the dry coulees and followed it to the top of the valley where at sunrise he scanned a plain twenty miles wide upon which, so clear is the morning air of the prairies, any moving object would have been plainly visible.

On the blue horizon the Touchwood Hills lay a darker blue, the towny grass moved and murmured like a sluggish sea and the gray gophers whinnied their bell tones from nearby burrows, but there was no other sound or sight. The hunter turned to scan the greener valley below with the silver Qu'Appelle snaking throughout its length and the coulees, a darker green, branching therefrom. The camp stood clear and the woman was nowhere there.

Henry descended the steep slope to follow the river for tracks.

FORTY miles away to the north, in the Blackfeet camp beyond Little Touchwood Hills, Star Blanket was lifting an exhausted woman from the drooping pinto, buffalo runner. Four hundred braves, magnificent in war-paint and eagle feather headresses, gather around as he pointed to the captive, and the same look, half-awed, half-triumphant, gleamed for a moment in their opaque, black eyes.

Indians hold the pregnant woman in high honor. Manitou for the time casts his blanket over her and no man may harm her at penalty of being stripped and driven from the tribe. Maggie knew this.

She slept that night in the chief's tent on a buffalo skin with another over her, on which, on each side of her, the chief and Little Pine, his son, lay. Star Blanket had ridden eighty miles the day before, forty or them hurriedly in the night, supporting a woman. Little Pine had been scouting for a week from dawn to dark and was unusually weary for an Indian. Both were soon asleep.

The woman heard the ripple of water near her head for the tent was on the shore of Big Quill Lake. She began to worm herself backwards, a hair-breadth at a time, until within an hour her head was out from under the ground flap.

The stars in the Great Dipper swung as from a chain in an indigo heaven. Slowly the dipper inverted, still pointing to the north star. Day would come swiftly but in three hours, still on her back, she was free of the tent and dropped over the shallow bank into the reeds, wading out to where the cat-tails rose five feet from the water. The crashing of their long, dry leaves drowned the sound of splashing but the water was up to her neck.

On the far side of the lake a crimson disk, rimmed with white fire, rose, to be almost immediately suffused in gray-brown clouds. There was a guttural exclamation from the tent, a shot and immediately the whole encampment was swarming. The Amunias was gone.

They tracked her to the water's edge and all day threshed and waded in the rushes. When they came too near she crouched with her head concealed under the ragged, floating nest of a mud-hen, and in clouds the mud-hens rose dropping excrement on the invaders.

Before sunset the Blackfeet broke camp hurriedly, and in silence loped away to the northwest. Manitou had set his mark on the woman and was angered at them. Continued on page 111



Automobile Independence

NEVER are the highways more inviting, nor the byways more alluring than in autumn. Lucky is the motorist who can follow them in comfort and safety, knowing that the trip inflicts no hardship on his car.

It always has been the privilege of the Ford owner to drive where he likes, road or no road. And to this day, no other automobile challenges this amazing independence.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ontario

*Convenient terms of payment may be arranged with
your local authorized Ford Dealer*

The Beauty of Life



You Can't Grow Gray and Look Young

"To grow old gracefully" no longer suggests what it used to mean. The modern woman of 40 to 60 recognizes that it is her duty not to advertise her advancing years but to retain the look and charm of youth. Thereby does she keep in her heart the spirit of youth and the zest of living.

Our grandmothers had the same ambition but there was for them no safe method for tinting streaky, gray, faded hair that tattled all too loudly that youth had fled.

In BROWNATONE the woman of today finds that which generations of women sought in vain—a hair coloring preparation that is as harmless as any other high-grade toilet requisite.

Refuse to Become Gray or even Gray Streaked

Every woman who knows even a little about physiology remembers that once Nature's own coloring fluid or pigment has disappeared from the core of a strand of hair, it is gone forever. There is not and cannot be any such thing as a color restorer.

Only by the use of a stain or tint is it possible to REPRODUCE, with a fidelity that defies detection, the exact original, natural shade, or any other tint desired. The tinting preparation, however, must be absolutely free from lead, sulphur, silver, mercury, zinc or peroxide. Also it must not contain Para Phenylenediamine.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS
BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

The most rigid tests and analysis made by some of the world's foremost chemists show that Brownatone contains none of these harmful ingredients—nothing to injure the hair, scalp or skin.

BROWNATONE permeates the hair thoroughly from surface to center, preserving its soft, fluffy, pliant texture. It will not rub nor wash off. Shampoos, baths and marcelles do not affect it. Simply brush or comb it through. Its results are instant and permanent. Apply again only when new hair has grown out.

Two shades: "Light Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes: 50c and \$1.50—at all toilet goods counters—everywhere.

If you'd like to test BROWNATONE on a lock or an end of your hair, check on the coupon the color you wish and mail with 10c for generous sample in plain wrapping.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
Dept. O-S., Windsor, Ont., Can.
Enclosed is 10c. for test bottle of Brownatone. () Blonde to Med. Brown. () Dark Brown to Jet Black.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....

BUT if a man will work he shall eat. He shall receive his wages. His hunger for all things of beauty imperishable shall be satisfied. For beauty is all. There is no ultimate truth save beauty, and all beauty is truth, immortal, fulfilling contenting. Whoso drinketh at the fount of beauty thirsteth for nothing else. So we receive our wages for our work as we go along. In the material necessities for which we can proudly pay; in the aesthetics which grace the humble going; in our tastes—our own trained servants, ministers to our pleasures; in our desires (also of our own creating) that are the bringers of our joy.

But the sum, the grand total of our wage is ourself. For the self is inescapable. It lies down with us; it arises with us; it goes abroad with us into the busy ways of men; it infallibly returns with us, refusing to be left behind; in youth, in age, in sickness, in health, in joy, in sorrow, in hope, in despair, and in the gamut of little tinkling emotions and events that lie between them it is there, there, there—

everlastingly there; never can we lose it save in sleep (and then not always); it is our eternal companion.

If, with clean hands and a pure heart, with humble, busy industry and devoted intelligence we have served at life's shrine, then in the end life says, "I will pay thee thy wages." We can bear to live with ourselves. There is no grinning skeleton in the solitude, but a nature at one with Beauty, fearing nothing—neither present nor future—ready for all demands, and knowing they will be honorably met. This it is to make of life the beauty and the dream—the imperishable dream.

It is obvious that this is a matter over which education must have her control, in which she must have her say. And education is simply contact—contact with whatever educates. If the teacher is to be successful he must look after his contacts—his own contacts. Then he will be qualified to guard and guide the contacts of his pupils, that they too may claim of life a living wage. What is that? It is even a "house not made with hands,

eternal in the heavens," which, when "our earthly tabernacle of flesh is dissolved," stands.

If for this he prepare and fit them, then shall he receive the best wages of all, which are, paradoxically, the wages no man receives, for they are the benefits and happiness we have been able to secure for other people, sweetest to us when we have procured them at our own cost. It is when the teacher is so happy as to see in his pupil's happy and useful after-school career the unmistakable marks of his own tuition and inspiration that he knows his wages have come home.

It is a grander thing to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born.—Orison Swett Marden.

A lazy man is of no more use in the world than a dead man, and he takes up more room.—Orison Swett Marden.

When Nature adds a little brain, she adds a little difficulty.—R. W. Emerson.

Hallowed Ground

The Little Cathedral's gray walls gape and part,
Walls built by a Bishop's flame of self denial,
Machray, The Primate, who left his burning mark
On Western history in its day of trial.

As the old stones fall, vibrating in the still air,
Slowly crumbling—wrecked without ruth,
For age must be satisfied with its grey hair,
The world bows down to satisfied youth.

This ancient church built with faith and fears,
Hard hewn rock, wrought with fervent zeal,
For a gleaming monument living down the years,
A Shrine in which we all could kneel.

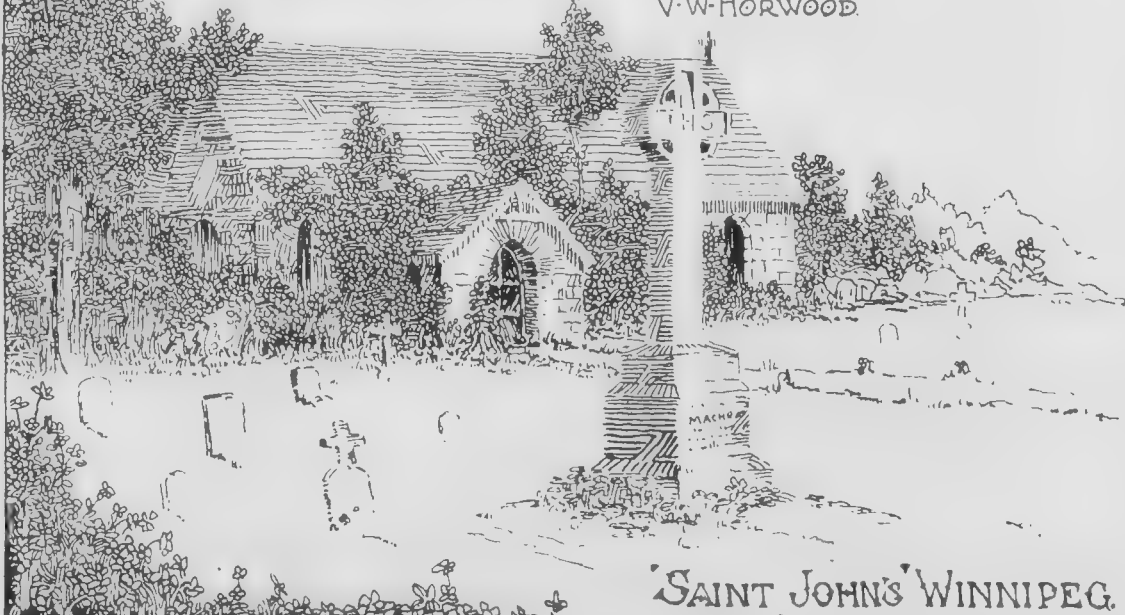
Tread softly; Here is Hallowed ground,
The wheat is threshed, and from the chaff
The seed is parted, and the graves around
Turfed Earth in heaps,—The aftermath.

This seemed the gray Cathedral's end...
an Altar unfit.

But in the quiet grove, by the Celtic cross ablaze
there grew,

Old stone on stone;—They are rebuilding it,
With the same flaming Spirit that of
old we knew.

V-W-HORWOOD.





ROBERT McLAUGHLIN, MAKER OF AXE HELVES

AND BUILDER OF CARRIAGES

Sixty Years of Service to Canada and Canadians

From a pinch of living insignificance springs that exultant shout of glory which men call a maple tree. From the brain of Robert McLaughlin, a farm lad whittling axe helves for his neighbors, sprang Canada's greatest automotive industry, General Motors of Canada.

A Canadian institution, founded by a Canadian, staffed by Canadians, employing Canadian workmen and using Canadian materials, General Motors of Canada has been for sixty years a paramount factor in the Dominion's prosperity and progress.

It sells to Canadians through Canadian dealers and, in addition, distributes Canadian-built cars wherever the flag of Britain flies.

It uses lumber from Canadian forests and steel made in Canadian mills from Canadian ore, smelted by Canadian foundry-

men. It purchases from Canadian sources vast quantities of brass and copper, of wire and glass, of nickel and fabrics, oils, paints and Duco finishes—and all that mass of materials which enter into the making of a modern automobile—and which have entered into the building of a total of more than 325,000 General Motors of Canada cars and trucks.

Building cars to suit every purse and purpose, to meet every need and condition of Canadian life and travel, General Motors of Canada is one of the great institutions that are acquiring for Canada a higher and yet higher place at the world's council table.

Now at the height of its sixty years of service to the Dominion, it is helping to make Canada an even greater Canada for Canadians

GENERAL MOTORS of CANADA, LIMITED. OSHAWA, ONTARIO

CADILLAC CHEVROLET

OLDSMOBILE



McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

OAKLAND

PONTIAC

GENERAL MOTORS of CANADA Limited

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

ISRAEL ZANGWILL has made his final exit. Never again will he hold the centre of the stage by the force of his intellect, the brilliance of his oratory and the impressiveness of his striking physical appearance. The last word's spoken, the last gesture made, and the curtain falls upon one of the most interesting figures in the literary world of the past quarter of a century. Now naught remains for us but to arrive at a true estimate of his life's work. For at present, I feel, there has never been this estimate; never been a sane and proper balancing of his literary output. The romance of his beginnings clung too closely at times. Jewry forgot that the young man who made it laugh and weep with his immortal Ghetto sketches was growing up. They imagined him always twenty-five, always penniless, always concerned with the fate of Ghetto Jews. I may be wrong, but I think this romantic Zangwill, with the crude manners and epigrammatic tongue was rather an obstacle in the path of the maturer, more polished, snow-crowned Zangwill concerned with a far wider sphere than Jewry, with the fate of nations, and burning to express himself, not through such sketches as we find in the world-beloved Ghetto tragedies, but through the medium of drama. Hence, this Zangwill found it hard to get a fair innings. Jewry, continued to applaud the youth, the protagonist of all its ideals, its leader, the implement by which it became articulate; and non-Jewry, particularly the dramatists and dramatic critics, failed to take him seriously. Is it because he had made so much out of his books, thus perhaps they argued, that he has turned to play writing for a pleasant pastime?

Barely a year ago I sat next to him at a dinner given in honor of the seventieth birthday of Belfort Bax, one of the founders of the Socialist party in England. He talked incessantly and only of the theatre. I tried to lead him to a discussion of Italian Fantasies, which book, he told me, had been his greatest financial success. But no! He would talk of nothing but his plays, their reception by the British public, the unfair attitude of theatrical producers to his work, the function of the theatre, the idiocy of the press, and the childishness of critics! He was obsessed to a morbid degree by his topic. That is why I called his death an exit. Life was indeed but a stage to him and it will ever be a matter of deep regret to me that this truly great artist, deep thinker, loyal Jew, did not live to see, as must inevitably come, a truer estimate of his work than has yet been presented to the public. Israel Zangwill was a broken-hearted man, if ever there was one. I am glad I had that opportunity to tell him what joy I had derived from reading his plays, published by Macmillan's, during the fifteen years I was in Winnipeg. I do not mean to imply that my words were in any way a comfort to Israel Zangwill. But one likes to think that one has acknowledged a debt, if only by a heartfelt "Thank you." "The Next Religion," "The War Gods," "The Melting Pot," "Plaster Saints," "The Forcing House," "The Cockpit," all these and more are on my bookshelves, each a monument to his genius. "Italian Fantasies"—but I shall return to these books another time, for I intend to reread them and try to form, for my own satisfaction an estimate of this Dreamer of the Ghetto.

A W.H.M. Reader Who Writes

JUST to hand a most unusual and striking little brochure called "Foxes at Home." This is a dramatic poem of about fifty lines written by Faith Hearn, descriptive of how it is that a limping fox is always seen, each hunting season, in Kestrel Copse. Although Faith Hearn now lives at 1930 Madison Avenue, San Diego, California, she is an Englishwoman who knows well the locality wherein this poem is set. I usually give

the names of publishers but cannot in this case as these little brochures, suggestive of gifts, are to be obtained only from Miss Hearn at the address just mentioned and for the modest sum of 25 cents.

"E"

NO, THIS is not the Cockney's pronoun. It is "The Letter E." William le Queux's latest (Cassell and Co., Canada.) The master of mystery gets more and more thrilling as his books increase. What a mind he must have! Pelion upon Ossa. Murder and intrigue come as naturally from his pen as platitudes from other writers.

Certainly there is no guessing the explanation till the last chapter even by the cleverest amateur detective. As usual, it is an education in geography to follow Mr. le Queux's heroes as they dash about Europe. But the happy endings and the explanation of the terrible "E" are well worth the journeyings. Always providing, of course, you are addicted to the type of story this author writes with such skill.

The Church in Fiction

"ANDREW BOCONNOC'S WILL," by Joseph Hocking (Cassell & Co., Canada), is a novel with a purpose. It is a powerful exposition of the beliefs and views of those who are not of the Roman Catholic faith and who have no sympathy with Anglo-Catholicism.

Unlike most novels with a purpose, it does not make the story subservient to the evident object of its author. Those who are familiar with Mr. Hocking's many other novels will be aware of its "purpose." But those who are not deeply concerned with the ecclesiastical element will find the story as engrossing as they may think his arguments convincing. Apart from its polemic nature, this novel is interesting because of the character sketches which are drawn with no uncertain nor unskillful hand, and its love interest and happy ending combine to make it one of Joseph Hocking's best stories.

Such a Tender Book

I FOR one am very glad that Hugh Walpole has brought out a new edition of the book he wrote twelve years ago, "The Golden Scarecrow" (Canada, Cassell & Co.), because I had not read the first edition and have had great joy of this.

We've had many "impossible" fiction children, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with long curls and objectionable perfections. Older Erics, rather too noble for everyday use. We've had Booth Tarkington, delightful, human, Penrod and his seventeen-year-old lad, but for the most part the child character has fared badly at the hands of fiction writers. Never have I read a book approaching "The Scarecrow," for tenderness, artistry and truthness. Strange that a book that is all loveliness should be called a Scarecrow. But I have omitted the adjective. It is "The Golden Scarecrow" and that makes all the difference. For when the sun shone, the Scarecrow was like a handsome knight in shining armor. And it was when the sun was shining that nine-year-old Hugh Seymour and the grown-up Mr. Pidgeon had such a happy time together. A lonely little boy and a misunderstood man exchanged confidences and thereby discovered that they both knew and loved Him. Him does not refer to God, nor to Jesus, but to the Friend of little children during the most difficult period of their lives when they are so hopelessly misunderstood by those in authority. I wonder if Hugh Walpole was thinking of "Trailing clouds of glory do we come" when he created this Friend. Perhaps he felt that there is a resting place in the journey from cloudland to full realization of the adult-made world. A little midway strip of land where the Friend visits bewildered children who are made to suffer tortures through misunderstanding grown-ups. I don't know of what he was thinking when he wrote these sketches of children in which the Friend is present. But I do know that he has achieved a thing of beauty, and tenderness, and poignancy which will appeal to all who love and think they understand children.

The Office, the Home, and Love

I SUPPOSE these are the Three Kingdoms to which Storm Jameson refers in her brilliant novel of that name (Constable & Co.). Can a woman reign supreme in the dominions of office, home and love, is the theme of the engrossing story. Somewhat like "This Freedom" in plot but quite different in its treatment.

I told you a couple of months ago about Ethel Mannin's "Sounding Brass" wherein she portrayed a vulgar little advertising genius. Now Storm Jameson shows us an advertising woman whose name is Laurence Dysart. And here I

would like to say, on the chance that the author sees this notice, her choice of "Laurence" for her heroine's name was a mistake. Just a little one, of no real import, I admit, but all the same several of my friends confessed to me that they were intensely irritated by the name because at the beginning of the story they were continually looking back to see if Laurence was a man or a woman. I did too! I once heard Ernest Raymond, the novelist, say that style was the exclusion of all cause of friction between the author and the reader. The name of Laurence caused friction which might easily have been avoided by a less fantastic choice of name.

And now nothing but praise for this amazing book. Laurence is a host in herself and would have been a sufficiently strong reason for writing the novel. But her husband, the faun-like Dysart, is just as remarkable a creature. If woman novelists are not careful they will have the Advertising Association prosecuting them for libel. Miss Mannin presented to us, Rickards, whom some say is in reality the doyen of advertising in England. Storm Jameson shows us another type of advertising man, Foster Scott, but equally lacking in virtues of the soul. However, the Advertising World can reject Scott because he was really a merchandising man keenly interested in advertising his canned goods. Tinned, they say in England!

There's a nasty mix-up in this story, husbands and wives in a jumble sale, as it were. Laurence makes a complete mess of her life as a wife, an advertiser, a mother, and a lover, but in the end she realizes what a selfish foolish creature she has been and we see her and Dysart starting off together again, the past buried and the future looking very bright with home as the centre, and a new career for Laurence in the background, work which will absorb her restless competent brain but which will not keep her at an office until midnight nor compel her to go motoring with prospective clients along a road which, however innocent, finally leads to the divorce court.

"Man, It's Awfu' Guid."

VALENTINE & SONS, not content with maligning their brither Scots by publishing "Tales Frae Aberdeen" and "Mair Canny Tales Frae Aberdeen," have lately produced a third tartan-covered booklet entitled "Stories Told by Sir James Taggart." The illustration on the cover is particularly good. An old Scot sitting up in bed, yelling with laughter and underneath is the caption "The one he heard the day before." Inside is a portrait of the raconteur, Sir James Taggart, known as Scotland's Prince of Story Tellers. Then follow about seventy rattling good stories, many illustrated. My favorite is one that reveals the cautiousness of the Scot. It is called "Dinna Commit Yersel." Two shipwrecked sailors were once adrift on a raft, when one, seized by panic, offered up a prayer: "Oh I know I have broken most of the Commandments, but if I can be spared I will—" He was prevented from disclosing his vow by a vigorous shake from his mate who shouted in his ear: "Hold on a minute. Dinna commit yersel". I think I see land."

The present head of the firm of Valentine & Sons, grandson of its founder, once lived the life of a hardy pioneer in a shack in far West Canada. His wife was with him and their experiences inspired Mr. Valentine to do a series of most amusing drawings with verses to accompany them. I still hope to persuade this all-too-modest Art Publisher to produce a book of them. Canadians will chuckle when they see how Mr. and Mrs. Harben Valentine fared when living like "movie" lovers!

Before you confide to your friends how much better you could run the business than your chief can, try to find out just how he rose to be chief.

Those Tears

The following verses were written in 1896 by the late Robert Burns Thomson, a great grandson of Robert Burns the poet, inspired by a scene similar to the one here depicted. The mendee in that case was Jas. Glencairn Thomson, a son of R. B. Thomson.



Those tears! ah who could
stand those tears?
The great strong lad whose
ruddy cheek
Glowed red with health, whose
limbs bespeak
The athlete, assuaging par-
ents' fears
That sprang from love when
as a child
The boy shewed weakness,
tho' so wild!

But of those tears? they're
in his pants;
His pants in nimble hands
—his aunt's—
Will soon be mended, so, and
then,
Those tears will soon be
there again.



*With LUX you keep lovely silks—
chiffons—rayons ever beautiful*

Trim sports frocks of silk, flannel, rayon . . . Myriad-tinted hosiery . . . Exquisite underthings . . .

*More beautiful this
year, more perishable.
The care you give
them is so important!*

FROCKS of silk and flannel for sports—of course! And now a new fabric—rayon—appears. This season the couturiers are using it in so many, many ways. Alone or skilfully combined with flannel, linen, cotton, even silk itself!

This season marks a new brilliance in color, too. Pastel shades are giving way to their brighter, bolder sisters—color is the keynote!

Nor is this predominance of color confined to costumes alone. All the lovely new underthings of silk, crepe de chine, rayon—hosiery, too—are exquisite, unusual in coloring—various enough to match each and every frock!

And oh! how much frailer everything is this year! You hesitate at first to purchase—then you remember Lux—and delightedly bear off the loveliest, most intriguing things of all!

For years Lux has faithfully guarded your fine things—your fragile silks and laces, your delicate woollens. You would not think of trusting them to other hands than your own, to anything but Lux! Its bubbling, foaming suds gently cleanse the most perishable fabrics, refresh the most delicate colors *without harm*. That is, of course, if pure water won't harm them!

And it's such a joy to use Lux, to



swirl your precious things about in those rich, brimming suds! Such a relief, too, to know they're quite safe from harm!

*Rayon—new, beautiful but fragile
when wet*

Nowadays you are finding more and more of your clothes—frocks, underthings, even hosiery—fashioned of lustrous rayon. In others rayon is mixed with silk—flannel—linen.

Rayon must always be handled with the greatest care. *Rubbing with cake soap may completely ruin it.* The safest way to wash rayon is in pure, mild Lux suds. Never wring, never twist it. Just dip it gently up and down in Lux as directions on the package tell you to.

*Monday's laundry so costly you treat it
like fine fabrics*

It's not surprising that more and more of your everyday things—now so costly—find their way each week into Lux suds. Lux works such wonders with them—lets you enjoy them so much longer. Almost before you are aware of it you're washing *all* of Monday's laundry in Lux!

As for your hands—how they welcome Lux for every washing task! Harsh soap burns and stings so painfully—Lux treats your hands as gently as the finest toilet soap. Lever Bros. Limited, Toronto.



*Now the Big Convenient
Package, too*

No matter how delicate, how exquisite your frocks, your filmy underthings—silk or rayon—if water alone won't harm them, Lux won't!

"Look, Mother. I can polish too!"

IT is easy NOW to have beautiful waxed floors in *every* room. It makes no difference whether the floors are old or new—of soft or hard wood, linoleum, tile or composition. And it matters not *how* the floors were originally finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. Try the Johnson Wax Treatment on them.

By this new method all hard work is avoided—there are no messy rags or pails around—you are saved the bother and expense of frequent refinishing. It will take only a few minutes. You don't need to stoop or kneel. It won't soil or roughen your hands. And you will see your floors take on a new brightness and beauty. They will glow with a deep, velvety gloss that seems to rise from the depths of the wood.

All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor and let **ELECTRICITY** do all the work. The brush spinning 2100 times a minute burnishes the wax to a wonderful, even lustre.

JOHNSON'S WAX *Electric Floor Polisher*

This Electric Floor Polisher runs itself—you don't need to push it or bear down on it—just *guide* it with the finger-tips. It is much easier than running a vacuum cleaner! And it is ten times better and quicker than the old-fashioned hand methods. With it you can polish *all* your floors in the time it used to take to do a single room.

RENT IT FOR \$2.00 A DAY

From your neighborhood store or your painter you can rent this beauty-giving Electric Floor Polisher for \$2.00 a day. In one day you can make every floor a foundation of gleaming beauty on which your rugs and furniture will reveal new charm and value.

Telephone NOW and make an appointment to rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for a day. Or buy one outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. Ask your local merchant for a free demonstration. Or write us for further particulars.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Ltd., BRANTFORD, CANADA

"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

Vancouver Winnipeg Toronto Montreal



ANDREW
LEONIS

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE or LIQUID ~ CLEANS, POLISHES, PRESERVES ALL FLOORS

Mrs. Fischback Makes it a Fivesome

By E. G. Bayne

"NEVER yet," declared Mr. Marcus Katz with some heat, "did I hear such a foolish idea! Taking a mother-by-law on a honeymoon! Ain't it to laugh, Barney?"

Mr. Barney Finkman, always the essence of good humor, shrugged and spread out his hands.

"Well, it ain't no skin of my nose," he said lightly. "Let the old lady come. I betcha we have lotsa fun."

"You're an optician!"

"Sure I am. Always I look on the bright side. Rosy and me, we don't mind, Marcus. Maybe the old lady wants to be near her daughter yet. She's gonna be lonesome now, Marcus. You married her baby, not?"

"Lonesome? Such a talk! She's coming to live by us!"

"So?"

"Sure she is! And yet she sticks around like bad weather. She thinks we need a chap'rone yet!"

"I guess it's on account she's crazy for an otermobile ride, Marcus. And anyhow we can make room, Marcus."

"The feller at the garbage kicks already when he hears four of us go. And now five!"

"Mrs. Fischback don't weigh much, Marcus. And she likes you, too, ever since you turned around a new leaf. Now if it was Mrs. Wasserman you should get excited! Three hundred pounds that woman weighs, Marcus."

Mr. Katz still wore a gloomy air. He leaned over to examine the rear tires. This conversation had been conducted in low tones because of the two brides who, though chattering vivaciously, were seated in the car waiting for Mrs. Fischback to "give one more look round the house." The party were bound for Atlantic City.

"Anyhow your wife's mother don't got to live mit you and Rosy," observed Mr. Katz bitterly. "Maybe she's stout, like you said, but she knows when she ain't wanted."

"Watcha mean, ain't wanted! Always my wife's mother she's welcome by our house!"

"Well, I ain't gonna fight about it, Barney. Only lemme tell you this much: Mrs. F. sure is one fine large gloom. We can't go nowhere unless we take her along. I got some reason I should get sore! I'm sick from it! Why, only a week ago yet we had to take her when we went by the Falls, and she didn't enjoy it any more than us. On the boat she eats for two dollars a lunch, Barney, and up comes a high wind on the lake—It ain't on account two dollars gone to the fishes, Barney. I ain't so small like that. It's just—"

"S—sh! Here she comes," whispered Mr. Finkman. "Now, look on the bright side, Marcus."

Mrs. Fischback breezed out to the car. She was a plump little woman with a bright and sharp eye.

"Ain't it a fine weather!" she exclaimed, beaming upon the party.

"Sure," agreed Mr. Finkman. He helped her into the tonneau. "I betcha we make it by eleven yet."

"An early commencing is everything," returned Mrs. Fischback. "Such an escape! More old shoes and cobwebs I couldn't stand!"

"You'd think it was Momma's wedding the way she talks!" remarked young Mrs. Katz, who had been Sonia Fischback. "Now, Momma, you can thank Marcus. It was him put it over. He told the bunch we ain't starting till noon. Ain't he a clever boy?"

Rosy in the centre in the rear seat found herself a little crowded but she was too happy to be disgruntled. She determined to make the best of it. At the halfway-point on the road the couples would change seats. Anyway when you "fitt-d snug" you didn't bounce so much. The little car started off at a good clip.

"Koosch! Such a dumkopf, me!" exclaimed Mrs. Fischback, suddenly. "I betcha I left the key sticking by the door! Marcus, you should turn round at once!"

And just when Marcus had adroitly

wheeled she discovered that the key was in her bag, after all.

"Now no more false alarms, Momma! It's bad luck turning back," said Sonia, clinging closer to Marcus as they sped on again.

Five miles out of town Mrs. Fischback was assailed by thirst. So they stopped and begged a glass of water from a farmer. On again at double speed.

"Mrs. Fischback, if you feel sleepy lay your head by this cushion," said Rosy, solicitously.

"Nu, Rosy! Spoon all you like," Mrs. F. returned. "Me I'm looking at the scenery!"

Mr. Kinkman stealthily put an arm round his bride. In doing so his finger caught on a pin in Mrs. F.'s belt and bled profusely.

Marcus ahead, after a reconnoitering look behind which found his mother-in-law indeed absorbed in the beauties of the roadside, leaned down and implanted a resounding salute on Sonia's cheek. The car described a series of the letter S and a spotted cow narrowly missed extinction. At a point two miles further on a pig rose from the ditch and took up a stationary position two feet in on the roadway. Mr. Katz swerved just in time.

"Drive more carefully, Marcus," directed Mrs. F. "Pork on the hoof, it's a pretty good price yet. Anyhow, you're succeeding the speed limit, ain't it?"

At the halfway-point the couples changed seats.

"A little more speed, Barney," whispered Marcus. "You ain't her son-by-law!"

"She's got it an attack like asthma coming on," said Mr. Finkman in his friend's ear. "I don't want to worry you but I been hearing her wheeze the last ten miles."

"Don't tell me! It's digestion she's bothered mit. Always she's taking little pills. She don't know asthma from in-growing toes! Lungs she's got like a drill-sergeant."

"Say! Am I talking about your mother-by-law? It's the car I mean! Look anyhow at the engine, Marcus. . . . Mrs. Fischback, might you like to ride backwards? I could fix a little seat—No? Makes you sea-sick, eh?"

"Is everything all right?" asked Rosy, anxiously.

"Slick like grease," her husband assured her.

Marcus, having peered in, around and under the car, rose and dusted off his trousers. Gloom sat on his brow. He shook his heavy hair back.

Something says to me we got rocks ahead," he muttered to Mr. Finkman. "And mit a Jonah aboard what else should we expect?"

"S—sh! I told you look on the bright side. Remember, this is a wedding party."

"Glad you told me it!" returned Marcus ironically. "Is there a hole in my back where her eye burnt through?"

"Hurry up, you two!" called Sonia, sharply.

Three miles more of fairly smooth skimming and then a tire blew up. An hour was spent putting on a new one. Two miles further on a clanking, a palsied shaking, and a gasping became manifest. Then suddenly a violent convulsion—and all was still.

The little car had died.

But help was coming, disguised as fate—or perhaps it was vice-versa. The quintette were sitting disconsolately on the corpse, the men having wearied of tinkering, when a slim little dark-bearded man rolled up in a flivver spattered with mud. He offered Mrs. Fischback a seat in this and agreed to tow the stalled one. In this fashion the party travelled on, but before a mile was covered the newly-wedded ones became aware that the elderly couple ahead were talking in high, excited tones. Once or twice Mrs. Fischback was moved to slap her companion on the shoulder, for some reason. Also, she laughed a great deal and so did he.

"Ain't Momma acting disgraceful?"

Continued on page 112

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Pleezeteacher

By Grace E. Oliver

PLEEZETEACHER'S school was one of those small red-roofed buildings that stand beside the main road and draw their lusty-throated scholars from the various farms located within a radius of three or four miles. A rusty pump stood behind the schoolhouse: in early spring it coughed up a brown ooze for the boys, but this gradually cleared, and by the summer a pure, cool stream quenched the thirsty pupils. In the picket-fence at the front of the building two gates, about twenty feet apart, stood permanently open. Thus a red-faced waggoner, perhaps on his way to town of a morning, could deposit his rosy children at the school door and, without turning around, drive out and continue his creaky way down the road.

It was Friday afternoon, but not the usual Friday afternoon. The unconscious joy that accompanies the thought that "there's no school tomorrow" was absent today. As a rule, on Friday afternoons, Pleezeteacher allowed the girls to bring their dolls and, seated at a vacant desk in the corner by her baby class, she would permit the children to talk to her freely on whatever seemed of importance to their childish minds. Perhaps some more kittens had been found in Tom's loft, or maybe Bob's best beloved rabbit had died. Pleezeteacher was interested in every story. How she had laughed when Charlie had told her of the new calf that would not drink its milk unless its two front feet, terminating two spindly legs, were also in the pan! It was easy for Pleezeteacher to laugh. She and the class were wonderfully at ease with each other, but, if the jollity became too boisterous, a serious pucker about Pleezeteacher's mouth and a shake of the head would quell the uproar. But today things were different—the Inspector was coming on Monday!

With Primer upside down, two dimpled knees twinkling beneath an embroidery frill, and a very strained expression on her face, Peggy Lou stood before Pleezeteacher.

"A b-bithy bee," cooed Peggy Lou.

"No, no," Pleezeteacher's ruler tapped the desk, "no, no, Peggy Lou, a bizzzy bee—bizzzy—bizzzy," emphasized Pleezeteacher, her pretty teeth showing between two ruby lips. What does a bee say, Peggy?"

"Z-z-z-z," strained Peggy.

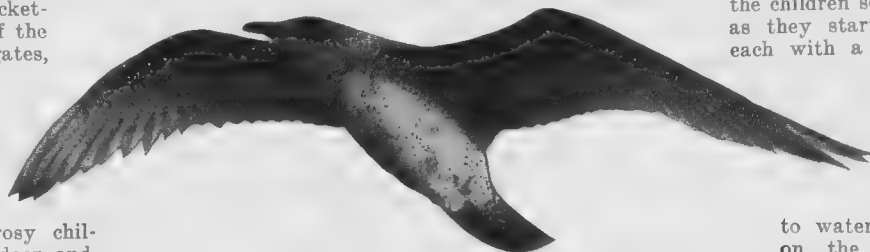
"That's right, Peggy. Now, when Mr. Inspector comes, and he asks you to read, you'll remember what the bee says, and read nicely, won't you, Peggy?" coaxed Pleezeteacher.

"Yeth," and Peg's seat creaked as she sat down.

Pleezeteacher turned hopelessly to her desk. She loved her classes, specially the babies, but today they seemed so wooden—so utterly unable to remember what to do. And she had worked in her ungraded class-room conscientiously. But this impending visit of the Inspector—his first since she came—was a prospect that hung like a nightmare over the room. However, she was glad that she had received news that he was coming, for, "sometimes," a former companion at Preparatory School had told her, "sometimes the Inspector happens along just like an earthquake—without any warning—and"—here followed a long discourse on the consequences. So Pleezeteacher was availing herself of the

short time by priming up some of the most backward ones in her classes, and preparing the youthful minds for the coming catastrophe.

"Come to the board, Charlie," called Pleezeteacher, "and write 'I have not' and 'I am not' ten times each, and think about it carefully as you write." A big, awkward boy, desperately in love with his teacher, took his stand at the board.



Final Freedom

By A. ErmaingerFraser

*In the dark before day's dawning
I dreamed in my quiet room,
Lulled by the wind-swept maples
And the sea's never-ending boom.*

*Swift through the wide-set casement
From the tossing waves below,
Burst a wild seagull, keening
Its weird, sharp cry of woe.*

*Silent and moveless, I watched it
Strain in its anguish sore,
Beating the walls and ceiling,
Yet finding no way to soar.*

*In the depths of the shadowed mirror
White, fluttering wings unfurled;
Straight at the kindred vision
The seagull's force was hurled.*

*Back from that icy glitter
Bruised, to the floor he dropped;
Hopeless, terrified, beaten,
His wild pulse well-nigh stopped.*

*But the strong sweet wind of the dawning
Blew the flimsy curtain wide;
With one spread of his far-stretched pinions
He was free on the sunlit tide!*

*To my soul came the mystical wonder—
Shall I, at the last faint breath,
Escape, like the bird, through the window—
The window that men call Death?*

The chalk scraped on the slate, and Pleezeteacher took up the task again of explaining the Solar System to the intermediates.

"Very well, Charlie, you may take your seat now," said Pleezeteacher, noticing Charlie with his back to the board gazing out of the window.

"Please, I ain't finished yet," drawled Charlie, facing the board again.

"Charlie, repeat what you just said." Scarlet flushed his face—for he was anxious to please—as he faltered un-naturally, "please, I have not finished yet."

"And now, class, I want you all to tidy up your desks; any waste paper that you have put into the basket, and see that your books are neatly piled. Then quietly sit down; I want to speak to you." The work was done noisily, but all the desks presented a fair appearance when the pupils sat down to listen to Pleezeteacher.

When all was quiet, she stood before them. After telling them what good boys and girls they had always been, she went on to say what she expected of them on Monday. The Inspector would judge her according to their behavior. There was nothing to fear, she added, and she knew that her boys and

girls would be the very best that anybody could wish for. Little chests were heaving with pleasure as she went on. "Most of all, children, I want you to come with clean, smiling faces, with shiny boots, and with fresh, clean hands."

Little arms were then helped into small coat sleeves, and scarves were tied by Pleezeteacher's soft fingers. With many a "Goodbye, Pleezeteacher," the children separated into parties as they started down the road, each with a firm resolve in his

little breast to shine for Pleezeteacher on Monday. Pleezeteacher lingered a little while to put her

to water the red geraniums on the high window sill. Then, taking a last look around the room, she locked the door.

ALL turned up on Monday, as she expected. Radiant faces awaited her slightest command. The calamity was near at hand, and teacher and pupils were combining in a big effort to grasp the bull by the horns, as it were. Pleezeteacher had often prepared the minds of her pupils with ease for the approach of a prairie fire, and had soothed their anxious fears at the oncoming of a hailstorm, but never before had she had the task of preparing for the arrival of an Inspector. So far she seemed to have succeeded even beyond her brightest hopes. Charlie's face was the picture of determination. If Mr. Inspector did anything to harm Pleezeteacher—well, Brown's hired man had taught him how to "trip up a guy," even a big guy, and land him wherever you please, "just by follerin' him up, and slickin' yer toe at his heel at his short step." Charlie had that reinforcement in his brain, and woe betide anyone who attempted to harm Pleezeteacher! Peggy Lou had imitated the bee until her tiny lips were ready to expand at once, and the whole class presented an appearance of indomitable daring. Across the road a cow was browsing on the dewy grass, her feet buried in the daisies.

9.30 a.m. — Pleezeteacher walked up and down the aisles in her Sunday dress, looking neatness to perfection. A wild rose, presented by an older pupil, cuddled in her hair by her shapely ear. Her naturally healthy color was heightened by excitement. Her head, a curly Eldorado, was held high by a slightly exaggerated straight back, for Pleezeteacher was going to make good. By this time tomorrow, thought she, the ordeal would be all over, and she would praise her class again, and perhaps take them down to the valley to hunt for the first violet.

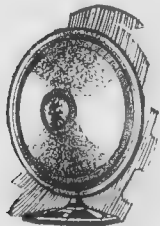
Ten minutes to ten—then five past ten. A cloud of dust flew up at the window, and the noise of someone slipping from a saddle was heard. Pleezeteacher's heart rose to her throat, but settled itself again. A subdued murmur of, "The Inspector, the Inspector," went around the room. Pleezeteacher walked to the Baby Class. "Now, little chickies," said she, "the nice man is coming to talk to us, and Pleezeteacher wants perfect attention." As a mother hen regards her chicks, when someone is about to enter the coop, she looked at her little tots. A sympathetic look of, "You'll save us, won't you, teacher?" radiated from twelve pairs of eyes. Charlie bent industriously over his History, trying to

Continued on page 42

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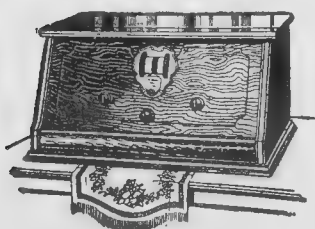


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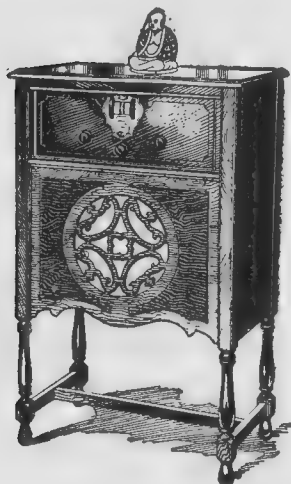
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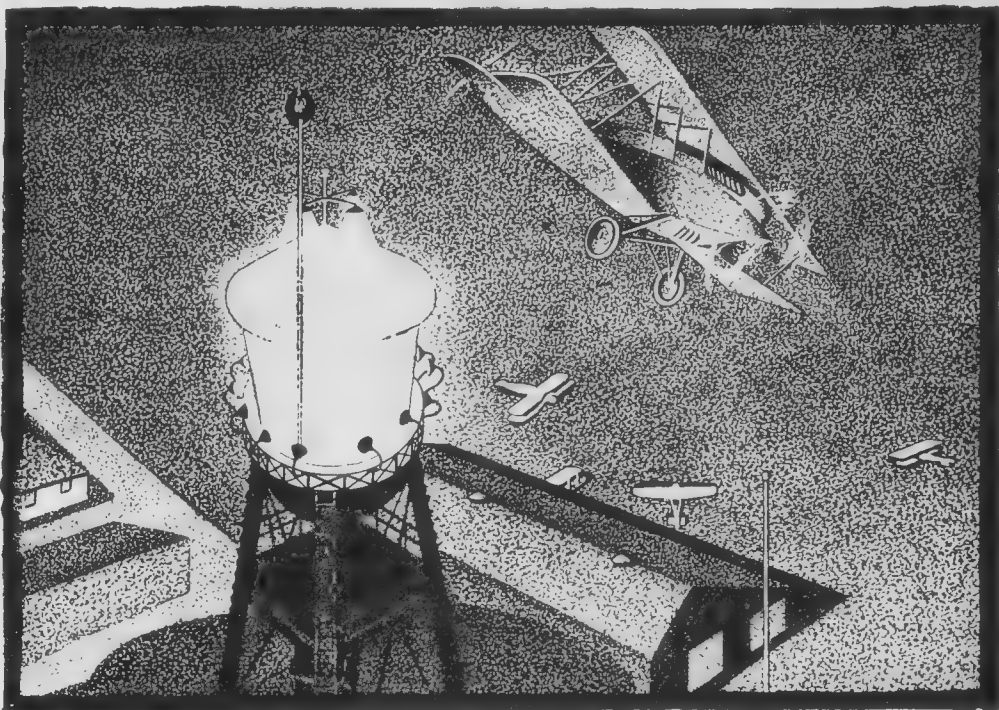


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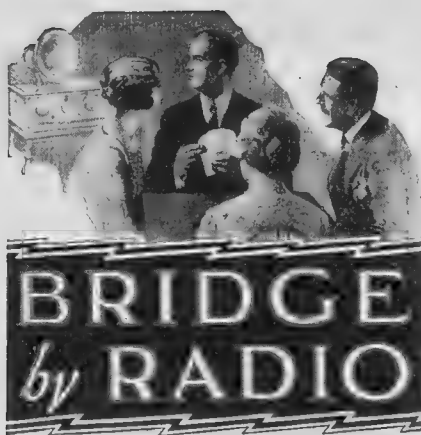
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Auction Bridge in 1926

By Melton C. Work in "Fashion of the Hour"

DURING the past few years the game of Auction Bridge has been so steadily, so greatly and so attractively improved that if a Bridge Rip Van Winkle who, after a Bridge slumber (probably I should say Bridge exile) of a quarter of the time that the original "Rip" snored in the mountains, should wander into the card room that once was his daily rendezvous, to celebrate the birth of 1926, he would be more at sea than Irving's famous character when he returned to his native village. The Bridge "Rip" would find that new and sounder theories were in vogue than in the days when the Twentieth Century was in its teens. He would find a total change from the old practice of making the declaration little more than a race to see who could get to the No Trump first, because so many of those who habitually bid original No Trumps with little more than the fact that they held thirteen cards as a justification for the bid, or with hands better qualified for a suit declaration, have found that the hurdles in the No Trump race are many and high, and the spills numerous and severe; and consequently the once scorned doctrine of "Majors first" has been generally adopted. He would be surprised to learn that today the player who would open the bidding with a No Trump with any such holding as, S: A-J-x-x-x H: A-Q-x D: A-J-x C: x-x is generally regarded as a partner to be shunned.

He would find that the old theory that four-card Minors might be bid but four-card Majors should never be mentioned, has been materially changed; that the four-card Minors still retain their old standing, but that the bidding of four-card Majors is considered twice as important. He would be amazed if he asked the time-worn question: "Do you bid a Minor as a No Trump invitation?" to hear an answering chorus say: "Yes, but a Major is equally a No Trump invitation, and the advantage of bidding the four-card Major is that it is a double invitation as it suggests two roads to the goal, viz.: the No Trump and the Major."

The radical changes have been due to two causes: (a) the persistent preaching of sound doctrines by well-equipped teachers and writers; and (b), by the sad duplicate scores of the players who have persisted in following the old-fashioned theories.

Duplicate Auction now thrives as it never did before. In New York City three clubs have weekly duplicate games, all of which are largely attended. In both Philadelphia and in Cleveland a large number of the leading clubs are contesting in all-winter series for the club championship of the respective cities. In thousands of homes (especially in the small towns of the country) duplicate games are staged many times each week, so that there is now added to the preaching of the "professors" conclusive proof of the winning qualities of the modern theories.

Of course the bidding of a five-card Major is preferable to a No Trump whenever there is one suit that is vulnerable in its No Trump defence and the five-card Major is headed by the Ace or by any two honors, and the general bidding of four-card Majors is only successful when the partner can be relied upon to do his part; or, in other words, when the partner understands the modern denial system. The denial of today is also quite a departure from former theories. It has not been so long since the slogan was: Minor suits are bid to be taken out, Major suits to be played; and the changing a partner's Major declaration to a Minor was almost an insult. Modern players, however, understand that when holding two or less small cards of the partner's Major, denials are vitally important, and that with such holding and the Minor side strength, the Major should not only not be raised, but even when the major is not overcalled by an adversary, it should be denied by a No Trump or a Minor bid. The assurance that a partner can be depended upon to deny when he has a denial hand, permits the bidding of four-card Majors with such holdings as A-K-x-x, K-Q-x-x or A-J-10-x, with at least one quick trick as side support, and the bidding of these suits results in the obtaining of Major games with hands which, in the old days, the suit would not have been named. When the partner

happens to also have four cards of the four-card Major that has been named originally, the hands fit and the wonderful results attained by such bidding can only be appreciated by experience. When a Declarer has eight trumps in his two hands, he will almost invariably obtain better results if those trumps be divided four-four, than if Dummy have three and Closed Hand five; but bidding more than one of a four-card suit is too dangerous a practice to be indiscriminately indulged in and, therefore, there is generally but one opportunity to find out whether a four-card suit fits, and that is by the original bid of one.

All of this would be totally new doctrine for our Rip Van Winkle, as little or none of it was generally understood a half decade ago, but the fact that it is now understood and practiced will add to the science and the enjoyment of the game of 1926.

WHY THE SULTAN REPENTED

A story of harem life is told in Miss Etta Close's "Excursions and Some Adventures."

It is about a poor charcoal-burner who was taking a donkey laden with his own charcoal to the Sultan's palace in Morocco city. Just as he got near the palace he heard a terrible noise on the other side of the high wall that hid the Sultan's gardens from prying eyes:

"There was no doubt some dreadful accident had happened, for the shrieks were piercing. Without a moment's hesitation the brave charcoal-burner scaled the wall and dropped down into the garden on the other side. There he saw what had happened. About a dozen of the Sultan's wives had gone out in a punt for a row on the lake and had upset in about one foot of water and two of mud. One and all, they had completely lost their heads, and there seemed every prospect that all of them would be drowned. The brave charcoal-burner plunged into the lake and, thanks to his efforts, all the ladies were saved. A few minutes later more people arrived, and the charcoal-burner was taken before the grateful Sultan, who promised him two hundred dollars, and the charcoal-burner went out from the presence seemingly a rich man.

"But no sooner had he gone than the Sultan began to repent. After all, two hundred dollars was a big sum; the ladies were pretty old, and all given to quarrelling; if they had been drowned, it wouldn't have been much loss, perhaps even an advantage! The Sultan sent again for the charcoal-burner, who was waiting to be paid, and again he came before the Sultan, who said to him, 'You had forgotten that the penalty of looking at the Sultan's wives is death. Instead of the two hundred dollars you shall have a cup of coffee!' The poor charcoal-burner bowed his head and said, 'May the blessing of Allah and Mohammed, his prophet, be upon your Majesty!' And he drank the coffee and died, for it was poisoned."

A Sympathetic Comrade

There were two keepers out shooting on a Perthshire moor, says the Argonaut; one of them was a very large, heavy man and the other was slight and meagre. The big man accidentally shot himself rather seriously; but all his companion in arms was heard to say by way of sympathy was:

"Rin, man, rin, an' keep rinn'n' as long as ye can, so we mayna hae to carry ye sae far."

Why Argue?

Prof: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of this triangle?"

Stude: "I don't have to prove it. I admit it."—Denver Parakeet.

A Skeptic

First Stenog: "I don't believe half I see in print."

Rival Ditto: "Judging from your spelling that must include what you see in the dictionary."—Boston Transcript.



CLARK'S TOMATO KETCHUP

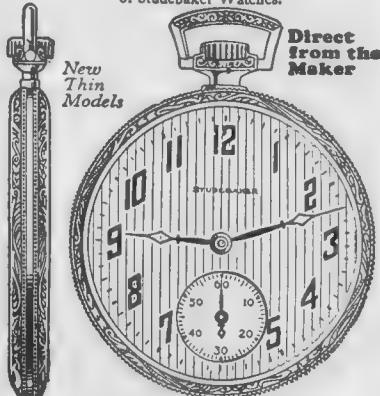
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Hemp Growing in Manitoba

OUR readers will, we feel sure, be very much interested in learning of the formation of a brand new industry in Manitoba.

The Manitoba Cordage Company, located near Portage la Prairie, is entirely interested in the growing and manufacturing of hemp fibre, and even as these lines are being written the first hemp crop is being harvested.

of machinery—the hemp harvester. Unlike grain crops, hemp is harvested and bound into sheaves in two distinct operations, about a month apart, and there is no threshing. The harvester is a seven foot binder with special features, chiefly the extraordinarily high rail, a special canvas conveyer to lay the straw in swaths, a double bull wheel to transmit the large amount of power required,



Hemp harvester at work

A group of successful business men with A. E. Grassby, President, and Mayor R. H. Webb, Vice-President, stand at the back of the company. They were fortunate enough to secure the services of H. Wilson, former manager of the Belfast Rope Works Co., Ireland, the largest individual firm in the world engaged in the manufacture of rope and cordage products, while H. E. Walker

and the absence of mechanism for making and binding sheaves. As the crop frequently stands 10 feet or more in height the amount of power needed is very large.

The Manitoba Cordage Company is confining its operations principally to Portage la Prairie and Morris, at the present time, but if the project is a success, as indeed it has every possibility



The man shown beside the growing hemp crop is said to be over six feet in height

attends to the selection of land and supervises the cultivation, seeding and harvesting.

Anyone visiting the company's plant realizes that harvesting a hemp crop for commercial purposes is entirely different to any harvest operations ever before witnessed in the Prairie Provinces.

Labor-saving machinery is, of course, used wherever possible, and the new industry has introduced into the country that ungainly looking, but useful piece

of so becoming, the territorial scope will, no doubt, be quickly increased. Manitoba needs new industries very badly, and therefore, we shall watch with considerable interest the future of the Manitoba Cordage Company, and wish the directors of this enterprise the best of good luck. The success of the company is synonymous with great advantage to the farmers of the West, as the manufacture of twine has not been until now scientifically attempted in Western Canada.

Middle Life

If I could gather all my wandering dreams
In one clear vision, then I might find rest.
But now my heart with beauty is oppress,
There is no light from all these fitful gleams.
There is no peace beside these babbling
streams—

The fretful children of a mind distress;
My eyes are dim with seeing, and my
breast

Throbs with the murmur of myriad themes.

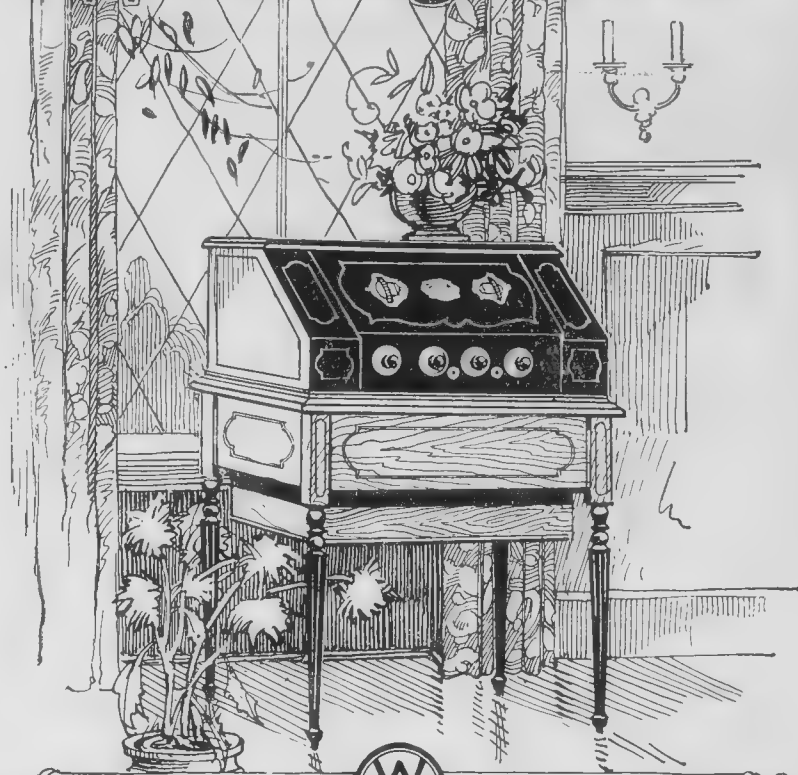
It must be so; I must be patient still,
Glad to behold from this long lowland
track

Alluring vistas. Nor may I turn back,
Even if I would, to yon smooth, green-
topped hill,

At the road's end, whither my steps are bent,
There stands a snow-clad peak. I am
content.

—F. H. K. in the London Observer.

Westinghouse



A Revelation

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What Kind of Breakfasts do "Great Men" Eat?



SUCCESSFUL Business Men, famous Doctors, Lawyers, Statesmen—what do they think about food—about breakfast—in relation to their efficiency, their success?

Quite a question. And a scientific institute engaged in research on foods has secured an interesting answer to it—by the many hundreds of replies received from the country's biggest men to a recent breakfast questionnaire.

These men, in their answers, say that they have discovered that daily diet has a very important effect on daily efficiency. They have found that a heavy breakfast means a mind less alert during the first working hours of the day. On the other hand, they know that a scanty, ill-balanced meal results in mental fatigue long before lunch time. Consequently, they "split the difference," as one man expresses it. They habitually eat a moderate amount of food—which contains a large amount of nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is the Kind of Food Which Makes for Health and Efficiency

The man who chooses, for efficiency's sake, a light or moderate breakfast, will find Grape-Nuts as valuable as it is delicious. Grape-Nuts is made from whole wheat and malted barley. It is specially milled and prepared so as to be easily digested. It supplies to your body these vitally essential elements of nutrition: Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the important vitamin-B.

Grape-Nuts is supremely delicious. And *crisp*—so that it gives your teeth and gums, through chewing, the exercise they need so much for health.

Because this one food can give you so many essential elements in such delicious form—try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer has it in wax-wrapped packages ready to eat. Four teaspoonfuls, costing less than one cent, is sufficient for each helping. Serve at the side of a bowl of milk or cream.

If you would like to try Grape-Nuts free for two days before you buy a package, and secure a copy of a little booklet we have prepared, giving a number of excellent "efficiency" breakfast menus, accept the offer below.

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FREE

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Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former college physical director.

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Address
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Pleezeteacher

Continued from page 38

look desperately interested in a chapter that was to be omitted from that year's work.

Pleezeteacher walked with exaggerated dignity to the door, but before she reached it, the Inspector had entered. "Good morning, Miss —," said he, breezily. "Good morning, Mr. —," and to Pleezeteacher her voice seemed to float around the ceiling, then out into the free air. The Inspector hung up his hat. A big man he was. An air of dignity and importance came in with him, and yet a desire to make everyone feel quite at ease was noticeable at first sight.

"I see you've had the boys busy at the garden already, Miss —, good idea, good idea—days are a bit chilly yet, but it's never too early to loosen up the soil." Rubbing his hands together, he strode up the aisle, Pleezeteacher taking the aisle by the window and the two meeting by her desk. Pleezeteacher had still her air of defiance and protection. She gave a quick glance at the class, a glance which told the pupils that should the intruding monster get ferocious, she could easily handle the situation. And now they had him in! The living nightmare was at teacher's desk, scanning her time-table. That time-table! Teacher had revised it so often. Pleezeteacher stood watching the big finger as it slid down the paper on which the order of her classes was written.

"Large class," said he, "for this section. New settlers coming in?"

"No, not many," she answered, "but since the school across the river at Daisy Meadow was burned in last summer's fire, some of the pupils on that side are coming to me. When the new school is completed, I shall lose about a quarter of my class."

Pleezeteacher delivered this small speech unhesitatingly. The Inspector had asked her a question, and she had answered it intelligently.

Rubbing his hands together again, as though he had just come in from a snowstorm, the Inspector faced the class. Under his shaggy brows two bright brown eyes smiled at the questioning faces. "How glad I am," he said, "to see before me so many shining, happy faces. I am sure you all love these bright, spring days, and are glad to come to school to learn your lessons." Here a knowing look passed to Pleezeteacher, a look that said, "I understand children thoroughly, and I remember how I was loath to come to school when the fish were biting." But Pleezeteacher was still very dignified, and hardly spared a dimple. She remained "on guard."

"Well, well, well, I suppose you can hardly wait to tell me all you know, so I shall start at the Senior Class, and give each one a chance to show me what he has been learning."

"Which is your Senior Class, Miss?" turning to Pleezeteacher.

"These two rows near the window, Mr. —, the three centre rows are Intermediates, and the two on the far side are Primary."

"Senior A Class, prepare for a lesson in Geography."

PLEEZETEACHER had taken up her stand under the red geranium. She had remembered the words of the mis-

stress at Preparatory School. "When the Inspector visits you, submit your class to him: give over the reins of authority, and stand by." And Pleezeteacher was standing by—a fair, beautiful creature, with rounded cheek and soft, curving arms. Two violet blue eyes were watching with troubled admiration the handsome giant as he turned the pages in the Globe Geography, moistening his thumb occasionally.

The rose hiding in Pleezeteacher's hair had wilted a little, but the spirit that shone from the beautiful face was still proud, albeit somewhat wistful.

Then a terrible apprehension seized Pleezeteacher's heart as the colored maps turned over. "O Lord," she prayed, "may he not choose Africa or North America." According to the course of study, all the continents should be roughly gone over by the end of April, but, following her own plan, Pleezeteacher

had gone more into the details of the continents, and had not touched these two yet. Her prayer was soon answered, but her resultant joy was dampened when the hand of Charlie shot into the air.

"Well, Charlie."

"Please, teacher, I ain't got no geogruffy; kin I sit in with Bob?"

Poor Pleezeteacher!

"Yes, Charlie," said Pleezeteacher quickly, although at any other time this enquiry would have met with prompt refusal, as Bob and Charlie formed a very combustible combination.

"Turn to page 102 in your books, and we will follow the course of one of the most important rivers in the world—the Amazon," resounded from the region of Pleezeteacher's desk. Pleezeteacher stepped across the room to the corner where the maps were neatly rolled and hung.

South America was the highest, and, when required, was pulled down over the rest. To do this Pleezeteacher must stand on a chair.

Placing a chair immediately under the map, she lifted her tidy skirt and prepared to step up, when three long strides brought the Inspector to the scene.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss —, I might have saved you this trouble."

Standing on the chair, one arm poised gracefully, holding the tasseled string on the map, Pleezeteacher looked down at the Inspector, and he looked up at her. From her position she more nearly met the level of his brown eye. She felt like a little girl who climbs upon a chair to kiss daddy, and all her dignity seemed left on the floor. She did not know whether to finish the work, or to let the Inspector unwind the smeared linen roll. The Inspector's brown eyes had found the dimples in teacher's elbows: she was close, and soft, and sweetly lovely. He liked the pretty picture.

"Why doesn't he move back a bit?" thought Pleezeteacher. "What big, wide shoulders! and what brown eyes! The Inspector would have liked to maroon her there for the morning, and then carry her off, but the class was getting restless. Why didn't one of them pull South America down? Maybe the Inspector was going to eat Pleezeteacher now! A big boy had told Peggy Lou that Inspectors can bite, and that they sometimes shoot quills!

Continued on page 88



"Hello—The North!"

Extracts From a Diary Scribbled From Vancouver to Dawson, and "Outside" Again

By C. B. Robertson

Vancouver, B.C., May, 16/26
I WONDER why we humans travel? Whence does it come; this urge to see new lands, meet with fresh personalities, discover new adventures? Perhaps we travel that we may have more to talk about when we reach home! I have a little four-year-old cousin, Kenneth, whose battle-cry (and password to my heart) is: "Tell me a 'tory!" Perhaps I travel that I may have more stories to tell to him, and to all those other children, old and young, who know me at home, or, even, through my scribblings.

Be that as it may—tomorrow I set sail, on the long trip North!

S.S. Princess Mary, May 17/26
 We sailed tonight at nine o'clock. I'm scribbling in my cozy berth, with a light above my head. My stateroom which, praise be, is all mine, is roomy, and as immaculate as fresh white enamel can make it.

As we steamed away from Vancouver, I stood and watched the city lights fade into the distance. When they grew dim, I walked up to the bow. On the decks were little vague groups of dim people; voices came to me as they chatted and laughed softly. I, of all the wayfarers, seemed to be alone. The moon was veiled in a gray mist. No stars in sight. Then, directly before me, up aloft, a break in the clouds all of a sudden, and a lone star shining brightly. Perhaps it was not the North Star at all, at all, but somehow I felt that it must be. Anyhow, I wiped away a lonesome tear or two, and I greeted with an adventurous heart that shining star, and my lips whispered, and my soul cried: "Hello—the North!"

May 19/26
 This morning I paced the wind-swept, rain-drenched deck as the ship ploughed through the waters of the Inside Channel, through mountainous islands, half-hidden by lowering clouds. Then—the sun came out, and, oh, the glory of those mountains in the vanishing mist, as the sun, through a rift in the clouds, bathed them in amber glory! It was great!

In the midst of lunch, yesterday, we dashed out to view Alert Bay, on Cormorant Island. It is a very old Indian village, famous for its totem poles. We saw only a few of the grotesque things, carved in the images of birds and beasts. They say that these are the family trees of the Indians. There were no monkeys in the trees. Evidently our first Canadians didn't believe in the Darwinian theory.

Evening.
 We're crossing the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound. To the West, to the far horizon, are great, rolling, white-capped waves. Vast, dark, purplish cloud hang low in the gray sky. The ship is dancing a good old-fashioned Irish jig! Yes—we're having a "spell of weather!" But it's great! Since dinner I've been up in the bow, hanging on tight, feeling the salt spray in my face, and marveling at the glory of the sea!

May 20/26.
 We are at the dock at Wrangell, Alaska. A group of us have tramped all over the straggling, historic village, which was once a seething town of miners. We have graciously returned the broad grins of hundreds of Indian children, and have bestowed largesse and all-day-suckers upon some of them. We have bought and despatched scores of post-cards to loving friends, assuring each one: "Wish you were here, old thing!" And we have neglected to mention that we're seeing the sights in a cold and drizzly rain. When we returned from our tramp ("demned damp, moist, disagreeable bodies"), trying to convince ourselves that we were thrilled with the joy of having set foot in Alaska, we found an eminently sensible woman, sitting in the nice, warm, dry saloon, reading a book entitled "Scenic Alaska." She seemed to be having a wonderful time!

The Pullen House,
 Skagway, Alaska, May 23/26
 Had a marvellous, sunshiny day of

unspeakable joy! I'm afraid that the state of my soul depends upon atmospheric conditions. On a gray day, I'm a grouchy, pessimistic clod of earthly clay. When the sun comes out, my soul, to meet the sun, rises to a higher and more spiritual plane!

Today, before the ship docked, we passed several glorious glaciers, gleaming, a pale, translucent green, under the sun. The scenery approaching Skagway was magnificent! We docked at half-past four this afternoon. This evening the captain and a crowd of shipboard companions (return-trippers), came for a farewell evening, as the ship doesn't sail until midnight. Such jolly people, and so kind to the lone traveller.

Mrs. Pullen, my kind hostess at the hotel, and an old lady friend of hers, joined us by the sitting-room fire. The subject arose of the famous and notorious "Soapy" Smith, who, with his gang of murderous ruffians, terrorized the countryside in the old days, until he was shot, for his sins, and his gang scattered to the four winds. Mrs. Pullen's friend declared that "Soapy" was "quite the gentleman, and looked a lot like a minister!" It was interesting to note that this old lady, who spoke so charitably of a ruthless murderer, frowned upon the smoking of a cigarette by one of the girls of our party. She was inexpressibly shocked! "Soapy" was "a gentleman," but a cigarette-smoking female was "no lady!"

Mrs. Pullen is a most interesting person, with a unique history. Twenty-eight years ago, left a widow with four children to support, she came to Alaska. Her husband had been an Indian trader. When he died she possessed nothing of value but his four horses, some household goods, and her four beloved youngsters. She sold her furniture, hired out her horses, and hid her to Skagway. She first got a job as cook, at three dollars a day. When she had made enough money, she shipped in her horses. Then she made daily trips (she, herself, guiding her four-horse team), to White Pass City, carting provisions and duff for the prospectors on their way North. She made twenty-five dollars a day, and it seemed a fortune! I can picture the big, brave woman, perched high on her load, driving her four straining horses over the "Trail of '98."

After a time, Mrs. Pullen saved enough money to start a boarding house, which has, slowly, through the years, evolved into the present fine hotel in which I am scribbling at this late hour, propped "agin the pillows."

"Soapy" Smith's story is interesting. No one seems to know where he was born, but he died with his boots on, July 7, 1898, in Skagway, aged thirty-eight years. Before going to Alaska, he had been a desperado and outlaw in both Canada and the U.S.A. He prided himself upon having been the first man to hold up a C.P.R. train. There was always a "hand-out" for hungry children at his saloon, according to Mrs. Pullen. "There is so much good in the worst of us—"

White Horse,
 Yukon Territory, May 25/26.
 Words fail me when I try to describe the trip from Skagway to White Horse over the White Pass: the "Trail of '98!" It was thrilling to see, sometimes right by us, and sometimes in the valley below, the old trail made famous in song and story; that trail where tens of thousands of men endured unbelievable hardships, in their quest for gold.

From Skagway, the train crawled slowly up Sawtooth Mountain to Rocky Point, and we saw in the distance, far below us, the Lynn Canal through which we had sailed the day before, and the little town, like a toy village nestled in the midst of the mighty mountains. As the train hoisted us skyward, we passed over the little bridge spanning

the Pitchfork Falls, pouring their foaming waters over the mountainside down to the valley far below, the spray rising high in a sparkling-silver mist. We saw Black Cross Rock under which are buried the bodies of two workmen who were killed when that mountain of granite fell, during the blasting for the construction of this railway.

As our train steadily crawled upward, we saw a thing that, to me, had a touch of pathos: deserted towns and camps, once busy centres where tens of thousands of prospectors came, and went on; old White Pass City, Bennett, and Log Cabin, which was once a big town, and the headquarters of the Mounted Police.

Then came Tunnel Mountain, where there is the only tunnel over that marvellously engineered railroad, the White Pass and Yukon. Then came Inspiration Point, and its glorious view of Sawtooth Mountain, and the glacier-crested Mount Pinnacle. I can imagine no creation of God more greatly and inspiringly expressive of His majesty! Inspiration Point, indeed!

Then Dead Horse Gulch, and White Pass Summit soon after, where the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes float side by side, to mark the boundary between Alaska and Canada. It is here that the waters from the mountains flow down to the Pacific to the South; and, to the North, flow down to feed Lake Bennett, and the other little lakes and streams, and then into the mighty Yukon River, seventeen hundred miles to the Arctic Sea! At the summit, the view is beyond description. The mountains tower a mile high; snow-peaked mountains, gleaming in the sunlight.

Then we started down the mountainside to Lake Bennett where the prospectors of the gold-rush days built their rough rafts and boats, and embarked upon their perilous journey "down North." Our train carried us on past the lovely lakes and rivers, clear as crystal, reflecting the magnificent mountains in their depths; to White Horse, the little town where I am now staying over a day to connect with the Yukon River steamboat for Dawson.

I saw Miles Canyon, and the White Horse Rapids from the train, but today some kind people took me for a drive alongside the river to see them at close range. It's a terrifying canyon, and the motor road on the edge of the high precipice was narrow. Dizzying! But the view was so thrilling that one didn't feel inordinately scared! We drove back by a different road, and saw, from a mountain-top to which our car climbed, the little town far down in the valley, surrounded by glorious mountains, and, like a silver ribbon before it, the mighty river flowing on down to Dawson, and away beyond to the sea, 1,500 miles and more farther north. Then we drove down the mountainside, and, in the valley, saw the sunset and the moonrise. There are times when one is so saturated with beauty that one becomes incapable of description, but this particular scene has been pictured for me by Service, and he wrote it right here in White Horse, so I'll just put down his perfectly accurate description of what I saw:

"I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow,
 That's plumb full of hush to the brim!
 I've seen the big husky sun wallow
 In crimson and gold, and grow dim—
 Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming
 And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop,
 And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
 With the peace of the world, piled on top!"

White Horse, May 27/26.
 Out to the mines today; saw diamond drilling for testing of the quartz. Most interesting. I leave tomorrow for the trip on the Yukon River—hooray!

On Board S.S. "Casca," May 29/26.
 I'm a-sailin' on the Yukon River! Oh, there's a thrill to it! Yesterday we passed through beautiful Lake le Barge, where "Sam Magee" was cremated, according to Service's tale. One of the pilots assured me that the story was a solemn fact. This particular man glories in the reputation of being the noblest liar in the Yukon! He told me today, mournfully, that he had made a great mistake in becoming a sailor; that he was really cut out for a missionary. I must write down some of his "perfectly authentic" tales, which, he sadly assures me, are nothing to those that the missionaries "get away with!"

Coming through "Thirty-Mile," the most Southerly part of the Yukon, our ship passed through narrow channels in the broad river, which only the pilots know. We seemed to be twisting and swooping, as a seagull flies about the stern of a ship. On the banks today, we've seen isolated cabins, and, sometimes, lone prospectors at their doors.

S.S. "Casca," Five A.M., May 31.
 Half an hour ago we came through the Five-Finger Rapids. I got up at four, and went out on deck, in the bow, to get all the thrill of it. And it was thrilling! The five fingers of water are formed by the water dashing between six high, grotesque rocks. Only one of the "fingers" is navigable, and the safe channel below is on the opposite side of the river. So we cavorted and bounced through, then swung the stern around in the seething waters, crossed the wide river, hind-part-before, swung the bow around, and proceeded in the usual way! "Curiouser and curiouser!"

I feel as if I had been here before: as if the Yukon River were an old friend. Perhaps there's something in that reincarnation thing—who knows?

Dawson, Y.T., June 3/26.
 Dawson is a great little town! I love it! It is, nowadays, a pretty little place, living happily in a peaceful present, while yet dreaming dreams and cherishing memories of adventurous days. The Mounted Police are much in evidence, always a bit thrilling to look upon, as one contemplates their glorious traditions and their stalwart persons. Huge Malamute, wolfish dogs crowd the streets.

We drove to the Dome yesterday, a mountain behind the town. Magnificent view? Immense! There's something about Dawson, and about the whole Yukon country that "gets me." The peaceful bigness of it! The neighborliness to a stranger! As Service so forcefully, yet inelegantly, has expressed it: "O God! How I'm stuck on it all!"

Dawson, Y.T., 2.30 A.M., June 5.
 In reading back over my diary I see that I have neglected to mention the swift-lengthening of the days, as I have travelled farther and farther north. Ergo: an experience which seems uncanny to me: I had been writing letters at my window in the hotel, and saw such wonderful sunset colors that I decided to go out and watch it over the Yukon and the mountains. I had been walking only a few minutes when I realized that the town was strangely still. The tap of my heels on the sidewalk sounded louder and louder and louder. I realized that, since I put on my hat before the mirror, I hadn't seen a living soul! I was puzzled. Then, to my startled ears, through the stillness came the long-drawn, wolf-like howl of a Huskie.

The following silence was positively eerie. The flower gardens, blooming in the sunshine, comforted me, for they were living things. I felt as if the Day of Judgment had come to this little town, and all its inhabitants had suddenly been called away to another world. I gazed upon the lovely sunset, but it, too, seemed awry, for it grew brighter instead of dimmer, and then the sun rose, rose, if you please, just about a foot, apparently, then, from where it had "set!" I looked at my watch; I had written letters considerably later than

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Paradise River

Along the Beautiful Cowichan on Vancouver Island

By Richard E. A. Diespecker

"and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n
ravine,
In cataract after cataract to the sea."
—Tennyson.

NATURE'S most beautiful scenes, creations that inspire in us thoughts almost too full for words, are seldom without the charm of water in one of its many forms. A seascape stands alone, for the sea has a grandeur and a magnificence entirely its own—it has no rivals in this respect; but lakes and rivers, although lacking its far-reaching sublimity, outcountenance it in innumerable other respects. Down to the sea they may flow, but their own beauties lie where the sea can never surpass nor contain them.

There are countless rivers which possess charms setting them high in the circle of nature's masterpieces, but no two are ever alike. The Cowichan river, although it may be inferior to a thousand other rivers in a thousand other respects, yet retains a few features of its own which make it as beautiful and as worthy of commendation as they. I have never seen it when the white hand of winter presses upon it, but in the summer it is exquisite. My first glimpse of this tortuously winding trout torrent impressed me to such an extent that I mentally named it "Paradise River," and as such it will remain to me always.

We arrived at a little cabin, buried in the forest after a hot and dusty journey of forty miles, and the first sound which came to me was the steady rumble and splash-crash of swiftly running water. In the height of summer it is a pleasant sound and not a little thrilling, for who can suppress a slight feeling of excitement at least, when in the vicinity of that wonderful sound—the song of the river?

It was mid-afternoon before we climbed down to the river, descending a steep path through alders and Douglas firs, and nothing but the ceaseless rumble of water could be heard until we dropped from a five-foot bank on to the narrow boulder-strewn beach at the water's edge. Here we were greeted by sights such as Nature alone can create, and which the brush of an artist can imitate, but never equal. To the right, the river was swirling down towards us between towering banks of trees, gurgling over smooth stones and lapping against the great boulders which fringed the edges. Every ripple was a flashing diamond, scintillating and glistening in the afternoon sun, while about three hundred yards above, where the stream took a sharp curve, a pool with leaf-shaded margin lay like a great mirror, its surface shining and unbroken. Below us, the river widened into a succession of rapids and little eddying ponds, until another curve cut off the view and the stream seemed to disappear abruptly into a wall of trees.

We followed the course of the river to the lower bend, splashing in the shallow water among great rocks and cutting through thick willows across the point. Before we emerged on the farther side, we were unable to hear each other's voices above the roar of the water. Someone shouted into my ear with the full power of his lungs, "Cataract ahead," just as we stumbled unexpectedly out of the trees on to a pebbly beach.

It was a marvellous sight that opened before us. Around the point which we had just crossed, the river narrowed into a swirling torrent which roared down a steeper slope into a dark and turbulent pool. This ideal trout haunt cut into the bank and made an elbow angle in the river. Above it was a bare chalk cliff almost eighty feet high, topped by the mighty forest. Down stream, where the stream narrowed, it became a swiftly-flowing mill stream, opening out lower down into a long vista of shallows and pools—boulder-strewn and shade-spotted, with the giants of the timber land towering on either hand, and above it all the hazy blue summer sky.

THE following day we left the cabin in the cold white light of early morning, just before the sun rises, and the silent shadowy trees drip with dew. We had decided to fish the pools down-stream as far as possible until nightfall and so

tramped down to the first one at the big bend to begin the day. While we were here, the cotton-wool mist began to rise over the water, and stray leaves burned redly in the first shafts of the rising sun. All the way down the river we could see the light striking high on the left bank, and the trees were flooded with orange and gold in a sudden burst of glory, accentuating the deep shadows on the other side. Occasional birds chucked and babbled sleepily from the low hanging branches; the water was gurgling and splashing with that peculiar clearness which it acquires in the early morning; and suddenly, from far down-stream there came a shrill "coo-eee"—the Australian bush call—a signal for us to join our vanguard at a better pool.

The few days which my companions and I spent on "Paradise River" will not be easily forgotten. Not only the stream with its ever-changing aspect and numberless charms, but the woods when we had occasion to enter them, impressed us with their quiet grandeur and an almost solemn beauty. Sun-speckled and silent except for a bird or two, they stretched unbrokenly down both banks of the river. In one spot which I remember particularly, because we traversed it fairly often, the bank was low and one could step from the woods on to a narrow fringe of stone beside a long trout pool. The cathedral-like aisles between the trees here were carpeted with pine needles and thick moss, and little gullies formed by some old stream now gone dry, cut it up into a series of fern-crowded fairy valleys. There were never any birds here and the silence was almost oppressive at times. Great beards of moss hung down from the trees in green festoons, like huge feathery stalactites. One experienced an eerie feeling of being watched, walking beneath these hoary giants; where the cracking of a twig sounded like an explosion, and the only living things I ever saw were the bats which came out in the dusk and sped through the air, like silent bodiless souls from Dante's Inferno.

But this was the only spot which might in any way be called oppressive, and even though it created in one a sense of awe, it was still beautiful in its own peculiar way. In other places where the trees were not so close together, the scattered leaves were splashed with the gold of the sunlight, and the birds flitting from bough to bough kept up an incessant chirping. Flowers abounded in the undergrowth, and at rare intervals we started a deer which would bound away through the trees with an accompanying crash and crackle of dry branches. Further down-stream the woods did not encroach upon the water quite so much, and for nearly two miles the banks were lined with willows, backed by pebbly cliffs with the larger trees above.

We wandered in the daytime among the gloriousness of the river beauties, but the nights also brought their wonders, drawn from the illimitable storehouse of Nature. When the sun went down behind the forest top, a velvety blackness covered the river, and for perhaps half an hour a hush seemed to settle over everything. Then, so stealthily that we did not realize it until it was actually there, came the world of the darkness. The noises of the night—whisperings among the bracken the croaking of the frogs and the sad sweet lullaby of the pines were all around us. Above millions of stars, like diamonds suspended from a huge velvet curtain, bobbed at us sleepily; the penetrating odour of wood smoke came to us out of the cabin door; and below, the rumbling, gurgling splash-splash of the river rose up through the darkness on the wings of the sweet-scented breeze.

The Master Key

The bride was telling her friends that Uncle George had promised to furnish her kitchen with all necessary equipment—a surprise because Uncle George was notoriously "close." Just as she had finished dilating on his unexpected generosity, a small box arrived. Upon opening it she found a can-opener to which was attached a card reading: "I am sure this will be all the equipment you will find necessary in your kitchen, Uncle George."—The Baptist.



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*Such an easy thing to do
—yet “new dishes for old”*



*With these
plumper, meatier raisins
plain foods become
magically new*

A simple cake becomes a cake for company—a plain pudding turns into a tempting dessert—the things Mary Dean tells about at the right happen *only* if you use high quality raisins.

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Sun-Maid sets a higher standard

The quality you get in packages marked with the Sun-Maid girl is not common to raisins. Nature alone can not produce it—raisins so uniformly big and plump, so tender-skinned, so rich and meaty.

It is a result of Sun-Maid methods that first pick out the finest raisins in thousands of tons and then treat them just so, till they come out completely cleansed

and perfected for your use in cooking.

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The red Sun-Maid carton contains 15 ozs. of perfect seedless raisins, the blue carton an equal amount of Puffed Sun-Maid raisins, *seeded* but not sticky! And the bags hold 4 lbs. or 2 lbs. of *seedless* raisins at a bargain price.

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TAKE the time and ingredients for the simplest cake; add a cup of Sun-Maid raisins; bake. You'll have a cake to be proud of.

Stir into a plain rice pudding a cup of Sun-Maids—and the family thanks you for a treat.

Mix these raisins into a common salad. You give it novelty and zest. And volume—you find an extra portion or two in the bowl!

This is magic that millions of women are using on their menus nowadays.

In hundreds of letters that I've received from busy housewives, there's the same

idea. You can make new treats every day, *without extra work*, if you simply remember to add plump, meaty raisins.

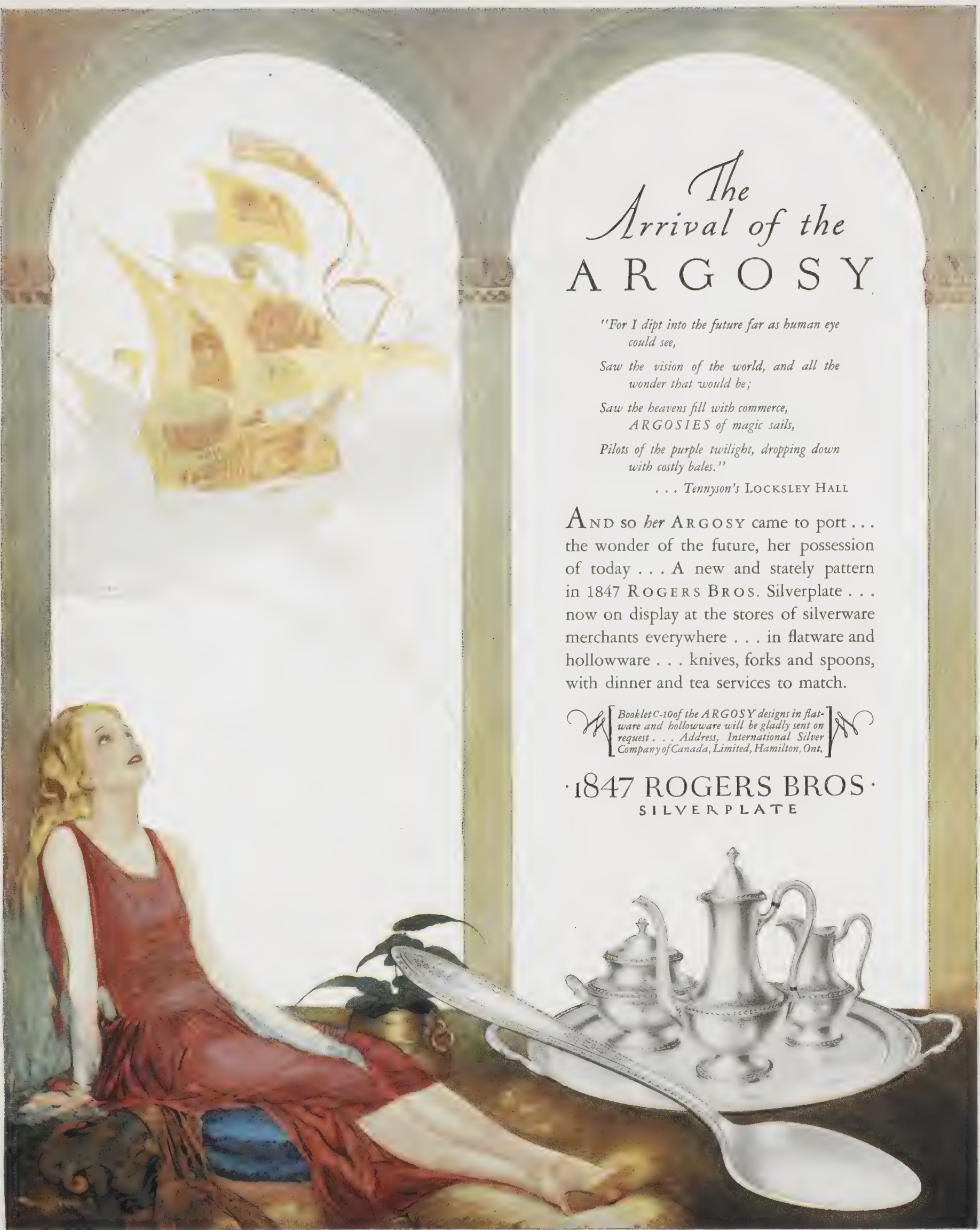
So I'll just leave the thought with you, with an urge that you try this simple way to more delicious and more nutritious dishes.

If you try it with Sun-Maid raisins and it doesn't make a hit with the family, please let me know. Address me in care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, 137 McGill Street, Montreal, Quebec.

Mary Dean

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*Sales Agents for
SUN-MAID Raisin Growers of California*



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*"For I dipt into the future far as human eye
could see,*

*Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be;*

*Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
ARGOSIES of magic sails,*

*Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales."*

. . . Tennyson's LOCKSLEY HALL

AND so her ARGOSY came to port . . .
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of today . . . A new and stately pattern
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*[Booklet C-10 of the ARGOSY designs in flat-
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· 1847 ROGERS BROS. ·
SILVERPLATE

The Ways of Her Household

By Elizabeth Church

"YOU have lived in French Canada and you know the language," said a Winnipeg friend to me recently. "Do the women of New France resemble in any particular way their ancestors of Old France? Is there any trait of character common to both, which would be more striking than in the women of other races?"

"Thrifty," I answered at once. "Many of my life-long friends are the French women of the old and new lands, and I have no hesitation in saying that their chief characteristic is thrift. The Scots-woman who is known for her careful economy and generous spending cannot surpass the Frenchwoman. But there is a second striking trait which I believe is the source of the first and that is their deep love of home and family.

I've had an unusual chance to study the women of Old France, for I have spent several years in their beautiful country. They have the national characteristics of thrift and love of home as deeply ingrained as their Canadian descendants, and they certainly look well to the ways of their households.

Last summer I spent a week in Shawinigan Falls—the growing model city on the St. Maurice River, a hundred miles north of its entrance into the St. Lawrence. There, during a visit to the market, I made the acquaintance of Madame L., who gave us a warm invitation to spend a day on her farm, thirty miles north of the town.

Once a week, the evening before market day, Madame L. drove into Shawinigan on her wagon-load of farm produce, butter, cheese, honey, maple sugar and vegetables, placed her goods on the stall very early in the morning, sold them and drove home the same afternoon.

We were eager to accept her invitation, so one sunny morning we rose with the sun and drove joyfully behind an ancient horse, through the green land of fertile farms, made picturesque by the whitewashed buildings, the outdoor ovens and the old stone wells, until we reached the home of Madame L. She was a widow, so she managed her own farm and her prosperity was evident in the white frame building, which had replaced the log cabin of earlier days.

Our hostess, a pleasant-faced, sonny woman dressed in the full-gathered skirt and tight-fitting bodice of her best black dress, had heard the sound of our wagon and had come to the gate to welcome us. A little old lady with snapping black eyes and a lined intelligent face stood beside her.

"My mother, Madame A." said our hostess proudly. "Would you think that she had seventy-four years and that she was the grandmother of thirty-five children? And as we looked at the erect little figure and plentiful dark hair of Grandmère we declared that we did not think her a day over sixty.

Grandmère's eyes twinkled as she said, "Oh, I am well and strong. My daughter is fifty-five and I have nine more children who are all married and live close by. My youngest boy is almost thirty. You will see him at dinner. I must arrange his marriage soon or he will be an old celibataire."

This little Grandmère, who could neither read nor write—there was not a book or scrap of printed matter in the whole house; indeed only the younger children had ever had a chance to go to the new school three miles away—was still the mistress of the entire household.

"Come in, come in. Dinner is ready." It was a goodly company which gathered around the long table in the large kitchen for it included the eleven children of Madame L. who ranged in age from the eldest son, twenty-seven, to the baby boy of three, as well as the youngest son of Madame A.

"Careful of the tablecloth," warned Madame L. Smiling at the bright-eyed twins, "It's Grandmère's very best one."

The old lady spoke up proudly: "I make all the linen myself. I have made many, many yards. I have sowed the flax, made the thread, woven the linen, bleached it until it was white." She patted it lovingly as we admired its snowy fine texture. "After dinner my

daughter will show you the chests upstairs, full of linen, but now you must have some more of the potage."

It was savory, delicious, and so were the salt pork, the potatoes and the tomatoes. A great loaf of crusty bread made from their own wheat stood upon the table. This with scraped maple sugar from their own sugar bush and clotted cream from their own cows made a desert fit for a king.

"All these good things are from your own farm," I said; "so you buy only your salt, tea and coffee from the grocery."

"The salt only. That is the only thing we buy from the store."

I stared in amazement. "But surely you buy the tea and the coffee?"

"No, no!" cried the little old lady. "There is a berry which grows upon certain bushes in our pasture. The twins and I know where it grows. We gather enough to last us a year. We dry it carefully and grind it. Is it not good? And the coffee too; another kind of bush gives us that. Ah, *le bon Dieu* is good to His children. My salt shaker, is it not pretty?" for I had picked up a huge salt shaker of blue pottery. "That belonged to the soldier great-grandfather who fought under Montcalm. He stayed on in le Canada and was given a grant of land near *Trois Rivières* and later, fifty years ago, the family came to this farm. Hurry up, my children. You eat too much, greedy ones."

She shook her finger at the twins, who were stuffing away quantities of the maple sugar. "We have that dessert for our visitors, not for you."

The children laughed but they paid attention to the words of Grandmère for they rose at once, crossed themselves reverently in thanks for the good meal, and hurried away to their tasks, for each child in this busy family had its own work to do.

Madame led us through the house with housewifely pride and good cause had she to be proud of it. Not a thread, not a bit of cloth had ever been wasted. The floors were covered with woven carpets of the catalog type and hooked rugs of bright colors—the very colors had been dyed by extracts from their home-grown vegetables. The windows were curtained with ecru home-woven linen and the table-covers were of crocheted thread.

When we went upstairs to the storeroom, Le Grandmère, who had stayed behind to superintend the dishwashing by the children, joined us and opened the chests full of work of her own hands.

The words of the old proverb came back to me: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands."

"You have never had an idle moment," I cried as I admired the dozens of blankets woven from the wool of her own sheep, the piles of snowy linen sheets and tablecovers, woven from the flax of her own land. "No, we are never idle," replied Grandmère, "We are busy on the land during the summer but in the long winters we have time to make these things. I have given my six daughters and my two granddaughters their trousseaux and we must prepare for Marie and Marthe and Rosalie. We must give each of them a good dot. Come downstairs now. I must show you the great armoire brought by the great-grand grandmother who married the soldier in 1760."



The great wardrobe, or armoire, was a magnificent piece of black oak, carved so exquisitely by hand that the most particular of connoisseurs would have coveted it.

"It is the property of Madame L. until her death, then the granddaughters will cast lots for it. Have you ever seen one like it in your great city of Montreal?"

"No, never the equal of this one," I answered with sincerity, "but come to see me in Montreal, Madame, and I shall show you the sights with great pleasure."

She smiled, I thought, a little sadly, "You are very kind but I have never been farther than St. Christophe, thirty miles away, and I should be afraid to go. But you will come back to see me. This is only *au revoir*."

We drove slowly away, waving our hands to the large group at the gate, for the entire family had assembled to bid us godspeed. We looked back at the vegetable garden glowing with colors, at the orchards where the trees were laden with fruit, and at the fields of yellowing grain.

"Such thrift," I exclaimed, "and such generosity," as I leaned back to make sure that the parcel of maple sugar, which la Grandmère had placed in the back of our wagon, was safe.

ANOTHER Frenchwoman, who has, quite as strongly as the habitant women I have described, the national traits of thrift and love of home, is a titled Canadian lady well known to many readers of this journal. She belongs to one of the historic families of old Quebec and she has accomplished a great deal in musical and artistic realms. She has travelled a great deal and she speaks three languages fluently. Her two sons won medals in the Great War, her only daughter served as a nurse, and she, herself, gave of her time and money without stint.

Two years ago, through financial loss, she had to give up her beautiful home in Montreal and to go to live in a tiny cottage five miles beyond the city.

Her sons and daughter have found employment and she is the home maker, doing all her own housework, making her own clothes and those of her daughter. I venture to say, that owing to her skill the two ladies are among the most stylish upon the streets of Montreal.

The last time I visited her, we spent a happy day digging up the potatoes in her garden. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, resting once in a while to admire the view of the St. Lawrence in the distance.

Thrift? Ah, yes, but what a cheerful giver. I have noticed Lady M.'s name in the subscription to the Children's Hospital for a large amount, a sum made possible by her work and thrift.

Her love of home? When one of her wealthy friends invited Lady M. to spend the winter as her guest in Florida, she exclaimed: "Oh, I couldn't go. What would my children do? I make a home for them."

And these splendid qualities of thrift and family affection are not confined to the older women only. I am thinking now of the pretty little French girl from whom I have bought my gloves for several years. She is another example of those who love their families so dearly that they save every penny in order to keep the home together. We have many little chats across the counter and we have become fast friends. The last time I was in the store I asked for Cape gloves.

Her dark brown bobbed head nodded vivaciously as she said:

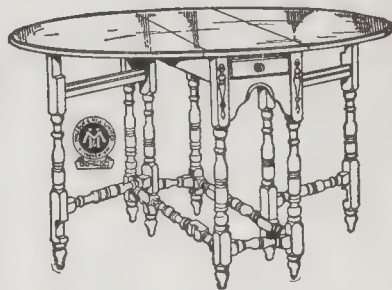
"I can recommend the Cape gloves, madame. They are economical, for they wear well."

"On second thoughts, I believe that I'll buy black gloves."

"Black? Oh yes, madame," adapting herself at once to my change of mind. "Black is always worn. Myself, I always wear black to match my dress."

Glancing at her smartly tailored black dress, I realized that in the three years I had known her, she had never once had

Continued on page 85



Furniture of Character

ONE of the ancient philosophers said: "A person will live up or down, as the case may be, to his or her surroundings."

Those who are interested in making refined homes will find in No-Mar Furniture a means of gratifying their love of the beautiful.

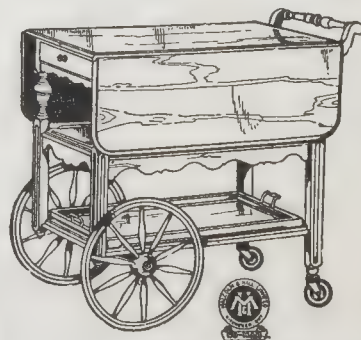
For No-Mar Furniture is furniture of character, and offers excellent opportunities to exercise your individual taste and make your home conform to your personal ideals of refined comfort.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

They Come and They Go

By Kathleen Strange

"GOING, going, gone!"

The familiar words, rasped out in the raucous voice of the prairie auctioneer, came to me as I stood, a few afternoons ago, in the littered farm yard of a neighbour.

With a loyalty that is particularly characteristic of Western Canadian country folks, we had all gathered together at the sale this gusty May afternoon in an endeavour, by bidding lustily the one against the other for that pile of worldly possessions hastily dumped around the desolate looking house, to make it a financial success and thus enable the good people who were leaving to make a fresh start in a new country with at least some little capital. Indeed, prices many times reached a height altogether out of proportion to the value of the articles offered—an evidence far more of goodwill towards the owners than any selfish acquisitive motive on the part of the purchasers.

"Going, going, gone!"

Gone, I thought, not only the worn and weathered looking pieces of furniture and personal property that the auctioneer was holding up for our bids, but gone, too, the hopes and aspirations and endeavours of six years of hard work and striving in an impossible situation.

"Nothing but a bunch of old sticks," I heard someone remark amongst the crowd. Old sticks, however, that had constituted a home and all that a home means—the intimate lovable associations of family life, the fears, the set-backs, the heartaches, the joys and the triumphs shared together.

It was for this that the tears were still wet upon the cheeks of my friend, the owner of that little deserted home, and I could understand her sadness even though this disruption in her life meant the opportunity for making a new start in a new environment under more congenial conditions.

I returned home with a heavy heart, not because these people were, through sheer force of circumstances, about to leave their farm, but because I was losing a good neighbour and a good friend. Indeed, I think they were very wise to leave.

Here is their story. They were a Canadian-born, city-bred family—the husband a returned soldier—who came out on to the prairies at the end of the War with the idea of providing a home and a future for their children. They have spent six years here and have put up a good fight to make a success of what turned out to be an impossible situation. It was, in this instance, the case of the wrong family on the wrong piece of land, at the wrong time—a combination of circumstances difficult, if not impossible, to overcome. Had one of these wrong things been right, they might have had a fighting chance. They might have held on, at all events until the value of their land appreciated—as all this Western land undoubtedly will appreciate within the next few years—when their efforts would finally have been rewarded.

In addition to their wrong location, neither of their four children cared for farm life, and close association with it, instead of breeding in them love of land, bred in them a contrary spirit. They came to dislike it to an extent that their lack of enthusiasm and co-operation with their parents acted as a kind of millstone that hung about all their necks and hampered progress and happiness. The eldest boy, for instance, loved printing and newspaper work, and sometime ago followed his natural bent by going to where that kind of occupation could be easily obtained—a United States city. In a short time he was doing exceedingly well and it was this son who eventually sent for the entire family to join him. The daughter, a girl of twenty, wanted a business career and became a stenographer in a nearby town, coming home to the farm at only the rarest intervals. The rest of the family would undoubtedly very soon have followed suit had not the parents decided that it was time for them all to make a change. They were courageous and wise, I think, in thus frankly admitting defeat and starting out to try all over again at something for which they were better fitted. I am sure that this particular family will be much happier and will achieve much better success in the city.

I SOMETIMES wonder, in reading the statistics of families leaving Canada for other countries, how many of them are not due to just this kind of thing. That is, if they are not a major part of the continual drift that is taking place, the world over, from the farm to the city.

There is, however, a very much brighter side to this picture.

The very week that this family left, two families arrived in the district from England, both with sufficient funds to purchase farm homes of their own. Both of them, however, were fortunate enough to come across one who gave them the wise advice to hire out for at least a year before purchasing. They have now found jobs in our own community and there is little doubt that, if eventually they decide to settle here, they will not repeat the mistakes of the family who have just left but will become, instead, the right people on the right farms with every prospect of becoming contented and prosperous settlers.

We see, in this side of the picture, an exemplification of the continual drift that is taking place, the world over, into Canada, and from the city to the farm.

One fact impresses me very forcibly in regard to these two particular English families with whom I have come into recent contact. Only by a narrow chance did they fail to immediately jump in and buy a farm, when, with their utter lack of experience, especially of Western farm experience, their chances of success would have been very slight. How exceedingly fortunate for them that they happened across a disinterested person who gave them the right advice!

It seems to me that the time has come when it should be impossible for any newcomers to Canada to fail to have the opportunity of receiving disinterested advice—after they get here. Conditions in the Old Country are so absolutely different from those out in Canada, and indeed, the Old Country conception of life in the West is usually so utterly wrong that newcomers are bound to undergo a lot of unnecessary hardships and even sufferings if they are allowed to start in on their own without the advice of practical farm people, and without some really practical experience first of this country and its ways.

I believe that prosperity and happiness in Canada are assured to those who tackle it in the right spirit and under the right guidance. These hundreds of new settlers who are coming in almost daily nowadays have amongst them the nucleus of a splendid new generation of fine and worthy Canadians. Let us see to it that we do not fail in our mission of giving them a helping hand, a warm welcome, and the right kind of advice when they do come.

An Autumn Morn

By A. J. Adcock

An autumn morn:

The rising mist gives place to sunshine gay.

*O'er distant hills looms up a mad mirage
Of castles grim and gray.*

Your mood is changed:

*A winter afternoon draws to its close.
The Eastern sky is dyed in pastel tints
Of purple, blue and rose.*

The sun sinks low;

The Western gates of day swing open wide;

*A flaming glory trembles in the air—
A glimpse of Heav'n inside.*

O prairie skies!

*Of all your pictures this—God's
Masterpiece—
Enthralls me till, in adoration mute,
My soul is on its knees.*

Whatsoever stress some may lay upon it, a deathbed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to put our all upon.
—O. W. Holmes.

What the World Expects of Women Today

In society—in business—demands the discarding of makeshift hygienic methods



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Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

THE lives of women today are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is *expected*. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days.

Thus makeshift hygienic methods had to go. There is a *new* way. A way that supplants the uncertainty of old-time methods with scientific security.

You meet *all* exactments every day. You wear filmiest frocks and sheerest things without a second's thought. You meet every day in confidence . . . unhandicapped, *at your best*.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

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The Toy That Came Into Its Own

By Emma Mauritz Larson

THERE is much talk this year of the fact that 1926 marks the half-hundredth anniversary of the telephone. And it is true that in March, 1876, Alexander Graham Bell succeeded in talking to his assistant over the wires in the city of Boston. And in that same month he took out the patent for the "Sound Box," that has proven the most valuable patent in the world.

But the telephone is really almost two years older than that, and its beginning was made in Brantford, Canada. The Canadian neighbors called the young man by his second name, Graham. It was easier to distinguish him from his father, who was also Alexander Bell. The grandfather, too, had that now famous name. He lived in the Scottish city of Edinburgh, and it was there that young Alexander Graham Bell was born. It was not until his young manhood that the family, having lost two sons, decided to try a new climate. They felt the keen necessity of this, because Graham had become very frail.

So the father and mother and two sons came to Canada and chose to make their home at Brantford. They had a sort of family profession, that of teaching speech, as we would now call it Public Speaking or Elocution. The grandfather and uncles in Scotland had done the same thing. And this father and his son were following that line of work too. Graham had begun at only sixteen to teach himself, and he eagerly seized the chance to learn all he could about the human voice and its use under great lecturers in London.

He had plenty of family pride to spur him on to try to do new and original work, for his grandfather had invented a mechanism to help stammerers to speak better. And his father had been deeply interested in those who could not talk, the deaf and dumb, and had invented a sign language for them which was called "a visible language."

Even though he was far from well when he arrived in Canada young Graham had many ideas flitting around in his head that he hoped to be able to catch and make something real of. As he lay in the hammock he tried to figure out clearly how he could do even more for the deaf and dumb than his father had done by inventing the sign language. It had been discovered by this time that not all of the deaf and dumb had imperfect voice boxes. They did not speak simply because they had never heard anyone speak.

So while Graham was growing stronger in the bracing air of his new home he tried to originate a way to teach the dumb to speak. And when he was later well enough to work he accepted a position to teach speaking in Boston University and taught in the deaf and dumb school too. It was very difficult work, both for himself and the deaf and dumb students, but he did teach them slowly and triumphantly to talk.

But before that time while he was still in Brantford getting well he had another bee buzzing around in his Scotch bonnet. The idea had come from a lecture he had heard in London about the human ear. And he was thinking that if the thin membrane in the ear could vibrate and control much bigger bones that he ought to be able to make a machine that could do the same. When he discovered that sounds would make certain materials vibrate he went on even more eagerly to study the whole thing out.

It was a thrilling day when Graham Bell got the idea that if he could have a musical sound vibrate a metal membrane and then catch it in a wire, perhaps it would run along that wire, and if he could make another piece of mechanism, perhaps he could get the sound off again as it had gone on the metal. It would really be a musical telegraph. The regular telegraph was now forty years old and considered a great benefit to mankind, as it sent messages by dots and dashes.

So he got his friends interested in this possibility of a musical telegraph, and some of them were willing to back him in the long and expensive work that would be necessary to perfect it. While he was still in Brantford he managed to send a message over a wire to Paris, eight miles away.

That was a great beginning, the birth of the telephone. But it was not possible to have his machine return any reply.

It only worked in one direction. It could not "talk back."

In fact at first it could not *talk* at all, it could just sound any of the musical notes that you could strike on the piano. And when the young teacher of speech finally determined to go on with his experimenting and try to make an instrument that would actually carry words in the human voice a strange thing happened. He was working almost day and night on it by this time, staying up in his Boston boarding house long after he ought to have been asleep. But the friends, who had been willing to back him in making a musical telegraph, thought his new idea very foolish, and they would have nothing to do with it.

"You are not likely to ever succeed in getting the human voice in real words over a wire," they said. "But even if you should, of what use would it be?"

It seems incredible now that they should so have failed to see the value of the telephone. But even after March, 1876, when Alexander Graham Bell had succeeded in making an instrument that could not only talk but "talk back," they said, "Well, it's only a toy. It will amuse people for a little while."

THE work of making the machine had been especially hard because the young man knew almost nothing of electricity. He was not a mechanic at all. But an older man, an electrician, to whom he appealed said, "You've got a fine idea. Go ahead and learn enough about electricity to do the whole thing yourself." And that is what Graham Bell did, studied electricity as he went on with his teaching of the deaf and dumb.

But if he wasn't an electrician or a mechanic it now proved to be a useful thing that he was a trained speaker. When he needed money badly to go on with his work he went out lecturing and earned it. He took his new instrument with him, and talked about that. And he made it interesting enough so that people came to hear him. But probably not one out of a thousand in the audience thought of it as anything but a curiosity. They did not dream that some day every store and many, many homes would have this curiosity and consider it almost indispensable.

The Americans were having a great fair that year of the patent at Philadelphia, and Graham Bell sent his telephone to it as an exhibit. It was considered only a toy here, and the judges gave it an obscure corner and less than twenty words of description in the catalogue. Probably few of the earlier visitors to the fair even noticed it at all.

Then a wonderful thing happened, and on the one day that the young inventor was able to be in Philadelphia himself. He had no money to go, but was there then just because a pupil-friend urged it so strongly. And when the Judges promised to come around to his corner and let him demonstrate his telephone to them some time during the day it seemed good fortune indeed. They could not help seeing that there was something to it.

But the long day went by and they did not come. They were busy elsewhere on the big grounds. And when they reached the telephone corner they were so weary that they said they had just stopped a moment on the way home. That was a keen disappointment to Graham Bell, but he could only try to make the best of the fraction of time that they would stay.

But with them was an important guest, the Emperor of Brazil, who had been travelling about, even visiting the school for the deaf and dumb in Boston, to get new ideas for his own land. He was very cordial when he recognized young Professor Bell, whom he had seen teaching the dumb to speak in Boston. And he insisted on trying the new instrument, and was delighted at being able to carry on a conversation over a wire. Neither the judges nor the ruler from South America left the booth until ten at night, and the next day the exhibit was given a prominent place, and it came to be known as the most interesting thing in the whole fair.

But its practical value was very slow in being recognized. A year later there was only one telephone in New York City, a wire from the office to the factory

Continued on page 57



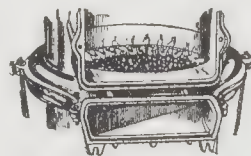
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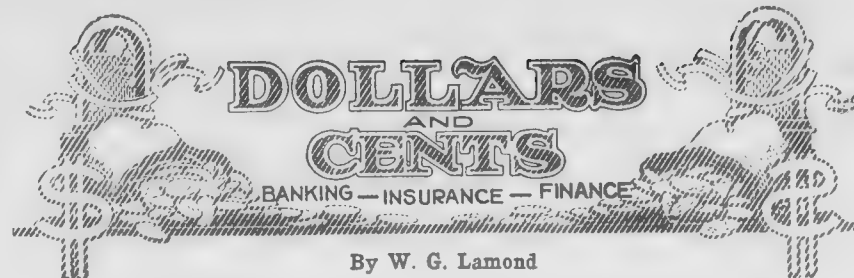
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"How about it, Daddy?"

I shall be all right,
but what about
Mother till I can
be her man?"

Great-West
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By W. G. Lamond

Favorable Crop Reports

WESTERN crop reports for the past weeks are most favorable, and the indications are that the wheat yield will be almost as large as in 1925. At the end of July, the situation was considered somewhat serious, as the result of extreme heat and drought had caused considerable damage but cool showery weather has had the effect of greatly benefiting the growing crops, and it is now expected that the wheat yield of the West will be almost as large as last year. Dominion government reports issued recently, gave the impression that the wheat crop would be down in the neighborhood of from 75 to 100 million bushels. This picture was altogether too pessimistic, although at that time the indications were that the wheat yield would be considerably reduced. This has now been changed and the outlook for a very large crop is exceedingly good. The weather has not been very good for harvesting and what is required now is warmer weather, and drier conditions. Harvesting is general all-over the West, and threshing has commenced. There has been little damage this year from frost or rust.

Manitoba's Crop

THE three prairie provinces have come through exceedingly well, all the crop hazards and vicissitudes of weather. The province of Manitoba will, on the whole, have the best crop, although the recent reports from Saskatchewan indicate that a general improvement has taken place recently. Saskatchewan will again produce a very large crop. Cutting is well advanced in the province, probably 50 per cent. completed at this writing. Some excellent yields are reported, and it will not be surprising if the total yield of the three provinces is as good as last year.

President E. W. Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, interviewed last week, is most optimistic at the conditions that exist in Canada today. He remarked that in consequence of the satisfactory crops of the past three years, and the splendid crop being harvested this year, conditions in Western Canada are better now than at any time since the war. In speaking of immigration, President Beatty said: "There are many ways in which immigration can be further encouraged, the principal being the provision in Great Britain of additional training farms for agriculture, these to be sufficient in number to enable a steady supply of many thousands of young Englishmen, who are physically fit and who have been trained in the rudiments of agriculture. When conditions become a little more definitely settled industrially, it is more than likely that the immigration of skilled artisans ought likewise to be encouraged."

July Sales of Life Insurance Reveal Increase of 6 Per Cent.

CANADA shows an increase of 6 per cent. over July last year, with \$40,101,000 new business paid for by companies having in force 84 per cent. of the total outstanding business in Canada, according to figures just issued by the Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau at Hartford, Connecticut. This is an increase of \$2,430,000 over the sales of last July. The report includes the production of new paid-for business, exclusive of revivals, increases, dividend additions, reinsurances from other companies and group insurance.

All provinces in the Dominion, excepting British Columbia and Manitoba, show improved conditions. Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia lead with gains of 34 per cent. and 16 per cent. respectively. The increases range from 7 per cent. in Ontario to the record gain of 34 per cent. in Saskatchewan.

The records of the cities vary widely. Improvement for July is most noticeable

in Quebec, which shows a 30 per cent. gain, and Winnipeg, which shows a 16 per cent. gain.

The amount of insurance purchased this year aggregated \$268,918,000, an increase of \$24,154,000 or ten per cent. over the same months in 1925. Every province in the Dominion shares in the general gain for the first seven months. Sales in Saskatchewan show the greatest increase for the year to date, with a 28 per cent. gain. Ontario and Quebec, in which over 65 per cent. of the business has been sold this year, show increases of 6 per cent. and 12 per cent. respectively, for the year to date. Montreal leads the cities for the first seven months with a 14 per cent. gain over the same period of last year.

The gain in the twelve months ended July, 1926, over the preceding twelve months, is 10 per cent. Every province shares in the gain.

New Brunswick Insurance Tax

THE additional tax of one-half of two per cent. tax on insurance companies provided by the New Brunswick Corporations Tax Act of 1920 has been reduced to one-half of one per cent. of the net premiums of all insurance companies by order-in-council.

Dye Production in Canada Increases

PRODUCTION of inks, dyes and colors industry in Canada was valued at \$2,749,807 in 1925, an increase of 3 per cent. over the total of \$2,656,400 for the previous year, according to a statement issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa.

Plants making inks, dyes and colors represent a capital investment in Canada of \$2,669,720. Purchased materials used during the year cost \$968,830 and the value added by manufacturing at \$1,780,977 was only \$68,000 less than the record of 1919 and with this one exception it was the greatest since the Bureau commenced collecting annual statistics in 1917. This industry afforded employment over the year to an average of 403 people, paid \$677,077 in salaries and wages and expended \$26,350 for fuel and electricity.

Of the 27 plants engaged in this line of production 14 were located in Ontario, 6 in Quebec, 3 in British Columbia, 2 in Manitoba, and one each in Alberta and New Brunswick.

Imports of inks, dyes and colors into Canada were valued at \$3,850,502 in 1925, exports at \$3,179, so that with a home production worth \$2,749,807, the Canadian consumption reached a value of \$6,597,130.

Growing Importance of Montreal

THE annual report of the Harbor Commissioners of Montreal, covering operations in 1925, contains statistics indicating the growing importance of Montreal as an export port, not only for grain but for other commodities. Despite the fact that Montreal has only seven months of navigation in each year, it has consistently held first place since 1921 amongst the seaports of the world in respect of grain shipments. Exports of grain from the port last year created another world "record" with 166,212,335 bushels. The shipments were divided about equally between the liners and tramp ships. Most of the tramps came in light, but the Commissioners express the belief that the development of the importation of British coal will remove this disadvantage of shipping. During last season, 94 tramps came in fully loaded with coal, while 331 tramp ships took out full cargoes of grain, so that almost one-third of this number had cargoes in both directions.

Grain represented 76 per cent. of the total tonnage exported. The shipments of Canadian grain amounted to 113,399,236 bushels compared with 95,054,716 bushels in 1924, while the

Continued on page 112



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A public appreciation, never rivalled in all the great receptions accorded past Hudsons, has swept the New Hudson to the greatest heights of its long leadership.

The New Brougham, larger, wider, with this strong, rigid new all-aluminum body, and rich, smart and lasting colors, is commanding the largest sales on record for this always favorite model.

With the new Coach and the new Sedan, it scores Hudson's highest value achievement. Each is more

striking and distinctive. Each is a triumph of body quality and comfort. Each is mechanically the finest expression of Super-Six design, with chassis advancements substantially increasing gasoline mileage, and giving even greater performance and reliability.

The result of more than eleven years' experience in building more than 850,000 cars on the Super-Six principle, these New Hudsons are in all ways the finest ever built.

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10-day tubes of Palmolive Shaving Cream, free,
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Its success is a national sensation. Thousands of men, once wedded to rival preparations, are flocking to it. Eight in ten who try it become enthusiastic.

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We are the makers of Palmolive Toilet Soap. Are soap experts, as you know.

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You may think your present cream is supreme. But you can't be sure without trying this new creation.

Let us send you a tube... both for your sake and for ours. We'll rest our case on what you find. Send the coupon. Mail it before you forget.

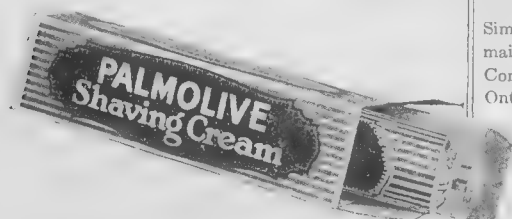
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This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A COMPANY is incorporated and obtains from another joint stock company a lease for one year of premises owned and formerly used by the latter company. The lease is for a period of one year and is signed on behalf of each company by the manager, but the seal of neither company is affixed. Subsequently at the expiration of the lease the landlord writes to the tenant and offers to renew the lease for a further period of three years, which lease is accepted by the tenant. After some length of time the tenant finds that through business depression it is unable to pay the rent agreed upon and a new verbal agreement is entered into whereby the landlord agrees to accept a reduced rent provided the arrears are paid up on the new basis, and further provided that the old rent shall come back into force if in the opinion of the landlord business conditions should warrant it. The arrears were paid up and for the remainder of the term the tenant paid at the reduced rent. After it had paid its final cheque, the landlord suddenly demanded the difference between the old rent and the amount paid in accordance with the new agreement. Is the landlord legally entitled to succeed in his claim?

We must first disabuse our minds of any question as to the moral aspect of the issue. The spheres of morality and law have been well likened to intersecting circles of such a nature that part of either may be outside the domain of the other. In this case therefore we must look solely to the forms as required by law.

In the first place it is settled law that the payment of a smaller sum in settlement of a larger sum, even though accepted as such, is not a good discharge of the obligation. For instance, John Smith owes Thomas Brown \$100.00. Brown demands payment and agrees to accept one-half the sum in full payment. The money is paid and thereafter Brown demands payment of the other half. Smith must pay up because of the rules stated above. If Smith had given a new consideration such as his note or anything else no matter what its value might be, he would have been discharged. A sufficient consideration would be settlement of the amount if it were in dispute, a forbearance to enter action, an agreement to compromise a suit, the giving of a negotiable instrument such as a cheque or promissory note.

In Manitoba by statute it is expressly provided that if the creditor accepts the sum so paid in writing or if the debtor carried out his bargain the debt is ended, but this is the only province of which the writer is aware where such a provision holds.

Secondly it might be well contended that there is no valid lease in existence. The ordinary layman does not realize that whenever a company enters into a contract outside the ordinary routine of business it must affix the seal of the company in order to make it binding. This rule does not apply to matters of daily occurrence or trifling importance, falling within the scope of the powers given to the company by its charter. In this case a machinery company rented to a storage company and the lease is void because the matter does not fall within the rule.

Again a company can only enter into contracts which are within its powers. For instance a machinery company could not enter into a contract affecting the manufacture of chewing gum nor could a company formed to propagate the gospel engage in the business of promoting the sale of infidel works. The company must stick to the business for which it was incorporated. It is not the business of a machinery company to

lease buildings to companies carrying on business of an entirely different nature.

It is true that in some provinces companies are given the power by express legislation, but the general rule applies in cases where such legislation has not been enacted. The contract in question, centreing around objects outside of the jurisdiction of the company is null and void and the storage company is thus relieved from paying any rent at all. If it has paid any money, of course, these sums cannot be collected, but any present or future liability is at an end.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

Q. A bought a farm from B on half crop payments. Both A and B are pool members. Has A got to accept a receipt for his payment from B for the amount per bushel received through the pool, or can A claim a receipt for payment of so much per bushel, basis open market on the day he wishes to deliver B's share? Kindly give legal form for any transaction entered into as mentioned above, when both parties are members of the pool, and when A is a pool member and B is not a pool member, or when B is a pool member and A is not a pool member. (2) C rented a farm from D on the usual crop share contract. C also owns a farm and has signed a contract with the pool, but D's farm was not signed into the pool. Has C to deliver his grain into the pool that was grown on D's farm? At the time of signing pool contract C had only signed the contract for all grain grown on his own farm.—Subscriber.

A. (1) It is a matter of agreement. If the agreement for sale does not specifically stipulate how the value of the grain is arrived at it will probably be held that the credit due to A is fixed by the market price for such grain on date of delivery. This will almost certainly be the construction placed on the agreement if it was signed before the creation of the pool. Lack of space and lack of particulars prevent giving form of agreement. The parties can make any agreement they desire. If the agreement is already signed we would advise the exchange of letters agreeing on whether credit should be for pool price or track price. (2) We have not C's pool contract before us, but judging from the facts stated, the pool can have no claim on grain grown on the rented farm.

Q. I bought some store fixtures from a man who gave me a bill of sale. I got a little behind in my payments and he got the bailiff to seize part of goods. Now that wasn't a chattel mortgage and can he seize the goods and how can I get them back?—E.G.P.

A. If the bailiff had no chattel mortgage or lien agreement to seize under, the seizure is illegal. To recover the goods you may either replevy them or sue for declaration that you are entitled to them or their value. To replevy the goods cash or a bond of the value of the goods is deposited in court, pending the outcome of the litigation. Meanwhile the goods are delivered to you, the bond being the other person's security for compensation in case the court decides against you.

Q. I bought a Ford ton truck from a salesman for a local dealer. I bought said truck under conditions such as this: he was to supply me with work at the rate of \$12.25 per day for a period of three months. He said he had work for me, working for a certain company and that I could get a written guarantee for three months' work at \$12.25 per day plus gas and oil. He kept on putting me off so I began to see it was nothing else but a false pretense, so I got hold of him and he said I was to go on another job. When I got to this place

there was no work for me. The man I saw here gave me an address to go to. At this place I went into the hole to the sum of \$100.00, so I gave it up. Now the finance corporation threaten to sue me. What can I do?—Troubled.

A. You have a right of action for misrepresentation against the salesman who sold you the car but you probably would have no right to claim anything against the finance corporation. If your finance contract was made directly with the finance company then they were presumably innocent parties and not being privy to the fraud you could have no rights against them and they would be entitled to enforce their lien agreement against you. However, if your lien agreement was made with the salesman and discounted by him with the finance company then you still have the same rights against the finance company that you had against the salesman. Your right of action against the salesman would be for damages which would be fixed at the amount which you were able to prove he represented would be paid to you, less the amount which you actually earned over the same period.

Wealth

WHAT we, at the long last, have to carry out of this world when we make our exit depends solely upon how the interim between entrance and exit has been passed. For we take no luggage, we take no money. All we carry is—what we are; and, perhaps, in some subtle manner, what we have done. Though it is true that what we are accounts for what we do, yet it cannot be gainsaid that what we do reacts in its turn upon what we are. But upon what we are depends, in the ultimate, everything; and for the whole of the way upon life's march. "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself; nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principle," declares Emerson.

What we are we have, and that is all we have that is of strict avail. What availed Midas? Not the gold which he thought was his heart's desire, but the love which gave him his heart's desire and gave him the humility and the urgency to attain it. Does heart-piercing trouble come? All a man's vast possessions do but gape inanely and with horrid vacancy at him, each turning a helpless face. Even a man's friends can but stand by in mute and vain solicitude.

The man himself has to meet it, face it, bear it, deal with it, and upon those forces he has within himself which he can rally to the crisis depends in what way he suffers—to his ennoblement or his despair. Is a great task laid upon a man? He, he alone, however much (or little) he may be assisted by other workers or by his conditions, he alone must, by the force of his indomitable soul, carry it through, if it is to be carried through. "It is not what happens to us that matters, but what we do with it."

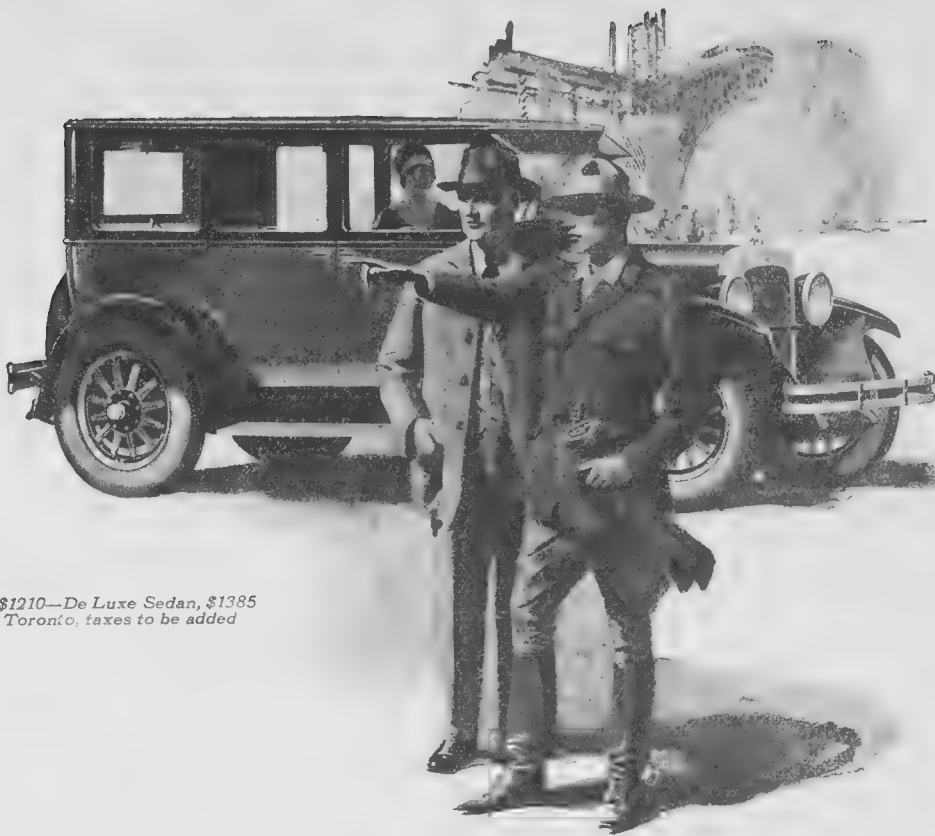
The Bluebell

When God made the sky so very, very blue,
And gave to lake and sea a shade to match its hue,
I think he said, "Where shall I find
On earth a blue so to my mind?"

"Blue is in the air, and in the water,
blue,
To make the whole complete the earth
must have her due,
That air and sea and earth rejoice
In one harmonious, joyful voice."

So, once a year, in Spring, when earth
is young and gay,
When birds all mate and sing, and new
flowers ope each day,
God paints the wild-wood floor so blue
It matches sky and ocean too.

Little children look and see God's
scheme come true,
And pick the pretty flower with scented
bells hung blue,
And say, "A smile from God it fell,
The graceful, nodding Spring bluebell."
—Annie S. Waples, in The Schoolmaster.



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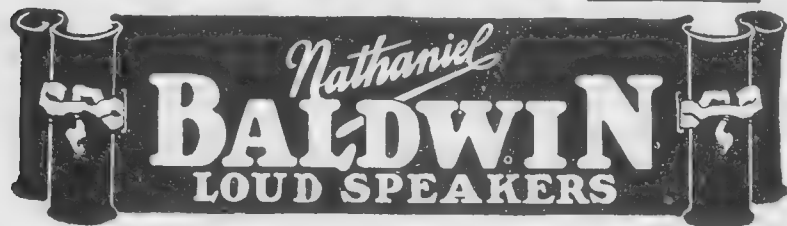
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Radio News

THE Manitoba Radio Association and the American Relay League were the sponsors of the second Annual Radio Show which was held at the Royal Alexandra Hotel during the week starting September 13. Feature presentations to the public were made by each of these organizations and the large crowds that thronged the exhibition were delighted with the displays made by the many important firms taking part. Demands for space in the show were far ahead of last year and the directors are to be congratulated on the success of the undertaking.

From out the far north, above the Arctic circle, will soon come the call letters of c-5AO, the station which Constable Timbury, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, will operate this winter. The set is at present on its way to Pond's Inlet, North Baffinland, where Constable Timbury is stationed, and as soon as the "Boethic" leaves it at the post, we can expect to hear c-5AO on the air.

The station will be the farthest north amateur station in the world, and the only one of its kind operated by the R.C.M.P. It will endeavor to get in touch with all Canadian amateurs, those in the United States, England and France and perhaps even more distant countries. Constable Timbury is an experienced operator and has had a short wave receiver at the post during the last year. He has been a British radio operator for five years, serving in various places throughout the world.

The set was built by Robert Foster, of Montreal, who last year went north as radio operator aboard the C.G.S. Arctic. Owing to the lack of electric power at Pond's Inlet the transmitter was made to operate with dry cell tubes, and for a set of this kind has been quite successful, distances in excess of two thousand miles having been covered in numerous tests. A new receiver also accompanies the transmitter.

Every Canadian amateur is asked to listen for c-5AO, to operate him if at all possible, and to report progress to American Radio Relay League headquarters. He will use wavelengths ranging from twenty meters to perhaps eighty, and he will certainly be found on 52.51 meters, our own Canadian wave.

WITH the recent award of the first Popular Radio Conspicuous Service Medal to two radio amateurs, Harry Drew (of Fargo, North Dakota) and George Reynolds (of Manitoba, Canada), public recognition is bestowed after a lapse of three years upon two young men who, under adverse conditions, and with but meagre equipment, waged a battle over the ether lanes to get a doctor to an expectant mother.

In 1923 the condition of the wife of the mill superintendent at Selkirk Mines, a lonely outpost in northern Manitoba, took a sudden turn for the worse, and it became apparent that a doctor would have to be called in immediately. But with the nearest physician in Winnipeg, nearly two hundred miles to the south, across frozen lakes and snow-swept trails, and with no telegraph or telephone connection of any sort between Winnipeg and the Mines, the outlook was anything but encouraging. Apparently the only means of communication was a trip by dog-sledge, and with the condition of the trails at that time to contend with, this would mean a four-day journey at least.

It was at this point that the services of George Reynolds, a radio amateur working at the mines, were solicited, and shortly afterwards, working under the Call 4AG, he was broadcasting the call for help. For a day he tried patiently with his hastily constructed

apparatus to get an answer, but with no success. Finally, on the second day, communication was established with American amateur station 9EBT, operated by Harry Drew, at Fargo, North Dakota, and shortly afterwards the details of the emergency were being flashed by telegraph from Fargo to the mine company's offices at Winnipeg. This information arrived just in time to secure the services of a doctor who was starting for another region in the north. Immediately changing his plans, and travelling day and night, he arrived at the mines in time to perform the ceremony.

Evidences multiply daily regarding the useful service rendered by radio to various classes of the community at large, and more particularly so to those citizens whose habitat is far removed from the populous centres. The most recent testimonial of this character comes from Chesterfield Inlet. Those who are curious and desire to locate Chesterfield Inlet will take their maps and quickly find it in the north of Hudson Bay, where it offers an outlet for a series of streams and rivers which flow through Keewatin District.

In that remote area priests and lay brothers of the Oblate Order labor among the scattered peoples and ordinarily these missionaries have few contacts with more advanced civilization, and such contacts are separated by long intervals of time. New modern science through the medium of radio is bridging these spaces and how this is done is best told in a letter which has been forwarded to A. R. McEwan, Director of Radio, Canadian National Railways.

The writer of the letter is Brother Pigeon, and in acknowledging reception of a programme from CNRO, Ottawa, he says:

"Let me tell you now in a few words about radio. A charitable person gave us a receiving apparatus so that we can better enjoy our dreadful solitude in these ice deserts. We heartily thank that person who so generously furnished the missionaries with a little bit of the joys of the civilized world. Here are a few results from the radio apparatus. We heard many a time Ottawa and Montreal. What a joy for us all in hearing of our homes. We knew the results of the last Federal elections as soon as you did yourself. We also gathered a message sent to the Hudson Bay Company asking for help for the Eskimo living in Southampton Island who were threatened by a famine because the boat could not reach them with food last summer.

"Could we have a few items of news from your locality we would indeed be pleased if you would broadcast them. Since we can pick up your station it is a delightful pleasure to hear 'voices from home.'"

Arrangements have now been made to answer the request of the distant missionaries and from time to time CNRO will furnish them with items of interest.

CNRO has been very successful in reaching a wide area from Ottawa and has furnished programmes of news and entertainment over a vast territory throughout the North. The station has now resumed broadcasting after an interval of a fortnight during which time new apparatus was installed making the station one of the most modern in Canada.

A Marked Error

Gino: Where'd you get that black eye, old top?
Raymond: That's a birth-mark.
Gino: Oh, I see now!
Raymond: That's right. I tried to get into the wrong berth.

The Toy That Came Into Its Own

Continued from page 51

of a man who had a wire factory. In another year 250 men in the city had been persuaded to install it, and their names were printed on a single card. That was the first telephone directory of the city, that a half century later has a million and a half telephones. Today there are more phones in a single great office building or railroad station than there were in the early eighties in the whole city. And six million calls are handled at the great switchboards in over one hundred and fifty exchanges every day. The operators who work for the telephone company now would make a good sized city themselves, for there are nineteen thousand of such workers in New York.

But when people began to change their notion about the telephone being only a toy it was like a fairy tale to see how the use of the Talking Box spread. One strange and handy thing about it was that it could speak not only English, the language of the young man who had invented it, but any language on the face of the globe. Gradually its use has spread until in remote parts of the earth the telephone is known.

Many inventors have not lived to see the success of their inventions, but Alexander Graham Bell lived to a hearty old age, a score of years into the twentieth century. So he saw the full success of his toy, which came into its own.

Honors were showered on him from every quarter. But perhaps nothing meant more to him than the fact that Canada in 1917 erected a memorial to him at Brantford, where as a half-invalid lad he had recovered his health and kept his mind busy at the same time on making a machine that would work like the membrane in the human ear.

It is to the honor of Canada itself that the government and private gifts brought the total sum up to \$67,000, and that the matter was not delayed until after the death of the inventor. He was able to be there at the exercises, his black eyes shining as ever, even though his hair had turned snow white. Very happily he recalled in his speech the first attempts to make the instrument, the trial between Brantford and Paris, and the fact that it was here that he started daringly even to try to write out the patent specifications so that when it was finished the instrument might be admitted to patent rights.

It pleased him much, too, that the funds raised not only erected the monument but bought the house where the Bell family lived in these first years after coming from Scotland. It stands on Tutela heights at Brantford, and many people visit it each year as the birthplace of the telephone, one of the most useful machines ever made by any man.

So in the world celebration of the half century of the telephone Canada has its important part, and Graham Bell's memory will always mean much to all Canadians. But most of all he seems to belong to the young people, for if he hadn't stuck to his idea as a young man when it was called only a foolish dream or a useless toy, there would not have been an instrument that is ready to carry instantly every message that we wish to send over one mile or a hundred or even a thousand in direct, clear human speech.

A Homesteader's Reverie

By Frank Miell

*I lie on the couch-bed dreaming
Of a summer newly spent,
A summer of memories streaming
Through a fall of wonderment.*

*Through the haze of the blue smoke
curling
To the peeled spruce rafters above,
I see a face unfurling,
The face of the girl I love.*

*There's an ache that is stealing, stealing
Through my soul this dark still night;
And I long for the touch so healing
Of loved hands, sweet and light.*

*But I know that her spirit is near me;
I can hear her voice soft and clear;
And the words she is speaking to cheer
me
Are: "I love you. Good-night, dear."*



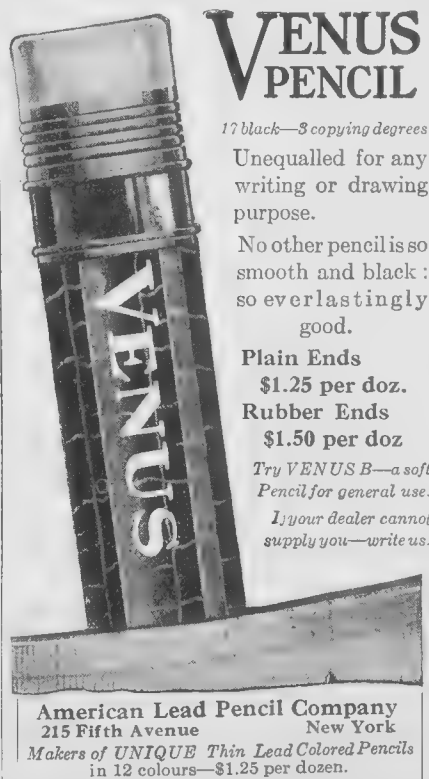
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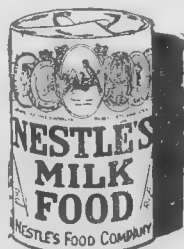
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Explaining Things

By Nestor Noel

EXPLAINING things! Just why should we explain things?

Many women think that when they have told children to do so and so, all the children have to do is to obey them. This often makes for revolt. Why not explain things to children?

When you simply must have silence, can you not tell the little ones that Mother is sick, that if they make a noise she may get worse? Can you not try to let them understand how much depends on their silence?

You should take children into your confidence, you should allow them to know your reasons for doing certain things.

Sometimes a child longs for an automobile, for instance. He knows other children's parents have one. Why cannot you have one too? You feel inclined to say briefly: "We cannot have one." You push the child away. He pouts. He thinks how hard you are. He may think all kinds of things. We little know what many children think! Why not tell that child that one day daddy may buy an automobile. Let him appreciate the things he has got. Let him see what sacrifices you have already made in order to give him things. Show how father and mother have to earn what he enjoys. Tell him that, one day, when he is bigger, he will earn things for himself and for you too if he chooses. He may even earn an automobile! This will make him feel his importance. Why do we always want to make children feel small?

Why do we say: "Go away. You will not understand." They would understand all right if we had a little patience and told them things.

Ah, the strange questions of children! "Why doesn't the moon shine during the day?"

"Why does the doctor always bring the Baby in a black bag?"

"Why does the apple fall to the ground?"

It is not so hard to answer these questions. We can explain about the greater light of the sun. We have a good chance to give a lesson in astronomy as we tell the child about the sun and moon.

We can answer about Life as we show that the doctor did not bring the new baby in a bag at all, that the bag was not bound to be black, but that the doctor had to carry a few necessary articles in order to make the baby's arrival safe for mother and baby too.

We can tell about Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the Law of Gravitation when we answer why the apple fell to the ground.

In going for a walk in the country and noticing the habits and colors of the birds we have a chance to give many a lesson on Nature. We can show how the color of birds resembles the grass, sand or bushes around them, so they can hide from their enemies.

If, for some reason, you cannot take a child with you when you have to go somewhere, why not tell him why he is left out? Maybe there is not room for him in the car, maybe there is illness where you are going, and the child would not care to go at all. You make a mystery of your visit, and then the child longs to go. If you had told him all about the visit, he might be glad to remain at home!

A child is always asking question if he be a normal child. He wants to know the How, Why, When and Where! He is right to ask questions.

How else can he learn about Life? Answer him as well as you can. Credit him with a little common sense. He has a reason for asking. If a mother does not know the answer to her child's questions, she can generally ask someone else, or she can say to the child: "That is a difficult question. Suppose we both look it up together?" Then she can get out the big dictionary and find out with her child exactly what he wants to know.

Accidentally, she will improve her own mind by so doing!

The child will not respect you less because you look up something.

The world is a puzzle. Life is a riddle. Are you not always asking questions yourself? Are you not always striving to find out about things? Your child is like you. The world puzzles him just as much, probably more. Life seems almost impossible to understand. You, his mother, can make it easier.

I have no boy. I have a little girl. From her tiniest infancy, she seems to have been asking me questions. I have answered all her questions according to my ability! I love her questions, though they are sometimes hard to answer. We are good chums. She knows that when there is something she wants explaining, I will explain it. Yes, I will, if I look in six books to do so!

"I'll ask mother," says a child. Sometimes another child says: "Your mother will not answer you, she will say you are bothering her." How lucky to be the child who can reply: "My mother will explain things to me. She always does. She knows everything!" Wonderful faith of children! They begin life by believing a great deal of good about us! We can keep up this belief, if we answer their questions. It seems to me a dreadful thing when a child discovers that mother does not know anything! What a moment it must be for the child! It seems to me that the average mother can keep her child's belief in her if she will take the trouble to answer that child's questions.

As a child asks about what it does not understand, we can see the workings of its mind. If we are smart, we should be able to discover what that child may be in later life. The child who is absorbed in one thing may not be interested in another. It is stupid to say: "Your sister does not pester me with questions!" Perhaps the sister would be all the better for asking a few more! We cannot learn unless we ask. We do not learn much, unless the wish to learn is back of our minds. It is so with children. You may try to cram them, but the intelligent child often learns more at home by asking questions than it does at school where it is afraid of the others laughing at him.

A child is sensitive. It may ask one question in order to lead up to another! Never mind. Get your child's confidence. In the end you will learn what he wants to know. A child sometimes puts a question in a strange form. Remember your own childhood. It cannot ask a question in your words, it must use its own. It has not a large vocabulary, so do not laugh at it. Laughing at a child's questions may make you lose your hold on the child for life. No child likes to be laughed at. He will not come to you again, if you treat his questions with disdain.

"What is the moon made of?" asks a child in real earnest. Shall the mother be ridiculous and say: "Oh, it is made of green cheese!" I have heard women answer questions in this strain. It was not to their credit. The child never believed them for long, probably not at all. The mother should give real, conscientious answers to a child's questions.

A woman to whom a child turns with every puzzle of life is to be envied.

A Garden

"A Garden is a lovesome thing,

God wot;

Fringed pool,

Ferned grot,

The veriest School of Peace,

And yet the fool

Contends that God is not.

God not in gardens! When the eve is cool!

Nay, but I have a sign.

'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

—Sir Thomas Browne.

Women's Institutes

A Message to the Women's Institutes From the Honorary President, Mrs. David Watt.

TO WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEMBERS

Community riches are counted in the coin of service.

This old world is affected with problems of every kind, all caused mainly because people are too selfishly busy with their own cares to think or give time or attention to those of others.

Good-will—individual good-will, community good-will, is what is needed most. This, combined with service for the benefit of all will promote contentment and happiness everywhere.

Birtle, August 7th, 1926.

JENNIE M. WATT.

Honor for a Canadian

AMONG those who had the honor of being elected to the National Executive of Women's Institutes of England is Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.B.E., formerly of Victoria, B.C. It was Mrs. Watt who first brought the idea of Women's Institutes to England from Canada and who founded the movement there in 1915. In ten years the membership has reached over 200,000 in rural districts. Other well known English women on the executive are: Lady Denman, president, Miss Grace Hadow, Mrs. Wintringham (the first English woman elected to the House of Commons), Miss Bouverie, Vicountess Boyne, Miss Dora Christie, Lady Margaret Boscawen, (Lord Byng's sister), Lady Dorothy Meynell, the Dowager Lady Suffield, Mrs. Drage, Countess of Listowel, Hon. Mrs. Dalgetty and Mrs. Holland-Martin. It is interesting to note that the election was by postal vote from all over England.

Visit from National President

"Miss Annie Stuart, president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, was among those who provided the 'high spots' in the excellent three days' convention of the recent fourteenth annual convention of the New Brunswick Women's Institutes," says Marianne Grey Otty, publicity convener of the N.B.W's. "They met in the historic legislative chamber of the parliament buildings," she continues, "where grave faces of by-gone legislators looked down from their gilt frames on a hundred or more bright-faced earnest New Brunswick women occupying the red plush chairs, carved with the British lion, sacred for so many years to masculine provincial leaders. Miss Stuart emphasized the value of—and simplicity of making wills. This idea received the heartiest approval of the N.B. government officials, who suggested that the Women's Institutes could render a real service by educating the people on this most important subject".

Congratulations from I.O.D.E.

The following message was received from the national executive committee of the I.O.D.E.: "That the National Committee now in session, wished to send its heartiest congratulations to the Women's Institutes of Canada for their splendid display and efforts at the Canadian National Exhibition. The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, through their Executive Committee wish to offer to the Women's Institutes their warm friendship in the great work they are doing in the rural communities throughout Canada."

Invited to the States

Mrs. H. M. Aiken, a prominent Ontario Women's Institute worker was invited recently to tell the story of the "Women's Institutes in Canada" in Chicago. Mrs. Aiken is superintendent of the Federated exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition.

New National Secretary

Mrs. A. H. Patterson of Hortonville, N.S., has been compelled through ill health to resign from the office of national corresponding secretary and Mrs. Charles A. Patriquin, Wolfville, N.S. has been appointed in her place.

France is Interested

The Red Cross Society of France has asked for the last biennial report of the Federated Institutes of Canada—showing that the Canadian Women's Institute

idea is rapidly becoming stronger in an international way.

Incorporated in Readers

A story of the Women's Institute movement has been incorporated in the Grade VIII. History Reader, in a series of Canadian History Readers which has just been compiled by Miss D. J. Dickie, and will be for supplementary reading use in the public schools. This movement is chronicled here as a very vital force in the history of community development.

New Superintendent, B.C. Institutes

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, who has held office of secretary of Women's Institutes for British Columbia since 1919, has been promoted recently to the position of superintendent. Mrs. MacLachlan succeeds Dr. Warnock, who has held this position in conjunction with that of Deputy Minister of Agriculture.



Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan who has just been appointed superintendent of the B.C. Institutes

By this appointment British Columbia will follow the practice of the other provinces, where the office of superintendent of Women's Institutes is distinct from the other offices of this department.

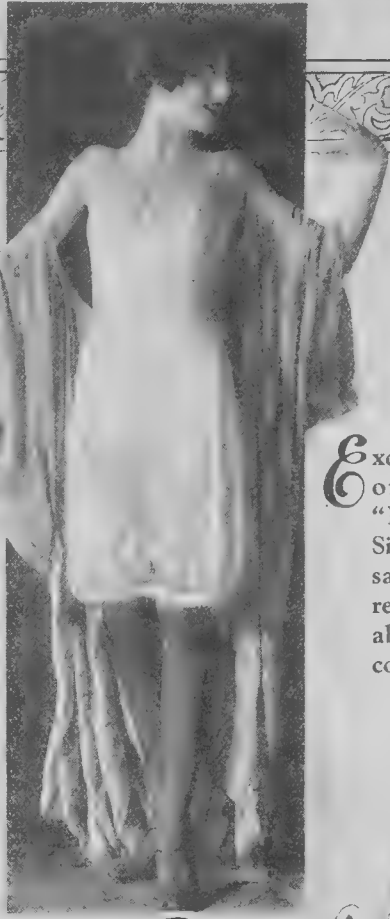
The promotion of Mrs. MacLachlan will be received with interest. It comes as a natural corollary to the energy she has put into her work, and this official recognition of her ability is also a gratifying mark of approval of the movement of which she is so ardent and enthusiastic an apostle.

Mrs. MacLachlan was appointed to the Department of Agriculture in the work of Women's Institutes in January, 1918. This was followed in July, 1919, by her appointment as secretary to the Women's Institute in which position she has remained until the present promotion.

She has also won national recognition, having represented British Columbia since 1921 on the Board of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada and for the past five years has occupied the position of national convener of the committee on Child Welfare and Public Health.

By ancestry and upbringing, as well as by inclination Mrs. MacLachlan is particularly well fitted to superintend this

Continued on page 79



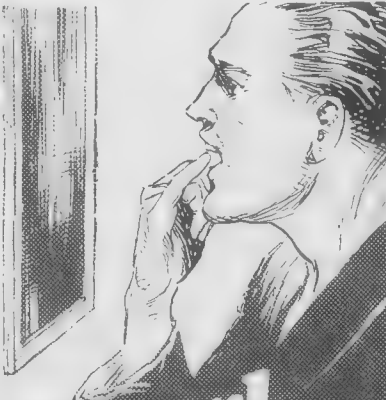
Exquisitely made on lines of rare refinement—"Niagara Maid" Glove Silk Under Garments are satisfying luxuries at a reasonable price. Obtainable in your favourite colours.

"Niagara Maid"
Glove Silk Underwear

A CANADIAN PRODUCT

Also Makers of "Niagara Maid" Silk Hosiery
"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves

Factories at Brantford



Pyorrhea

As a preventive it destroys germs—helps to keep gums firm—

Ask your dentist about

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all Druggists 75c

McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets Fine For Thin Undeveloped Kids

Children Love Them Because They Are Sugar Coated and as Easy to Take as Candy

It's your duty, Mother, to see that the frail, peaked, sickly youngster grows up to be strong in body, keen in mind and robust in health.

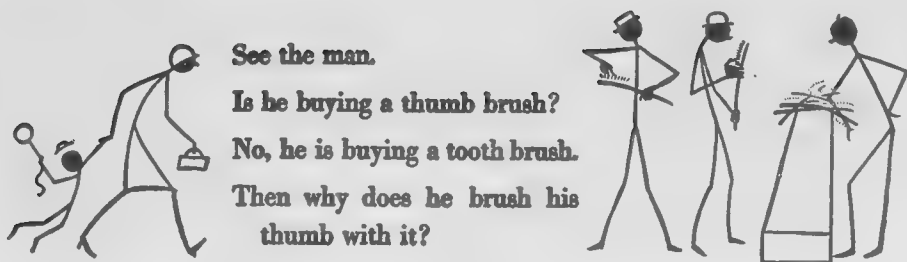
Extracted from the livers of the lowly codfish are the health, weight and strength producing vitamins that are found in McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, which are sold by pharmacists all over North and South America.

Doctors know about them and if your children need building up ask for these tablets today if you want to give your loved ones a good appetite and put pounds of good healthy flesh on their bones. But be sure and get McCoy's.

They are not expensive—60 tablets—60 cents and if you are not pleased with the improvement after 30 days—your druggist is authorized to return your money.

A very sickly child, age 9, gained 12 pounds in seven months and is strong and healthy.

One skinny woman gained 9 pounds in 24 days.



See the man.

Is he buying a thumb brush?

No, he is buying a tooth brush.

Then why does he brush his thumb with it?

How often has this happened to the tooth brush YOU buy?

BUYING tooth brushes by "rule of thumb" is as old as tooth brushes themselves. One after another the Thumb Brusher tries. He is a glutton for thumbing. He revels in it. The more, the merrier. Thumb! Thumb! Thumb!

Trays of tooth brushes are his especial joy. But think you a carton will stop him? Not the true addict! Open the box, says he. Let's try it on the thumb. Another—and another—and another!

Will the Thumb Brushers thumb the tooth brush you will ultimately buy? Probably—unless you use Dr. West's—sealed against Thumb Brushers!

Sterilized, sanitary, your Dr. West's Tooth Brush is packed in a sealed glassine container. Inside the usual box.

In the handy display cabinet on your druggist's counter are samples of every type of Dr. West's. Put there to be thumbed. They won't go into anyone's mouth.

Look closely at the bristles—sturdy, upstanding, with long wear built in! See how this scientifically designed brush is sized and shaped to fit the mouth—to contact every curve and crevice. That is why it cleans inside, outside and between the teeth. And why it polishes as it cleans.

Yet for all its advantages, the adult's size Dr. West's costs you but 50 cents; the youth's, 35 cents; the child's, 25 cents; the special gum massage brush, 75 cents. So little for so good a brush—and protection from Thumb Brushers!



THIS HANDY CABINET on your dealer's counter will remind you to buy your new Dr. West's. It also enables others to examine Dr. West's tooth brushes without touching yours—sterilized and sealed against Thumb Brushers.

© 1926, W. B. M. Co.



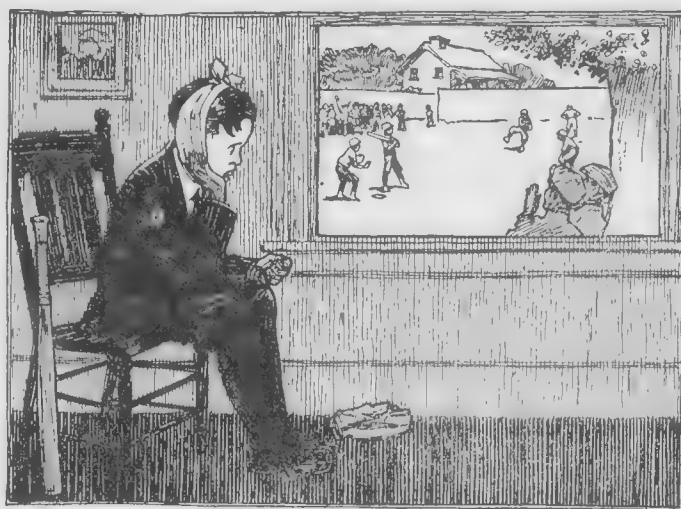
STERILIZED AND SEALED—FOR YOUR PROTECTION

ADVERTISE

—for direct results

If you haven't yet advertised in The Western Home Monthly, you haven't learned what your classified advertising can do when directed to the small city and town homes of Western Canada.

Home Doctor



Printed by permission of J. E. Long

Do You Know How to Brush Your Teeth

IN SPITE of dentists' pleadings and threats; in spite of all the propaganda that has been put forth on the subject, the percentage of people in America who brush their teeth at all is shockingly small. And the number who brush correctly is almost infinitesimal. Modern food is soft, and settles in thick pastes between the teeth. We do not gnaw bones, as our primitive ancestors did; nor give our jaws the sort of vigorous exercise that cleansed their teeth automatically and afforded a vigorous massage for the gums at the same time. All of this exercise, which used to be afforded in the simple process of eating, we must get—if we get it at all—in the night and morning use of the tooth brush. And instead of the usual thirty seconds which suffices the average man or woman, from three to five minutes with the tooth brush would be a good deal more nearly the proper period.

The tooth brush should be always new. Thirty days is long enough for anyone to use the same brush. Starting then with a clean brush and a good paste or powder, how shall we brush our teeth? "Up and down," you say, "instead of merely across." So far, so good; but that does not tell the whole story. The gums are the foundation of healthy teeth, and the ordinary tooth brush user either neglects them entirely or uses his brush in such a way as to encourage them to recede. The brushing should start in the valley of the mouth between the gums and the lips and should assume a circular or rolling motion. When the lower teeth have been cleansed both inside and out, from the bottom of the gums up, the upper jaw should receive the same attention, from the tops of the gums down. And after this is over, if the finger be moistened with a good wash, and a minute or two spent in massaging the gums, pressing them up tight against the lower teeth and down tight against the uppers, it will prove in the long run to be the best investment of time that anyone can make.

The gums will bleed a little in the process at first. If they persist in doing so, it is a sign that they are not as healthy as they ought to be, and the aid of the dentist should be invoked. It is a sign of inflammation, which will not be healed until the excess blood is lost, and the gums cleaned up and allowed to fit in tight around the roots of the teeth again. Modern dentistry prides itself on its prophylactic work. There are many dentists who keep a card catalogue of their patients, and call them up regularly once a month to have their teeth cleaned and their gums gone over. Such patients never become "patients" at all, in the old sense of the word; they go year after

year with a minimum of cavities and filling. The time may yet come when the dentist, like the Chinese physician, will be paid while his clients are kept in perfect condition, and will do his filling and extracting without charge. And the amount of necessary filling and extracting will be far smaller to the next generation if every child can be taught how to brush his teeth, and how much.

Most Tooth Decay Occurs During Night

Evening, before going to bed, is the most important time for mouth washing, as during the night salivary secretion is at lowest ebb and the self-cleansing of the mouth is poor. For this reason probably, most tooth decay occurs during the night, when, if a culture medium is present, the micro-organisms can produce their poisons undisturbed. Because acid is believed to be the chief means by which the calcium salts of the teeth are attacked and dissolved, alkali has been advocated as an important ingredient of mouth washes. A little reflection will show that, as the alkali does not stay in the mouth, the momentary neutralization of acid while one is washing the mouth can be of little importance in view of the hours and hours during which acid is produced and does the damage.

When the gums are soft and swollen and bleed easily on brushing, as occurs in pyorrhea, the use of an astringent in the mouth wash is of advantage. This can be most economically obtained from the drug store in the form of glycerite of tannic acid, a few drops of which, added to warm water, will impart to it the desired gum hardening tendency.

Tartar, an insoluble substance consisting of salivary mucus and other organic matter and of calcium salts, may tend to deposit on teeth, especially if they are not kept clean by correct brushing. In the removal of tartar the occasional use of detergents is of value. As these are abrasive substances, which may wear away the precious enamel of the teeth,

they should not be used frequently, the more efficient, the more dangerous they are. Thus powdered pumice stone, a wonderfully active polishing agent, should

be taboo in dentifrices. Prepared chalk, a powder, is the safest tooth detergent, and will be found by all users to be as good as any fancy flavored and priced tooth powder on the market.

A formula for a tooth powder, sweetened, flavored and containing soap, may be found in the National Formulary—a book of formulas in the hands of all American pharmacies—which offers a choice among five different flavors. Soap is of vastly less importance as a cleansing agent in the mouth than on

Continued on page 85

A  IN TIME
SAVES       

Yours for Health—The Bath Tub

By Dr. F. J. Barber in "Everywoman's World"

Most people think of the bath tub only as the companion of cleanliness. Dr. Barber suggests the different kinds of bathing that will rest tired nerves, relax strained muscles, overcome fatigue and nervousness, cure headaches and induce good circulation.

THE bath, rightly used, does more than keep the body clean. It induces good blood circulation, rests and soothes tired nerves and muscles, keeps the mind clear and builds up one's power of resistance against fatigue.

The healthful effects of the bath comes from the temperature of the water. The water must be hot enough to relax strained nerves or it must be cold enough to quickly stimulate the circulation. It is the reaction of the change in bodily temperature that makes the bath a tonic or a remedy. So much understood, the question remains of what bath is necessary to one's individual needs.

Don't say that you simply cannot take a cold bath. If you do you probably have an idea that such bathing means a determined plunge into a tub filled with icy water, followed by a breath-taking shock and a chill. Cold and hot are purely relative terms and their meaning must be interpreted by one's physical condition and a thermometer.

Provide yourself with a bath thermometer. If you have never taken a cold bath begin with water heated to a temperature of seventy-five degrees. Try this for several mornings and then reduce the temperature five degrees. When you feel that you can stand another drop, try a further gradual reduction until a temperature of sixty-five degrees is reached. Below this one's inclination must be the gauge.

The tonic effect of the cold bath will not begin to make itself felt until the system has been educated to it. After several days of cold bathing the action will manifest itself in a skin of healthy color, elastic energy and a feeling of general bodily comfort.

The cold bath should never be taken except immediately upon arising in the morning. Don't stay in the water until thoroughly chilled. Get into the tub quickly, immerse the entire body at once, rub chest and arms briskly for a few moments and get out. Follow this with a brisk rubbing with a coarse towel.

If you are subject to nervous attacks the cold bath will prove very beneficial in its tonic effect. The nerve cells will be strengthened and their resistance against strain increased. As for its remedial qualities, the cold bath can be guaranteed to help more than any medicine in warding off colds. The various forms of colds are due principally to sluggish circulation and impaired digestion. The plunge into cold water will set the blood to coursing through the veins and stimulate the muscles of the digestive tract. As a foe to constipation the cold bath cannot be praised too highly.

The temperature of the room in which the cold bath is taken is quite as important as the temperature of the water. The bath room should be thoroughly aired during the night. Before the bath is commenced, the temperature should be brought up to a point that is neither noticeably cold nor noticeably warm. The clothes should be put on immediately after the drying is finished.

A cold foot bath in the morning is an excellent remedy for tender feet. Immerse the feet in a tub of cold water, let them stay there for fully five minutes and then dry them with a brisk rubbing with a soft towel. To one who has never tried this treatment, it will be hard to realize how wonderfully it strengthens the feet and keeps them from aching and burning.

The Warm Bath

THE beneficial effects of the warm bath are quite as marked as those of cold bathing. But warm or hot water bathing, if it is to accomplish the proper results, should be something more than a mere hurried washing with soap and water that is pleasantly warm. The warm bath should be taken just before going to bed when the nerves are taut and the muscles tired. If

taken rightly it will not only cleanse the skin of perspiration and the dust that has sifted through the clothing during the day; it will induce restful sleep and act as a restorative agent.

The temperature of the water for the warm bath for an adult should never be lower than ninety degrees. From this point it can run up to one hundred degrees, above which it can be termed hot. Ninety-five degrees is the proper temperature for average warm water bathing.

Get into the tub, immerse as much of the body as possible, and stay there for five minutes. Then soap the body all over, rubbing it gently with a sponge. Hard rubbing, strong soap and warm water combined will irritate the skin and cause restless sleep. After the soaping, stand up in the tub and rinse the body thoroughly with the sponge dipped in clear, warm water to which a little powdered borax has been added. Do the drying with a soft towel, put on the sleeping garments and get into bed immediately. A warm bath like this is the kind to take when one's health is in a generally good condition. In conjunction with the morning's cold plunge, it will ward off almost all ills excepting those of contagious or infectious origin, and even so far as these are concerned, proper daily bathing will render one far less susceptible to danger.

Obstinate cases of nervous headache will yield to persistent hot water bathing at bed time. Get into a tub of water heated to a temperature of one hundred degrees and then gradually add more hot water until the temperature is brought up to as hot a point as can be borne. Remain in the water from five to ten minutes during which time cold wet cloths should be laid upon the forehead and held at the back of the neck. Dry yourself quickly after getting out of the tub, wrap up warmly, lie down in a darkened room and continue to apply the cold cloths to the forehead for ten minutes longer.

The temperature of the room for warm water bathing should never be lower than is comfortable to the unclothed body.

The most aggravating and distressing case of sick headache can be banished with the aid of a mustard foot bath. Fill a small foot tub with water heated to a temperature of one hundred degrees. To this add about three heaping tablespoons of ground mustard. Immerse the feet gradually; the water will seem hot at first but allow the feet to remain in the water for five minutes. Meanwhile sip slowly two glasses of hot water. Bind the head with a cold wet cloth. After the feet have been dried, lie down quietly for fifteen minutes, during which time the cold cloth, frequently changed, should be kept upon the forehead.

The Salt Bath

IF ONE becomes very fatigued during the day a great deal of comfort and relaxation will result from a salt water bath. To four gallons of water, heated to a tepid point, add two cups of coarse, common salt. Sponge the body thoroughly all over for not less than three minutes and not longer than five. Follow this with a fairly brisk rubbing from a coarse towel, drink a glass of hot water or warm milk and lie down quietly for ten minutes. The tonic and stimulating effects of this salt water bath will completely rest tired, overwrought nerves and muscles.

A dry, tender, easily chafed skin can be completely cured with proper bathing. Fill the tub with water ninety-five degrees in temperature. Into this stir a generous handful of powdered borax. Get into the tub and let the body remain immersed for ten minutes, during which time sufficient hot water should be added to bring the temperature up to one hundred degrees. Get out, dry the body quickly with a soft towel and then go over the skin with an application of olive oil.

An ordinary case of sore throat will be greatly relieved by a hot bath. Have the water ninety-five degrees. Get into the tub but do not immerse the entire body. Sit up and let the water come no higher than the breast

Continued on page 65

Plantol Soap

A mild, pure and exquisite toilet soap . . . made entirely of plant, fruit and flower oils.



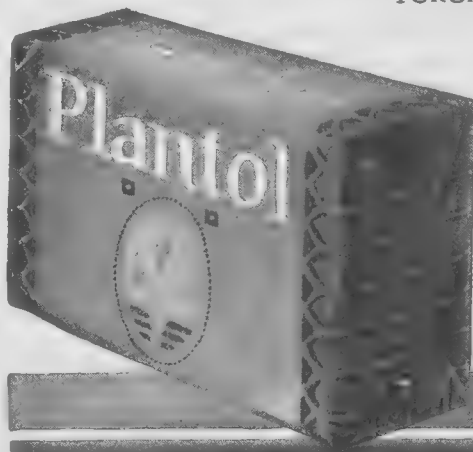
You need not envy a lovely complexion

The constant use of a cleansing and soothing soap is one of the bases for every truly lovely complexion

If you want beauty—not the beauty of make-up that's put on—but real beauty, natural beauty, beauty you can call your own, always—then follow this simple formula for attaining it.

First, bathe the face and hands in warm water—not hot—with Plantol Soap which lathers softly, richly—penetrating and cleansing the pores without irritating them . . . Then warm water, clear as rain, to rinse the lather off . . . Then cold water, cold as mountain tops, to close the pores and give the skin that firm smooth coolness that holds a glow beneath its surface . . . This simple beauty treatment has made more lovely complexions than all other beauty treatments put together . . . And it doesn't cost a half a cent a day!

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO



A skin kept clean is always clear



Fox's trade mark, every 84 ins. on reverse of cloth, or on a label in clothes, guarantees pure woollen fabric that will give sound service—should it shrink or fade, on land or sea, a length of similar grade cloth will be given as free replacement.

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WOOLLEN FABRICS

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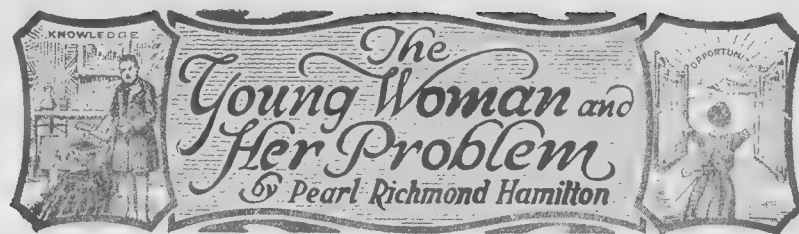
Serges, Botanies, Tweeds (also Fox-Bliss Tweeds) and Cheviots, Saxonomies and Fine Worsteds, in "Superfine," "Fine" and "Standard" grades. And Fox's Improved Puttees.

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When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly



The Art of the Forest

AT Matlock Beach, on Lake Winnipeg, a French artist has interpreted to us the beauty of the Canadian woods. After the war, fate or fortune sent him here. For a few years he thought it was fate—now he thinks it is fortune.

The soul of the artist seeks beauty. He must find it or make it. J. O. Calledé has found it and is making it. He has searched the woods for fungi, barks and strange forms of wood and out of these has fashioned beautiful chairs, tables, plant and fern pedestals, window boxes, tiny flower vases, pen and ink holders, unique candle sticks, toilet articles, dishes and artistic ornaments. All these, suggestive of the Canadian woods, form a collection so interesting and artistic

icates driftwood. Did it drift down Lake Winnipeg from the far north?

That the carving of the face on the wood was the work of an artist cannot be questioned. Every stroke bears evidence of the understanding soul of an artist.

Stern, solid, daring, cruel, that face, with eyes carved deep, challenges one to the story of its past.

Did an artist from the old world venture too far into the wilds of the northland and carve his sufferings on the stump of wood?

Or did the northland give birth to a native artist who expressed the inspiration that burned within him on that chunk of wood with his axe?

Who knows?



Some of the decorative hand-made furniture fashioned by Mr. J. O. Calledé

that visitors are coming from many summer resorts and from the city to see it.

The walls of the room have been formed of bark. Mr. Calledé has so designed the decoration of the walls that it emphasizes the beauty of the Canadian bark. On the walls of bark are candle holders of natural formation carved and decorated with the fungi of the woods, pictures framed in harmony of atmosphere, birds' nests containing eggs, tiny log boats over which green mosses and dainty ferns hang in festooned loveliness, and here and there a touch of comic imagery suggests the legendary lore of the forest.

The furniture conforms with the decorative scheme—chairs shaped from natural boughs, tables, settees, pedestals, stools—all impress one of the artist's plan. On top of a tall rustic pedestal is a bronze figure of a man holding in his hand a boat, reaching out with urgent appeal for man to seize the opportunities at hand.

This statue—Le Travail—lends classic dignity to the entire setting and is the expression supreme of the soul of the artist of the forest. (I understand Mr. Calledé was a sculptor in France.) Just outside the building that contains the "Art of the Forest" is a stump of wood that suggests the mystery of the North. For some time the natives had told Mr. Calledé about a stump in the marsh of Lake Winnipeg. The stump had on it a carved face of an Esquimaux. So last winter when the ice was frozen over Mr. Calledé with three men crossed the lake to the place of the stump. There they found it as described by the natives, and they brought it back where they have placed it on a rock. Oh, the mystery of the story of that carved Esquimaux face on the stump of wood!

The smooth surface of the stump in-

Choosing a Vocation

THE choice of a vocation is an important decision in the life of a young woman. There are college graduates who face the world with no definite idea of the work they will do. Determination to excel in a certain line of effort unifies one's purposes and endeavors, making her concentrate on definite skill. Intellectual and spiritual interests centre about one's choice. It develops judgment.

This is an age of quick decision. Intelligent thinking is the result of education. Mental improvement is the result of thought. Progress comes from mental application, so says an editor, and he further adds: "The development of will, the steadying of purpose, the unfolding of ideals, the cultivation of virtues, such as industry, fidelity, order, honesty, prudence, thrift, patience, persistence, courage, self-reliance—all this makes for moral and spiritual development." The young woman without a definite vocation lacks ideals and is wanting in unity of effort. She is changeable. The pursuit of a definite vocation disciplines one constructively.

Day before yesterday we may have trusted to inspiration. Today success in any line of work is based on honest effort along lines of great resistance. We must keep fit mentally, physically and morally to win that place of congenial employment which inspires, delights and educates—the position that radiates the joy of living.

Day before yesterday mere facial beauty counted for more than it does today. Now it is beauty plus. There must be intelligence, personality, enthusiasm, ambition back of the girl of today and tomorrow. In fact, mere facial beauty does not really count for very much.

Continued on page 86

Blood impurities cause rash, pimples and sallowness. The regular use of ENO brings a clear and healthy skin, because ENO assists nature to expel impurities and poisons. For a good complexion try a dash of ENO each morning in a glass of water.



for the
COMPLEXION



Knit Socks at Home

You Need Never Be Without Money

NEVER to be without money sounds almost too good to be true doesn't it? Yet, nothing could be more true. Picture this scene for yourself—You are seated at a table in your own home with an Auto Knitter, a wonderful hand operated knitting machine that knits socks by simply turning a handle. Fifty turns and the cuff is made, ninety more and the leg comes through, a few rows back and forth shapes the heel and toe, and ninety turns completes the foot. In fifteen minutes a perfect sock can be knit!

When a few dozen pairs are ready—or any quantity—they are sent to us by parcel post. By return mail we send a Money-Order paying for the work, and in addition, a new lot of yarn. This new yarn costs you nothing, and it is replaced free of charge just as often as work is sent in. From this you can see that as long as the machine is operated—pay cheques will come. That is why we say—*You need never be without money.*

Previous Experience Is Not Necessary

No previous experience is necessary; no special talent or ability is required. In fact, it makes no difference at all what your circumstances may be or where you live. If you would like to turn your spare hours into actual dollars, we can show you how. "I searched in vain for some way to make a little extra money at home" writes Mrs. A. Lempky who lives in a small Ontario town. Then someone told her about Auto Knitting, and she began the work in her spare time. And she confides in a letter to us: "We have realized our far off dream of buying a little home of our own." Mrs. Lempky is but one of a great many—Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars have been earned by Auto Knitter workers in Canada.

There Is No Canvassing

You are perhaps familiar with the ordinary ways offered for earning spare-time money, and perhaps you have tried them and found them unsatisfactory. The most common form of occupation offered is canvassing—but very

Is It Money You Want?

We offer you a spare-time occupation which pays well for every hour you work at it. No canvassing or selling. A profitable home-earning plan for every member of the family.



Send them to Toronto

few find themselves suited for selling, and to others it would be quite distasteful. Other plans offered are equally as unattractive and undignified.

It is therefore easy to understand why those who take up Auto Knitting are so happy in their work. For they are engaged in an occupation that is not only interesting and pleasant, but it is private. Here is what Mrs. R. Follick of Manitoba has to say about its privacy: "What I like is the privacy of the work, not even my neighbors know that I earn money this way, and I am sure of my pay cheques because the Company take all of the socks I knit."

We Supply the Machine and Yarn---You Supply the Spare Time

The great success of the Auto Knitter business is based upon co-operation. We have immediate sale for all of the standard wool socks that we can possibly get—During a recent month over a half a million pairs were sold to wholesale firms. Last year over Ten Thousand Dominion Express Money-Orders were mailed to our workers. Auto Knitting is a tested, established way of turning spare-time hours into real dollars. Think how pleased Mrs. Wesley Hearn of Saskatchewan must be that she took up this work four years ago. Here is part of an interesting letter from her: "I am the mother of five children

and do not get much time to knit, but I have made as much as \$45.00 a month besides doing all of my own housework."



Receive Our Pay Cheque

Simply Send Us Your Name

Some folks hesitate about sending in a coupon thinking that it will obligate them to buy something. Well, here is one coupon that won't. When you send your name, we will mail you a beautiful booklet giving you complete information—How to get started, and what you can earn. We want you to know of the pleasant and profitable place we have for you as one of our workers. We want you to know of the substantial amounts that even a small part of your time will earn for you. We want you to know that no matter where you live or when you start you can work for us. Clip and mail the coupon right now while you are interested, you will be delighted with what we send.

Department No. 5610,
The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

Dear Sirs:-

Without the slightest obligation on my part, please send me information about making money at home.

Name.....

Address.....

Publication: Western Home Monthly, Oct. 1-26



Bringing New Floor Beauty to You, from Brazil—

An almost magical Floor Wax obtainable nowhere else in the World

CHAN wax marks the end of frequent, tiresome polishing to obtain real floor beauty. It marks the beginning of brighter richer-toned floors. It holds the secret of a long-lasting lustre that surprisingly resists hardest wear.

The secret is "Carnauba". In the torrid tropical forests of Brazil grows the giant "Carnauba" tree from which is obtained a hard, brittle wax unequalled anywhere in the world as a floor beautifier.

Scraped from the huge leaves, then boiled and refined, this "Carnauba" wax forms the base of the wonderful floor wax known as "CHAN". It is blended with small amounts of other waxes to make application easy, rapid and economical. It gives floors a lustrous, long lasting, practically waterproof finish.

A pound tin of CHAN will cover 1,000 feet of floor space—two or three times more than other floor waxes. Because of its greater polishing power you should use it sparingly. It sets quickly, dries rapidly and gives real protection.

Your hardware man can supply CHAN in paste form of ½-lb tins 40c. 1-lb. 75c. In liquid form ½-pt. 40c. 1-pt. 75c. Also in larger containers.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO



MAIL THIS FOR FREE SAMPLE

Upon receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin) to cover postage and mailing, we will send a generous sized tin of CHAN, FREE postpaid, sufficient to polish a medium sized room.

Name

Address

City or town

Weaving with Crepe Paper Rope

How to Make a Simple Round Tray or Basket

The rope for making baskets is usually the ⅛ inch size. The ⅜ inch size is used for starting the bases of large baskets, trays and lamps, for wrapping handles and for fancy trimmings.

For the foundation over which to weave, use No. 7 or No. 78 wire, except for very large baskets or lamps when No. 15 Wire should be used.

All handles should be made of No. 15 wire and for very large baskets two or three wires may be wrapped together to obtain the proper amount of stability.

Long-nose side-cutting pliers that can be obtained at any hardware store are essential to the best results in cutting and bending the wires.

The dimensions of a basket will determine the number of wires to use for the foundation. For a basket with a round base 4 inches greatest width, 12 wires (6 each way) are needed; for one 8 inches wide use 18 wires (9 each way), and for one 12 inches, 24 wires (12 each way). Twenty-four wires are the largest number of wires with which it is practical to start the work. If the dimensions are larger, therefore, wires must be added after the work is well started.

The first thing to do is to wrap each wire with a narrow strip of crepe paper the same color as the rope to be used.

To cut this strip, slip the paper a little way from the packet, measure off ¾ inch and, using the edge of the packet for a guide, cut through the entire thickness. Put a little paste on one end of the wire. Fold one end of the strip of crepe paper over the end of the wire, then turning the top edge of the strip in, twist the wire between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. At the same time guide the paper with the left hand, slanting it down and stretching it so that it will wrap the wire smoothly. When the end of the wire is reached cut off the paper and paste.

The wires having all been wrapped, divide into two groups. It is always necessary to have the same number of wires in both groups. Lay one group across the other at right angles through the exact centre. Fasten the two groups together with a piece of spool wire about 18 inches long. Place the fine wire under the lower group, over the top of the group to the right under the next group, and so on around twice. Then twist spool wire ends tightly together and cut off.

Keep all the wires flat on the table while fastening together.

Starting at the lower group, separate the wires into groups of two each. Start at the left of the lower group and work towards the right.

When all the wires are separated into groups of two, separate two wires



EVERY woman is charmed at the sight of a pretty basket. This seems to be a true feminine instinct that has come down through the ages, for basket making is one of the oldest known hand crafts.

Even in prehistoric times savages made and used baskets. They were very crude, of course, being woven from rushes, twigs of trees and grasses, but they served their purpose as containers and for the transportation of household goods.

The basic principles of these simple designs and methods have been improved and elaborated until today baskets and other woven articles play an important part in the decorative scheme of every home.

Crepe Paper Rope as a material for weaving is one of the up-to-the-minute developments in basket making. It is soft and easily handled. The foundation over which the rope is woven is pliable wire and this makes it easy to obtain unusual shapes and ones that could not be made with other materials.

The possibilities of obtaining unusual finishes and decoration of articles woven with Crepe Paper Rope add still further charm.

Paint made by dissolving sealing wax in denatured alcohol is often used as a finish for the entire basket, and in addition designs in contrasting colors may be made on the painted surface.

Crepe Paper Rope can be purchased in a variety of charming colors and the paint used can be made of Transparent Amber Wax which leaves the color of the rope unchanged. Two-toned effects can be gained by using one coat of paint of a contrasting color. Paint made from the bronze waxes is very effective, particularly when used on contrasting colors of rope and applied lightly so that the base color shows. Silver bronze on French blue, silver bronze on black or dark green, gold bronze on dark brown or black, copper bronze on tan are just a few of the possibilities for attractive combinations. Shaded effects, too, are lovely, and can be gained by using a dark color at the base, shading it to lighter tints above.

In addition to designs painted on woven articles, the designs printed on Decorated Crepe Paper may be utilized to great advantage. In using Decorated Crepe, cut the design out carefully, lay on a piece of paper and paint the front with Transparent Amber Wax paint. Cover the back with paste. Put in place on the weaving and press down carefully until dry. Give the article a second coat of paint over the entire surface.

Baskets may be made in a variety of shapes and for many different uses. One can make all sorts of shapes and sizes from tiny baskets, woven with very fine rope in dainty colors for individual bon bon dishes to five-foot flower stands.

Among the most popular articles are lamps, serving trays, fruit baskets, and flower boxes.

A very handsome odd plate is the inspiration for the sandwich tray pictured here. A bit of beautiful embroidery supplies the design for the bottom of the oval tray. A very practical way to use lovely bits of embroidery or lace that are too dainty or fragile for everyday use is to put them under glass in the bottom of trays.



in one of the central groups, thus making a number of groups of two wires each and two extra single wires.

Insert the rope, short end up, between the single wires, then weave over two and up under two around to the point where there are two single wires, then over and under the single wires. Continue weaving until there are as many rows as there are wires in one of the original groups. Separate all groups of two wires into single wires and weave around once. When the starting point is reached, it will be noticed that if the weaving continues the rope strands will be one directly above the other rather than alternating. When this

occurs the wire directly at the left of the one where the rope will lie incorrectly should be bent up and cut out. This will give the necessary uneven number of wires which are required for all regular weaving. Continue weaving over one and under one wire until the base is the correct size.

When a new hank of rope is started, glue ends on the inside.

When the base is the desired size and before the wires are bent up to form the sides, remove the spool wire which held the groups of crossed wires together. Bend the wires up sharply for straight sides or on a gradual curving line for bowl shape.

When the sides are the required height and the work is ready for the edge, measure the rope strand around the top once and one-third and cut off. Make three more strands of the same length. Insert one of them in the space with the strand already in use and two more in the next space to the right, making four strands in all. This is called the Four Strand Edge.

Clip the wire at the left of the rear strands, leaving about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch standing above the weaving line. Bend this over the rear strands tightly and flat and in the direction of weaving; clip the next wire and bend down over forward strands. Pass the two rear strands over this second bent wire, covering it completely, and then pass them back of the next standing wire; clip this and continue around to the end.

Now lift up the first wire which was cut. Pass the strands behind it and rebend. Cut these strands off close. Cover the rebent wire with the two strands which are left. Then cut them off and glue neatly into the edge on the inside, concealing the ends.

Use heavy wire for the handles. Wrap each piece several times with a strip of crepe paper $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, then with a piece of . inch wide to make smooth. Bend the wires into shape and attach them to the basket with spool wire, which has first been wrapped with a very narrow strip of crepe paper.

After the work is complete and the handles attached it is painted with sealing wax paint. One coat soaks into the rope and makes it stiff, leaving a dull finish second coat given an enamel effect. Be sure that one coat is perfectly dry before another is applied or the work handled. Use an ordinary paint brush.

To make sealing wax paint, break the wax into very small pieces and place in a screw-top jar. Cover the wax scantily with denatured alcohol, put on the cover and allow to stand. The average time which it will take to dissolve is twenty-four hours. The paint when ready for use should be the consistency of thick cream. If too thick add more alcohol; if too thin leave the jar uncovered so that some of the alcohol may evaporate.

Let us not forget that a clean home—with religious foundation—is the only kind of home that will develop a Nation's best citizens.

Yours for Health—The Bath Tub

Continued from page 61

bone. Remain in the water for ten minutes taking care that the temperature does not drop. Apply cold and hot wet cloths alternately to the throat. Dry yourself quickly, wrap a cold cloth about the throat and lie down as long as possible. Drink hot water as frequently and copiously as possible and repeat the bath about every six hours. By the time the third bath has been taken the soreness in the throat will have disappeared.

A hot-and-cold water bath is a splendid thing to take if one is to be exposed to extreme warmth or cold for any length of time. Start with water at a temperature of ninety-five degrees. Immerse the body and gradually add cold water until the temperature has been reduced to sixty-five degrees. Remain in the water for at least five minutes and follow with a brisk rubbing. The body will be able to withstand with comfort the most extreme temperature after this treatment.

We smile at languages that, like the Russian, use few vowels in proportion to the number of consonants, yet there is a common English word that has seven consonants and only one vowel. What is it?

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The complete story of 40-40-20 is given in the booklet "When White is White." Write to us or to any of the manufacturers listed below for a copy.

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No. 446, S. M. S. Radio Table
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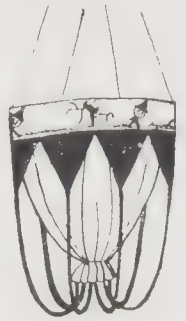
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Home Parties on Hallowe'en

A Few Suggestions for the Invitations and Entertainment

HALLOWE'EN, or All Hallow's Eve, has for generations been observed the night of October thirty-first, with strange rites and revels. The folk lore of many nations supplies a variety of weird customs and traditions that have become so woven together that now it is hard to find the origin or real

significance of many of them. Almost all of them, however, relate in some way to the fortune or fate for the coming twelvemonth.



No Hallowe'en party is complete unless many of the old-time games and stunts are tried. Even if dancing is to supply the entertainment, an opportunity for "Ducking for apples," "Blowing Out Lighted Candles" and "Cutting the Flour Cake" should be included, possibly during the intermission.

The invitation offers the first chance for real originality. There are several attractive invitations that may be purchased ready to fill in the time and place, but when the party is large and cost must be considered or if you are to have a special kind of party, you will probably prefer to make the invitations yourself.

Plain cards and seals and cut-outs can be used to make the invitations so unusual looking that the recipient is sure that the party is to be delightful.

Here are two invitation verses in rhyme that will add to the attractiveness of the invitation.

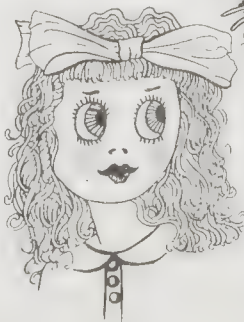
For a dance:

*At Hallowe'en a dance I'm giving,
Come mingle with the dead and living;
For I'm inviting spooks as well,
Who will impart a magic spell.*

For a bridge party:

*When Hearts are large bats,
The Spades black cats,
And Clubs are witches on sticks,
At my Hallowe'en Bridge
It's your privilege
To bid goblin-faced Diamonds for tricks.*

Besides the invitations, score cards will often be needed. They may be made in similar fashion to the invitations, and if they are attached to a long ribbon so that they can be worn around the neck or attached to the



Games such as Bob for Apples, Cut a Fortune Cake, Pull a Root of Kale, Walks Backwards Downstairs Mirror in Hand and Blow Out Lighted Candles may be played. Just before the refreshments are served have a "Treasure Hunt" or allow each child to go up to a clown, and draw forth a noise-making favor from the large pocket. A clown may be made with a broomstick, pumpkin, crepe paper suit and hat ruff and pom-poms and wire.

NO matter how simple or elaborate the decorations are in the dining room the table itself must be a bright spot of color. There are table cloths that may be purchased ready to spread on the table, but often something a little

Continued on page 105

Perfume of Happiness

When smart Parisiennes discovered that some perfumes like sad music or sombre colors, make one depressed, Bourjois created for them the Perfume of Happiness, Ashes of Roses.

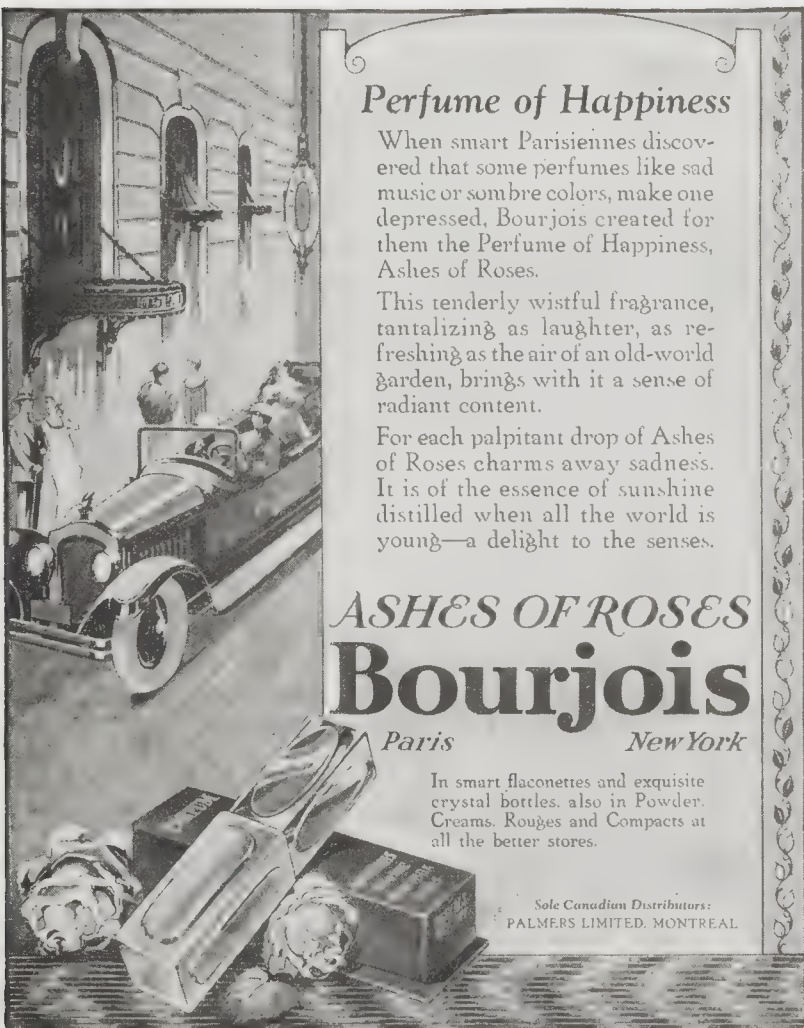
This tenderly wistful fragrance, tantalizing as laughter, as refreshing as the air of an old-world garden, brings with it a sense of radiant content.

For each palpitant drop of Ashes of Roses charms away sadness. It is of the essence of sunshine distilled when all the world is young—a delight to the senses.

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Keeps the Breath Sweet

MANY a business transaction has failed—many a friendship has been broken up—because of unpleasant breath.

And yet there is no good reason why anyone should give offense to others when it is so easy to keep the breath sweet by using Dr. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash.

Used morning and night, and after meals when convenient, this pleasant, antiseptic lotion keeps the mouth clean and the breath sweet.

And it does more than that.

A clean mouth is a healthy mouth—The gums are healthy—The teeth are healthy—Decay is prevented—Pyorrhea is avoided.

It is a fine habit to rinse the mouth frequently with Dr. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash. It is the surest safeguard against germs of disease, most of which gain entrance to the body through the mouth.

The refreshing sensations you get after using Dr. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash—the assurance you feel from having the mouth clean and the breath sweet—these are what win and retain your favor.

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School Luncheon

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TIME for a bite to eat—and hungry kiddies just love the tastiness of McCormick's Sweet Biscuits.

They are just the right biscuit for a child—or adult too. Not too rich, always pure and fresh, crisp, in a wide variety, sandwich, shortbread or plain, baked in the famous McCormick factory, a great clean building of spotless white tile.

Ask your grocer to send up a pound of McCormick's Biscuits, assorted, with your next order. Your family will enjoy every one of them—you will too.

for every occasion—

MCCORMICK'S BISCUITS

Every one of that Distinctive Quality
which makes JERSEY CREAM SODAS famous

The Pleasure of Creating

HAPPINESS in one's work comes with creating, in seeing something actually grow beneath one's fingers, until at last it is ready for a useful, ornamental existence.

And the happiness in recreating warm garments is doubled at this time of the year by the knowledge that in addition to being distinctive and bearing a charm of their own our handiwork is making preparation for the time when "wintry winds do blow."

It is difficult to find the equal to wool in the war we wage with the cold winds or biting frost as each winter comes around. Innumerable are the fascinating designs to be obtained for which different weights of wool are obtainable. Even the most ignorant in the art of needlework find little difficulty in making articles that win universal admiration, whilst to the clever needlewoman she has all the scope she may desire here for originality and creating real works of art.

We give below simple instructions for making the three charming garments for children as shown on this page. These garments will delight the young folks with their air of adult elegance—yet please the mother who prizes the freshness of youth in her children.

Babies' Cap

Silvertwist Wool

- 1 ball each white, pink
- 1 medium bone crochet hook

With white ch. 3, join in ring. 6 s.c. into ring. 2nd row—2 s.c. in each st. (Taking up both threads of st. throughout entire cap.) 3rd row—2 s.c. in 1st st., 1 s.c. in next st., repeat around row. From now on just increase enough sts. to keep work flat. Continue to crochet until crown measures $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches across. Now work 1 s.c. in each st. for 2 rows, no more increasing. (See that sts. are divisible by 4.) Now tie on pink wool.



Boys' Sweater

Work 1 s.c. in each of 3 sts. 1 d.c. around next st., but catch in 1st row of last 2 rows of s.c. just made. Repeat around row. * with white work 1 s.c. in each st. for 2 rows. With pink 1 s.c. in each of 3 sts., 1 d.c. around d.c. of previous row. Repeat from * in this

manner until cap measures 4 inches deep. Then start ear laps as follows: 1 s.c. in each of 12 sts., work back and forth on these 12 sts. for 6 rows, then skip 1 st. at beginning of every row for 6 more rows. Break off. Repeat same for other ear lap. Now with pink work 1 row popcorn st. around entire cap. Finish with strap of crochet wool under chin.

Fasten with button on ear lap.

Description of Popcorn Stitch

One single crochet in first stitch, draw loop through next stitch. Chain 4, wool over hook and draw through the two loops on needle. One single crochet in next stitch and repeat the popcorn in the following stitch. Always put the popcorn on single crochet stitch of previous row.

Boys' Sweater

Size 10 to 12 years—Down wool
5 balls camel
3 balls tobacco
1 pair No. 7 needles
1 set of four No. 9 needles (pointed at each end).

Back—On No. 7 needles, camel wool, cast on 80 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 4 inches. Now tie on tobacco. Knit in pattern as follows: Knit 2 sts. tobacco, 2 sts. camel, repeat across row. 2nd row—Purl 2 sts. camel, 2 sts. tobacco, repeat across row. Repeat these 2 rows 4 more times, but reverse colors to form checks. Then



Two Piece Dress

with tobacco knit 1 row, purl 1 row. With camel knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Now repeat these 14 rows for entire sweater. Continue to knit until work measures 15 inches. Then cast off 4 sts. beginning of next 2 needles. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 6 times. Continue to knit until work measures 6 inches from cast off sts. On following row cast off 28 sts. in centre loosely. On one side now knit front. Knit 8 rows for shoulder, and from now on be careful to reverse pattern so that it joins evenly with back. Break wool. Repeat same for other shoulder. Then cast on 36 sts. at neck end. Knit sts. all on one needle. Continue to knit but when coming to underarm increase in same manner as

Continued on page 89

"Red Seal" CEDAR CHESTS

from
17th Century Spain,

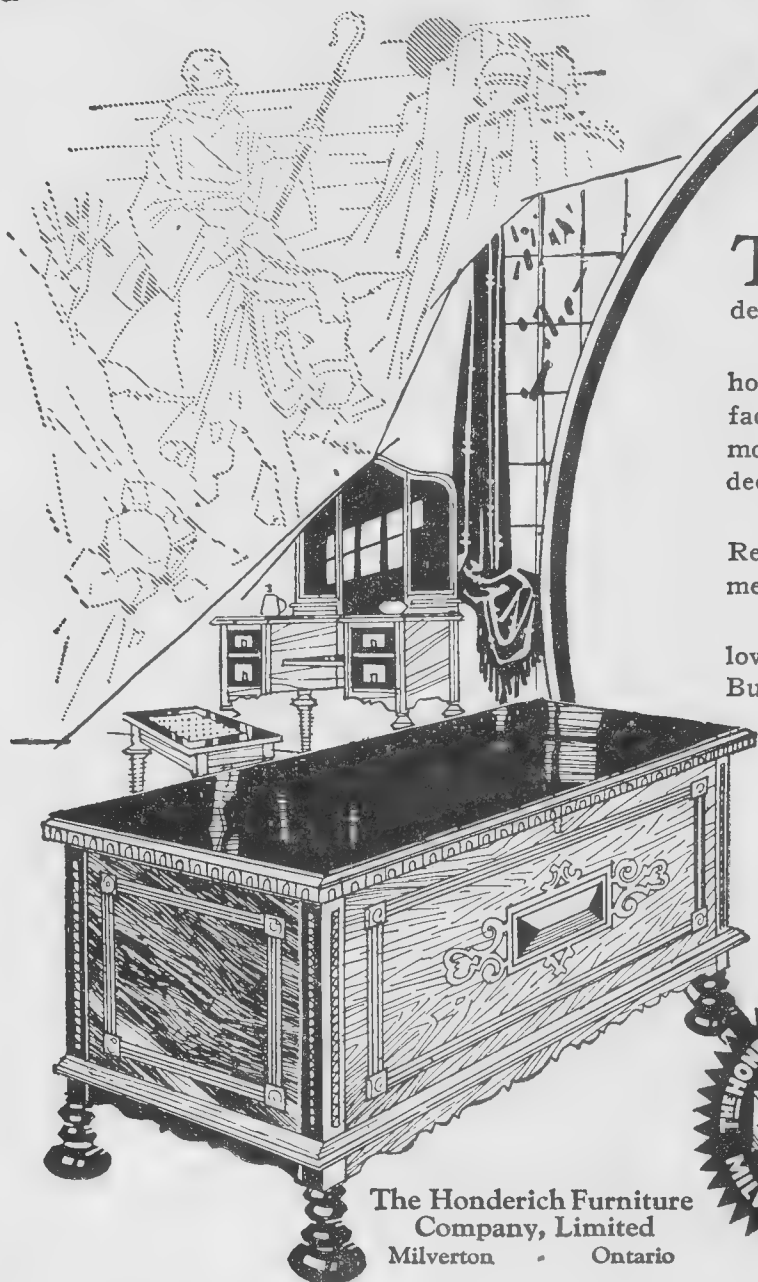
THE simplified suggestion of a Spanish Chest (illustrated below) recalls very truly the imposing decoration so much in vogue in 17th Century Spain.

The value of this chest as a decoration for a beautiful home environment is enhanced by the heavy plaque on the face with gold surround and ebonized scrolls, carved mouldings and moulded panels; it is adaptable to any decorative scheme.

This model emphasizes the extent and variety of the Red Seal line, which includes a chest to suit the requirements of every room of every type of home environment.

You can pay a high price for an exclusive model, or a lower price for a chest that suits your particular need. But no matter what the price, the high quality workmanship, finish, etc., is there. Every Red Seal Chest carries the maker's trade mark. Look for it—it assures you that positively no mistake is made in buying a Red Seal Cedar Chest; yet you pay no more than for ordinary cedar chests.

RH, 1



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What The Well Dressed Bed Will Wear

*The Largest Area in the Bedroom.
It's Effect is Important*

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THIS is essentially a season of wearables — we are immensely taken up with the question: What shall we wear this fall? And when we are not considering new dress for ourselves, we are debating it for our rooms for of all seasons of the year, this is the one in which we look most anxiously to see that our house is going to be livable and lovable during the long winter period.

I have been giving particular attention of late, to the matter of the well dressed bed—and a good deal, it must be confessed, to some which have been very ill dressed indeed! Styles of bed furnishing have changed materially in the past few years—as indeed the whole air of the bedroom has changed.

The dressing of the bed has followed lines not unlike those taken by the most approved clothes of recent seasons. A smart trimness, a tailored smoothness, a deft sureness of treatment, have characterized both. And the particular dress of a certain bed should be planned as carefully, and with as great thought for fitness, as the frock designed for a certain figure. In other words, it should be considered individually and in relation to its own style and the style of the room in which it is placed — its inherent character and environment, in short. To treat all alike is to put them in uniform; to bury individuality entirely.

Yet it is not so long since, if one looked into three or four bedrooms, made up for the day, in the house of some efficient housekeeper of average good taste, the beds would appear practically identical, no matter what their design or the woods of which they were made, or the style of the room. Perhaps the owner's preference would be for the immaculate white spread (for which there is always much to be said) and frilled pillow shams; maybe she used, in the day time, a bolster form, hard and round and full width of the bed; perhaps she drew day slips over her pillows and placed them on top of the spread—or simply drew the spread over the pillows. The room furnished in rather heavy dark wood, the one in gayer bird's-eye maple, built, perhaps, on light, graceful lines, and its neighbor in which pastel painted furniture appeared, would in all probability display exactly the same style of dressing on the bed.

It is not so today. The woman who likes to keep her house, as well as herself, abreast of the times, studies the individual bedroom and the bed itself, and dresses the bed in character; she recognizes the opportunity to make this single piece of furniture, which is invariably the largest in the room, very telling indeed, in the attractive scheme of the whole room.

THE final appearance of the bed will be much affected by the very first of its furnishings to be put in place—the springs and the mattress. Great attention has come to be paid to bed-comfort latterly; and one must admit that it is much more important than the matter of appearance; sleep is the great restorer of our used-up energies—and sound sweet sleep depends to a considerable extent, upon the comfort of the bed. But it is also a fact that the bed that is equipped with a good, well-fitting mattress, has been given the first requisite of a final good effect; it is hard indeed to make a lumpy, sagging mattress look anything but just what it is, no matter

what top-garnishing we may do to it. So on the score of health, to give that well-rested feeling, to encourage right posture, particularly in the child, and to help good appearance, my advice is—the right foundation first of all.

When this foundation has been laid, and a pair of good down pillows added, it is time to proceed.

A SOFT thick mattress cover is a good investment—both for comfort and for the preservation of the fresh appearance of the ticking, which is, more often than not, a very attractive, light-patterned material. Sheets next. I am a firm believer in the advisability of making one's own sheets. It does not seem, as a rule, to make very much difference in the cost, but I do like to make a difference in the size—and one can often achieve half a yard of extra material for

at once the possessor of one of these quaint old tufted spreads and a room furnished along the simple lines of the period from which it has come, you are in luck. Right with these things belongs the patchwork quilt—and where its surroundings are suitable, it has an old-time charm all its own—provided that it is a pretty one. Much as I love old things, I do not see the force of bringing from hiding some atrocity that has nothing but its age to commend it; if it was not beautiful at first, it is not beautiful now.

TURNING from these old-time quilts to the entirely modern idea, let us consider the special bed-cover that we make ourselves, to fit into the furnishing scheme of a certain room.

We shall, of course, let it play a telling part in working out the room's color

each side, to tuck in across the foot, and to lie under the pillows, or to be drawn over them, or lie flat to the top of the mattress and then turn back over the pillows. If this last style is your choice you will of course finish that end of the spread so as to make what *was* the wrong side take on the duties of the right side; if the material is not reversible, this necessitates a join in it, just where the spread reaches the top of the bed and turns back. This is easily figured out, and requires only accurate measurements to be done quite satisfactorily.

Having studied where you want the seams to come beforehand, when considering what width of material to buy, you will be prepared to either make ordinary seams, pressing them flat, or trim the joins in a row of braid or galloon or something of that nature; if the spread is to be bound at the edges, it is often effective to show along the seams (if they have been placed to come just at the edge of the mattress) a tiny line of piping in the same contrasting color that is used for the binding.

Binding, by the way, is a favorite method of finishing the edges, and well deserves its popularity. Where it is employed, scallops are often most effectively used—round scallops traced from an embroidery pattern, or sharp little Vandyke points that are trim in the extreme (but a little harder to make perfectly). The binding should be cut in bias stripes, of course; if it is cotton, you may be able to get just the shade you require in the ready-to-use binding (the kind that is so handy to have in the sewing basket in plain white, if one makes children's clothes or much lingerie).

I saw recently a very smart new bedspread of a rather unusual combination of materials. It was made of cream filet curtain net and chintz. The net was, necessarily, of very good quality—a cheap net would pull every which way on the bed, instead of lying squarely. It was joined by one of the narrow trimmings that looked rather like hand fagotting, and bordered by a five-inch band of the chintz used in the window curtains. Contrary to one's expectations, when a thin material like this is used, there was no flouncing at the sides—the spread hung as straight and tailored as though made from a heavy, opaque material. There was a lining under it of plain cream sateen.

THIS brings up the fluffier type of spread, and if its frilly character is not overdone, it may be quite as attractive as the plain straight cover. Muslin, silk, net, any of the artificial silk materials (and since the advent of rayon in the fabric world, perfectly delightful artificial silks are appearing for every purpose), may be used. The top of the spread must be cut out and fitted exactly—it must come just to the edge of the mattress so that the flounced sides will drop from the right place. The two side flounces should be made and joined, with or without a heading or narrow banding; a French seam will answer quite well. With the flounced spread, a single long sham may be made, with a ruffle around its edge, or the spread may be drawn over the pillow which will, of course, elevate it at the head of the bed, so its length must be gauged so as to make it fall gracefully there.

Continued on page 86



about the price one would pay for the hemming of the sheets. And what that extra bit of length can mean in comfort—for there was never anything more irritating than sheets that pull out at the bottom or display a rim of mattress at the top!

Blankets are a joy nowadays, if one is investing in new ones. The delightful colored checked blankets, thick and soft and fleecy, with their bindings of matching satin or silk, are stunning, and the same type in solid color are quite popular for use instead of an eiderdown. Old blankets that have retained their softness through careful washing, but which are showing wear at the edges, can be smartened up by a new binding of ribbon or sateen.

But it is of the top spread that I want to speak particularly—of the many substitutes for the plain white cover of pique, etc.

One attractive type of spread has been developed in striped crepe-like material showing all the favored colored combinations—blue and white, rose and cream, lavender and white and so on. These gained vogue quickly because they were considered very fitting for use in the popular colonial type of room. Being washable, they are really very practical, and they retain their fresh appearance much longer than the white spread for two reasons—their color and the crepe weave, which shows no sign of crushing.

Carried along by the same influence, the old candle-wick bedspread has reached a high point of fashion. If you are

scheme. There will be some one color to which we shall be glad to give the prominence that its use on such a large area will ensure. It must, certainly, be carefully chosen—a fine tone, no matter what the material used may be. Very often, the covers for dressing table, bureau and so on, will be made of the same material. What should it be?? That again depends upon the room. If the key of the room is rich and sophisticated, taffeta may very possibly be the best choice, to accompany silken curtains, a fine rug and furniture in the same class. If the furnishing scheme is the more simple one of the average room, with chintz at the windows, or some simple mercerized material or sunproof case-ment cloth, then a less expensive material will answer admirably on the bed.

Repp makes excellent spreads; so does case-ment cloth, poplin and a wide variety of attractive, modestly-priced fabrics. Either the upholstering department or the dress-goods counter may produce what you want—and both will have any number of alluring shades of the various colors from which to choose. Width must be considered; sometimes a special width of cloth will allow you to work out the style of a spread you have in mind, to much greater advantage.

Materials such as these are advocated for the spread that is to me tailored in effect. They have sufficient body to lie flat, to draw squarely into place.

Such spreads are not made to be tucked in at the sides—they should be large enough to hang just the right depth at



The latest
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THESE RUGS, on display in leading stores, are so arrestingly different and out of the ordinary, they bring to the imagination many delightful schemes of interior decoration, introducing as they do, all the lovely pastel tints, petunias, tarragon greens and other new colors. The rug illustrated, a Wilton of rich beauty and fine upstanding texture, is typical of the latest additions to the continentally famous BARRYMORE range of woven rugs. This particular pattern is also woven

with grounds of grey, taupe or rose and is admirable for use in living rooms, reception hallways and music rooms.

BARRYMORE RUGS are, of course, woven in patterns to suit the dining room, bedrooms, library, staircases and hallways, in choicest Wilton, Axminster and Saxony qualities and will provide a generation of service. Spend a pleasant hour one day soon viewing the latest presentations of BARRYMORE Guaranteed Rugs at any good housefurnishing store.



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Only
one quality
of
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POWDER**

and that
the highest



LAYER CAKE

(All measurements level)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	2 cups pastry flour
1 cup fine sugar	4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
3 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
flavoring	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Cream butter, add sugar gradually; beat together till very light, add the well-beaten eggs and flavoring. Sift together three times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; add to first mixture alternately with milk. Put into well-greased layer cake pans and bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER CREAM

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter
3 cups confectioner's sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chocolate powder or
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Soften butter, mix together sugar and chocolate powder and sift into butter alternately with cream; add salt and flavoring; beat till very light, put between layers, spread on sides and pile roughly on top of cake.

E.W.GILLETT CO.LTD.
TORONTO-CANADA



Your Autumn Festival

ONE of the most pleasant events in any community is a large supper of some kind held after the harvest season is over. It may be the church anniversary, a "harvest home" supper, an Armistice Day celebration, a money-making scheme of the Women's Institute or the United Farm Women. We have very pleasant memories of the "Tea Meetings" arranged by the Ladies' Aids of pioneer days.

There are several ways of managing such an affair. A committee may ask the women who plan to contribute to it for so many cakes, pies, chickens, hams, jellies, jars of pickles, bowls of salads, pounds of butter, loaves of bread, jars of cream. The guests sit down to tables which are literally groaning. Platters of meat and chicken, salad bowls, dishes of jelly are filled up as fast as they are emptied. Everybody eats more than is really good for them, the women who are responsible for the success of the supper are so overworked that they are tired for weeks afterwards; the financial burden is often much greater than most of the families should be asked to assume. No self-respecting woman wishes to do less than her share, whether or not she has the time or strength or money.

A plan which is gaining in popularity is that one following a definite menu, either simple or elaborate, and carefully estimating the amounts required for the number of people expected. A mixture of all sorts of eatables is thus avoided, as well as a sinful amount of good food wasted. If one sees a dozen kinds of delicious looking cakes before him, there is rather a temptation to take several pieces and eat only a little bit of each.

The cafeteria form of service is coming into greater use. A long table or shelf may be arranged like a counter, along which each person passes to be served. In this way a large crowd may be served in a short time by a very few people. There is much less waste, as each gets what he wants, or comes back for a second helping. One disadvantage is the difficulty sometimes experienced in securing enough trays of a suitable size for each person's use. For a simple meal, however, large dinner plates will be found satisfactory, as the coffee cup may be placed at one side, and if not filled too full, should not spill over the food beside it. Many hostesses serve their guests in this way at really nice teas, luncheons, card parties, etc.

If waitresses are preferred, the plate meal is usually served. Instead of putting large dishes of food on the table and expecting everybody to help himself, the meal is brought in from the kitchen on the plates. Dishes of pickles, etc., are placed on the table. The dessert, of which it is not necessary to have more than one kind as a rule, is also brought from the kitchen on individual dishes. A growing custom of which some of us do not approve is that of serving the coffee or tea in cups without saucers, unless the cup is resting on the service plate. This does save dish-washing and space on the table, but, on the other hand, so many lovely cloths are ruined with tea or coffee stains and, if an accident happens, it is sure to be to somebody's best table cloth.

In serving such a meal too much economy must not be practised. We have often paid seventy-five cents for a luncheon or banquet and gotten up from the table feeling almost hungry.

The following recipes are based on quantities for fifty, but may in some cases be varied somewhat, depending on the type of crowd being served. The school football team would be hungrier than a C.G.I.T. group.

A cocktail or fruit cup at each place before the guests come to the table adds much to the appearance

Mint Cocktail

Make orange and grapefruit cocktail. In each dish put four or five mint leaves with the tips reaching the edge of the dish, place the fruit mixture on top of the leaves, then sprinkle with chopped leaves for added mint flavor.

Watermelon

Cut watermelon in small cubes and pile in cocktail glasses or, if they are not available, use sauce dishes. Garnish the top with a sprig of mint or parsley.

Other Fruit Combinations

Diced bananas, canned or fresh pears, red or white canned cherries, canned or fresh pineapple, canned or fresh peaches, grapes cut in halves and seeded.

Canapes

Canapes are similar to open sandwiches and are used as appetizers. The foundation is a piece of bread, round, square, oblong or triangular, about $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and about 3 inches across. It is either toasted or fried in butter till a golden brown, then spread with something highly flavored, such as cheese or a fish paste or highly seasoned chopped meat, and decorated with slices of olive or pickle, hard cooked eggs in slices or chopped or rubbed through a sieve.

They may be hot or cold and are usually eaten with a fork, although, if not greasy, there is no reason why they may not be picked up in the fingers like a sandwich.

A Few Canape Suggestions

1. Spread toasted bread with cheese, seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper, and put in the oven till the cheese is melted.

2. Spread toast with prepared mustard, then with highly seasoned cheese, and melt in the oven.

3. Mix finnan haddie, salmon or cooked halibut with a rich cream sauce, season with Worcestershire sauce, salt, cayenne, spread on toast, and sprinkle with cheese, then brown in the oven.

4. Toast spread with butter, lobster mixed with white sauce, and seasoned with salt and paprika.

5. The same as 4, using canned crab meat instead of lobster.

6. Brown bread toasted, spread with butter and cream cheese mixed together, garnished with either slices of stuffed olives or a border of chopped olives.

7. Toast spread with anchovy paste, garnished with chopped hard-cooked eggs, having the whites and yolks separate.

8. A very rich cheese sauce, made by adding grated cheese to white sauce, with salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce for seasonings, and cooked till smooth.

9. Sardines, mashed to a paste, seasoned with butter, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, garnish with a slice of olive and chopped hard-cooked eggs.

10. Cheese spread on toast, and sprinkled with chopped nut meats.

Continued on page 74



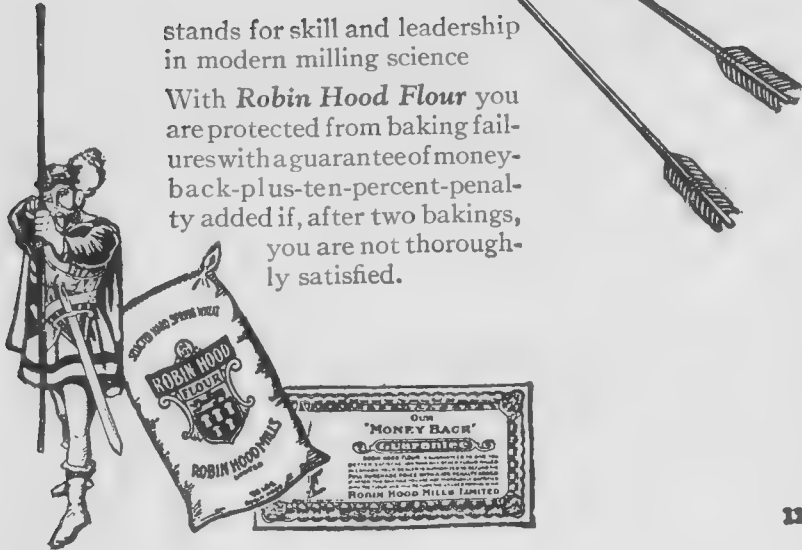
A New England kitchen of the olden time

of it and obviates the first few awkward minutes which sometimes occur and gives those who are working in the kitchen a few more minutes to finish their preparations. It does make an extra dish and spoon to wash.

Orange-Grapefruit Cocktail

Peel the grapefruit and oranges, discarding all membrane and seeds, and cut in cubes about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch square. Use in any proportion liked. If prepared long enough in advance for the sugar to dissolve it may be sprinkled on. Otherwise, make a syrup of the sugar. Allow about 2 tb. of fruit to each serving. A red cherry on top of each cocktail is pretty.

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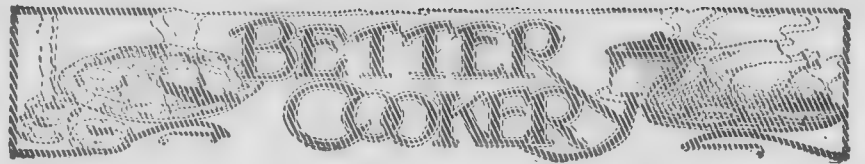
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BEVERAGES

Coffee

A tightly covered granite pot makes the best coffee. Put 4 c. of coffee, not too finely ground, in a bag or square of cheese cloth, tie rather loosely to let the coffee swell, and put in the pot with nine quarts of cold water. A dozen or more washed and crushed egg shells, or two eggs with the crushed shells, may be mixed with the ground coffee. If possible, let stand in the cold water for some hours. Bring slowly to the boiling point, and boil for three or four minutes. Then add 1 c. cold water to settle it. If there is not time to make coffee with cold water, boiling water may be used, but the best results are obtained by adding the full amount of water at once, not making very strong coffee, then diluting it.

Cocoa

Cocoa, 1 c. Lukewarm water,
Sugar, 1 c. 2 c.
Boiling water, 3½ qts. Hot milk, 4 qts.

Mix the cocoa, sugar and warm water to a smooth paste, add the boiling water and boil 5 minutes, stirring to prevent burning. Add to the hot milk in a double boiler and beat with a Dover egg beater till foamy. Cook 15 minutes or longer.

Lemonade

Lemon juice, 5 c. Sugar, 4 c.
Water, 9 qts.

Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and 1 quart of the water. Cool, and add to the lemon juice and remaining water. Add a lump of ice and let stand half an hour or so before serving.

Soups

It is sometimes desirable to serve soup as the first course at a banquet, especially in the very cold weather. On other occasions it may form the chief dish for refreshments, after a sleighing party, a snowshoe tramp, a curling supper.

Soup Stock

A 5 lb. soup bone and 10 lbs. or more of bones, trimmings and bits of meat from roasts, etc., and 12 quarts of water. Simmer 6 or more hours. During the last hour several diced vegetables may be added for flavor. Strain, cool, remove the fat, and use with any desired garnishings or accompaniments.

Cream of Celery Soup

Celery, 8 qts. Chopped onions, 2
Boiling water, 5½ Butter, 2 c.
qts. Flour, 2¾ c.
Hot milk, 7 qts. Pepper
Salt

Cook the onion and the celery, which has been washed and cut in half inch pieces, in the water till quite soft. Rub through a sieve. Heat the milk and make a white sauce of it, the flour and butter, cooking about 30 minutes. Combine with the hot celery mixture and season with salt and pepper.

Cream or Green Pea Soup

Peas, 2 gals. or 8 Milk, 5 qts.
small cans. Onions, 2
Sugar, 4 tb. Butter, 1¼ c.
Water, 5 qts. Flour, 1¼ c.
Salt and pepper to taste.

Scald the milk with the sliced onions. Simmer the peas in the water till soft, add the sugar, rub through a sieve. Add the flour and butter. Remove the onion from the milk, combine the two mixtures, and season.

Cream of Tomato Soup

Tomatoes, 6 qt. Milk, 6 qts.
can Flour, 1 c.
Butter, 1½ c. Sugar, 3 tb.
Soda, 3 t. Bay leaves, 1
Peppercorns, 1 t. Onion, 1 large
Parsley, 2 sprigs Pepper, 1 t.
Salt

Stew the tomatoes, peppercorns, bay leaf, parsley, onion and sugar for about half an hour, then strain, and add the soda. Make a white sauce of the milk, butter and flour. Have both mixtures

hot, and just before serving pour the seasoned tomato into the milk and serve at once. The seasonings may be varied to suit personal tastes.

Corn Chowder

Diced potatoes, 5 Milk, 7 qts.
qts. Corn, 5 cans
Salt pork, 5 slices Flour, ½ c.
Onions, 5 medium Salt, 5 or 6 tb.
Boiling water, 3 Pepper, 1 t.
qts. Butter, ¾ c.

Cut the pork in small cubes and cook slowly till brown and crisp. Add the onion and cook till yellow. Put the cubes of pork, onion, potatoes and boiling water in a kettle and cook till the potatoes are done. Mix the flour with the fat which fried out of the pork, add to the hot milk in a double boiler, and cook 20 minutes. Cook the corn for a few minutes with the potatoes, combine the two mixtures, and season.

Oyster Stew

Milk, 8 qts. Butter, 2 c.
Oysters, 4 to 6 qts. Pepper, 1 t.
Salt, 3 tb.

Pick over the oysters carefully, taking out any bits of shell. Place them in a colander and pour over them six cups of cold water, reserving all the liquid, which should be strained through double cheese cloth. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Heat the oyster liquor. Add the oysters to the milk and cook till they are plump and the gills curled, which will only take a few minutes. Add the seasonings and hot oyster liquor. A much larger amount of oysters may be used if wished or fewer if the flavor but not the oysters are liked.

As it would be difficult to secure a double boiler large enough for such quantities of liquid, one may be improvised by setting a large kettle in a larger one containing hot water, being sure that there is some kind of false bottom in the outside vessel, to raise the inner one from the bottom. Three sealer rings are good for the purpose.

Fried Oysters

Oysters, 1½ gals. Salt and pepper
Egg Butter or bacon
Flour or fine fat or frying fat
crumbs

Clean the oysters and dry on a piece of clean cheese cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in crumbs or flour, beaten egg, and again in crumbs. Either fry in deep fat and drain; or saute in either bacon fat or butter in a frying pan.

Panned Oysters

Oysters, 1 or more Butter
gallons Toast or crackers
Salt and pepper

Melt 2 tb. butter in a frying pan, add 1 pint of cleaned and drained oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cook, stirring constantly till the edges curl. Put in a double boiler to keep warm, but keep the water in the lower part below the boiling point to prevent over-cooking of the oysters. Repeat till all the oysters are done and serve them on toast or crackers.

Scalloped Oysters

Oysters, 6 qts. Cracker crumbs,
Oyster liquor, 6 c.
1½ c. Melted butter,
Milk, ¾ c. 2½ c.
Salt and pepper

Stale bread crumbs, 3 c.
Mix the cracker and bread crumbs and the melted butter. Put a layer in buttered baking dishes, cover with the cleaned oysters, then another layer of crumbs, repeating till oysters and crumbs are used, having crumbs on top. Pour the liquid over the top. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

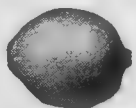
MEATS

Time Tables for Cooking Meats

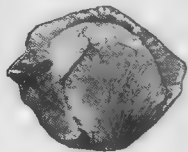
Beef—
Pot roast—Boil 4 to 5 hours.
Stew—Boil 3 to 4 hours.
Corned—Boil 4 to 5 hours.

Continued on page 75

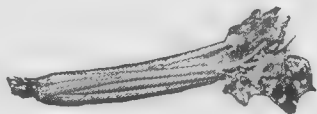
A Feast from a lemon



a cabbage



and a stalk of
celery



A DELICIOUS and nutritious salad is this combination of vegetables and Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Even the child who doesn't "like" vegetables will think it a Feast! We call this "PERFECTION" salad—it's so exquisite, so highly beneficial! Try this unusual recipe for giving the family food they ought to eat in a way they will love to eat it:

(Recipe for Perfection Salad) (Six Servings)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
½ cup cold water.
½ cup mild vinegar.
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice.
2 cups boiling water. ½ cup sugar.
1 teaspoonful salt.
1 cup cabbage, finely shredded.
2 cups celery, cut in small pieces.
2 pimientos, cut in small pieces, or ¼ cup sweet red or green peppers.

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar, and salt. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimientos.

A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

Note: A delightful dessert may be made from the same base by eliminating the vinegar and vegetables, adding fruits and using ½ cup lemon juice and ¼ cup more sugar.

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CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO.
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Better Cookery

Continued from page 74

Sirloin—Bake 10 minutes to lb. (rare);
bake 15 minutes to lb. (well done).
Fowl—Boil 2 to 3 hours.
Chicken—Bake 2 hours.
Ham (15 lbs.)—Boil 4 to 5 hours.
Lamb—Bake 2½ to 3 hours.
Chops—Bake ½ hour.
Turkey—Bake 3 hours.
Veal (leg or shoulder)—4 to 5 hours.
Pork—4 hours.

Beef Steak Roll (Mock Duck)

About 10 lbs. of large thin slices of round steak.

Stuffing Salt and pepper

Wipe the meat and lay it out flat. Spread the stuffing evenly over it, roll up tightly, and tie with string, fastening the ends well. Brown in fat pork drippings in the frying pan, then put in covered roasting pans, pour on dripping and enough water to cover the bottom of the pans. Cover and cook slowly two to three hours. Add more water if necessary. Make a gravy of the liquid in the pans.

Stuffing—

Crumbs, 4 qts. Poultry seasoning,
Salt, 1 tb. 1 tb.
Melted butter, 1 c. Water to moisten.
Pepper, ½ t.

Cut off any dark crusts, then crumble the bread, after soaking in cold water long enough to soften it. Wring dry in a cloth. Add butter and seasonings, and mix thoroughly. For a crumbly dressing, use at least twice as much butter and no water.

Hamburg Steak

Finely chopped Pepper, 1 t.
raw beef, 10 lbs. Salt, ¾ tb.
Minced onion, ¾ c.
Minced green peppers, if wished, ¾ c.
Mix very thoroughly, and shape in small flat cakes. Cook in a frying pan till done.

Roast Beef

Fifteen to twenty pounds will be required. Rub over with salt, and dredge with flour.

Brown Gravy—If the beef to be roasted is quite clean, add two or three tb. drippings.

Use 1½ c. of the drippings from the roast, being sure to get the brown part in the bottom of the pan. Add 1½ c. flour. When quite smooth add 2½ qts. of water, soup stock or vegetable stock, and salt and pepper to taste.

Pressed Beef

Beef from round, flank or brisket, 12 lbs.
Onion, 2 c. Pepper, ½ tb.
Carrot, 2 c. Any herbs liked
Salt, 1 tb. Vinegar, 4 tb.

Cover the meat with boiling water and simmer till it shreds. An hour before it is done add the vegetables and seasonings. Pack the meat in long narrow pans. Reduce the liquor to 3 c. Strain and pour over the meat, and press with a weight. Slice when cold.

Boiled Tongue

Corned tongue, Or fresh tongue
12 lbs.

If using corned tongues, wash, cover with cold water, and bring slowly to the boiling point, boil 5 minutes, skimming off the scum as it rises. Simmer for 3 to 4 hours, till it is tender. Slice and serve with a highly seasoned tomato sauce. Or let cool in the liquor in which they were cooked, and skin just before slicing and serving.

Beef Loaf

Raw beef, 10 lbs.
Eggs, 8
Fat salt pork, 2 lbs.
Salt, 3 or more tb.
Dry bread crumbs, 6 c.
Seasonings (dried parsley, etc.).
Water or stock, approximately 4 c.
Minced onion, 5 tb.
Pepper, 1 t.

Chop the meat fine. Mix all together, using enough liquid to moisten. Pack, not too solidly, in brick-shaped pans, and bake in a slow oven for 2½ hours, basting occasionally. Serve either hot or cold.

Continued on page 76

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We thank you!

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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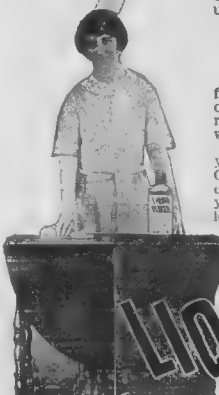
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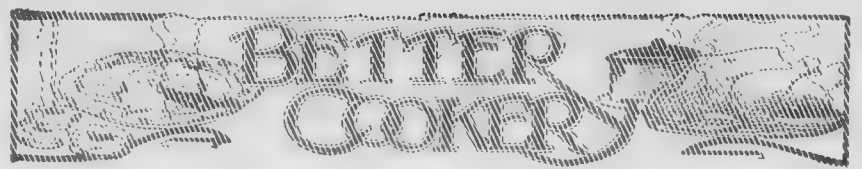
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**MADE
IN
CANADA**



Continued from page 75

Broiled Lamb Chops

Fifteen pounds will be required, cooked 6 to 8 minutes if liked rare, 8 to 10 minutes, well done.

Baked Lamb Chops

Fifteen pounds for fifty people. Arrange on racks in dripping pans, after wiping and trimming. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cook in a hot oven 30 minutes, turning when half done.

Roast Lamb

Three eight-pound legs of yearlings. Allow 15 minutes to the pound.

Roast Shoulder of Veal

Two medium sized fore-quarters, boned. Stuff the cavity where the bone was, tie securely, dredge with flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover top with slices of salt fat pork, and bake 4 hours.

Stuffing—

Dry bread crumbs, 1 qt.
Salt, 4 t.
Seasonings, 1 tb.
Chopped onion, 4 tb.
Melted dripping, 1 c.
Chopped salt pork, 1 c.
Water, if needed, to moisten bread

Veal Birds

Eight to 10 pounds veal cut from the leg or loin in slices $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Remove bone, fat and skin, and pound till the fiber is broken, then cut in pieces 5 inches by 3 inches. Cover each piece with stuffing, roll and fasten with tooth-picks, dredge with salt, pepper and flour, and brown in the frying pan in pork drippings. Put in a kettle, add 3 qts. milk, and simmer till the meat is tender, about 20 minutes, watching carefully that the milk does not scorch. Serve on toast, with a sauce made of the milk thickened with 1 c. flour and 1 c. butter.

Stuffing—

The veal trimmings and 6 slices fat pork ground fine, half as much fine cracker crumbs, salt, pepper, onion juice, paprika, poultry seasoning.

Roast Pork

Fifteen to twenty pounds.

Barbecued Fresh Ham

Wipe a large fresh ham, and score the rind with a sharp knife. Make a pickle by mixing 1 tb. mustard seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. celery seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. peppercorns, 1 c. sugar, 1 c. vinegar, 2 c. water. Let stand 15 or 20 minutes, then pour over the ham, letting it stand several hours, turning in the pickle several times. Put in a large pan, fat side down, and roast, covered, four hours. Strain the pickle, and baste the ham with it till it is all used. Serve hot or cold.

Baked Ham

Two nine-pound hams. Scrub them well, put in a kettle with cold water to cover, with 1 tb. pickling spices, several slices of carrot, a small onion, one or two stalks of celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. vinegar. Bring to the boiling point and simmer till tender, about 5 hours. Remove the skin and cover with a paste made of:

Brown sugar, 1 c.
Mustard, 1 t.
Soft fine bread crumbs, 1 c.
Vinegar to make a paste

Stick the ham with cloves, and bake an hour, basting with 1 c. water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. vinegar, 2 tb. brown sugar. Serve either hot or cold.

Chicken, Turkey, Etc.

25 pounds, dressed.

Chicken Jardiniere

Dressed fowl, 20 lbs.
Boiling water, 4 qts.
Small onions, 2 qts.
Diced carrots, 2 qts.
Canned peas, 2 qts.
Flour, 2 c.
Butter, 2 c.
Salt and pepper

Stew the fowls in the boiling water till tender, adding the salt and onions the last hour. Remove the fowl, and skim out the onions. Make a sauce of the flour, butter, and four quarts of stock in which fowls were cooked, having skimmed the fat from the stock when cold. Cut the meat from the bones, keeping it in as large pieces as possible. Season the sauce and add the meat. When hot, pile the meat in the center of platters or on plates, surround with the peas, heated in a double boiler, and the carrots cooked and drained, and the onions slightly browned in butter, and pour the sauce over all.

Baked Pork Chops

Fifteen to twenty pounds. Wipe, sprinkle, with salt and pepper, and bake on racks in dripping pans 45 minutes in a hot oven, turning when half done.

SAUCES FOR MEAT

Drawn Butter Sauce

Butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Hot water, 2 qts.
Flour, 1 c. Salt, 2 t.
Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Melt 1 c. butter, stir in flour, salt and pepper, and when smooth, the boiling water, stirring till it boils. Boil 5 minutes, then add remaining butter.

Egg Sauce

To drawn butter sauce add 10 hard cooked eggs chopped.

Horseradish Sauce

$1\frac{1}{2}$ c. prepared and drained horseradish, 2 c. thick beaten cream, but not stiffly whipped, salt and paprika to taste. To serve with cold sliced tongue or roast beef.

Mint Sauce

Chopped mint, 2 c. Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Vinegar, 3 c.

Mix the mint and sugar, let stand half an hour or longer, add the vinegar, and let stand another hour or so.

VEGETABLES

Baked Beans

Navy beans, 3 qts. Mustard, 1 tb.
Salt, 4 tb. Pepper, 1 t.
Molasses, 1 c. Fat salt pork, 2 lbs.
Vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Pick over the beans, and let soak overnight in cold water to cover. Drain, cover again with cold water, add 1 t. soda and boil 15 minutes. Drain. Cut the pork in two pieces, scrape and scald the rind, and score it every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Mix together the salt, sugar, mustard, pepper, molasses, vinegar. Divide the beans and seasonings between two bean pots, bury a piece of pork in each, fill pots with boiling water, cover and bake slowly at least six hours, adding more water if necessary.

Cauliflower

6 large or 9 medium sized cauliflowers
Butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 c.
Or
3 quarts white sauce for creamed cauliflower

Creamed Celery

8 quarts celery cut in pieces
3 quarts white sauce

Scalloped Corn

No. 2 cans corn, 7 Salt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Butter, 1 c. Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Milk, 3 c. Stale crumbs, 2 qts

Mix the corn, seasonings, milk. Put in baking dishes, and cover with the crumbs mixed with the butter, melted.

Creamed Onions

White sauce, 3 qts. Onions, 1 peck

Canned Peas

Peas, 2 gal. cans Salt, 2 tb.
Butter, 1 c. Sugar, 4 tb.
Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Succotash

Corn, 4 qt. cans Salt, 3 tb.
Dried lima beans, Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
2 qts. Butter, 1 c.

Continued on page 77

"Mother says she wants"

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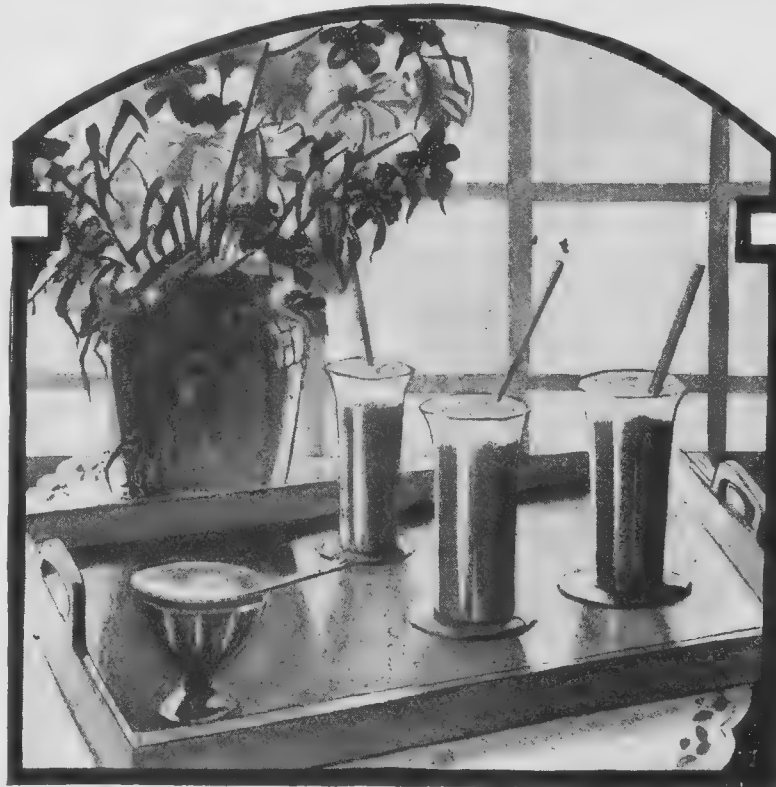
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BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 76

- Winter Squash**
Squash, 30 lbs. Butter, 1 c.
Salt and sugar to taste
- Creamed Potatoes**
Potatoes, 6 to 8 qts. White sauce, 3 to 4 qts.
Paprika Chopped parsley
- Mash Potatoes**
Potatoes, 1 peck Milk, about 1 qt.
Butter, 1 c. Salt, 5 tb.
- Glazed Sweet Potatoes**
Sweet potatoes, 20 lbs. Sugar, 3 c.
Butter, 6 tb.
Water, 1½ c.
- SALADS AND SALAD DRESSINGS**
- Cream Dressing**
Salt, 2 tb. Eggs 4 (or 8 yolks)
Mustard, 1½ tb. Butter, 4 tb.
Sugar, 5 or more Milk, 3½ c.
tb. Vinegar, ¼ c.
Flour, 5 tb. Heavy cream, 1½ c.
Pepper, ½ t. 1½ c.
Fold in the cream, beaten stiff, when the dressing is cold. For fruit salad lemon juice is better than vinegar.
- water and 1 c. lemon juice, and adding 2¼ qts. orange juice.
- Ice Cream**
One gallon of ice cream or sherbet will serve 30 people.
One quart brick will cut into eight slices.
- PICKLES**
- Small Green Cucumbers, Pickled**
Let the small green cucumbers stand for two or three days in a very weak brine after washing and wiping them. Drain and scald in the following vinegar:
Vinegar, 1 gal. Sugar, 3 to 4 c.
Chopped sweet red peppers, 2
Stick cinnamon Any other desired spices
- Mixed Sweet Pickles**
Red peppers, 2 or 3 Cauliflower, 1
Celery, 2 bunches Onions, small, 1 pt.
Mustard seed, 2 tb. Sugar, 2 c.
Vinegar, 4 qts. Any spices liked
Green tomatoes, 2 qts.
Small cucumbers, 12 or more
- Cut up the vegetables, and drain over night in a weak brine. Wash in clear cold water, and cook till soft in the



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- Apple and Celery Salad**
Apples, 4 qts. Celery, 2 qts.
- Apple and Banana Salad**
Apples, 4 qts. Bananas, 8 large
- Cabbage Salad**
Cabbage, 8 lbs.
- Chicken Salad**
Chicken, 5 qts. Celery, 5 qts.
- Fruit Salad**
Oranges, 2 dozen Bananas, 2 dozen
Pineapple, 2 No. 3 Lettuce, 6 heads
cans
- Potato Salad**
Potatoes, diced, Onions, 2 small
9 qts. Chopped pickles,
Celery, if wished, ½ c.
1 qt.
- Salmon Salad**
Salmon, 6 pint Cucumber pickles,
cans 2 c.
Chopped cabbage, Vinegar, 3 tb.
3 qts. Hard cooked eggs,
Celery salt, 2 t. 24
- sweetened spiced vinegar which has been brought to the boiling point.
- Pickled Onions**
Peel small white onions, and let stand for two or three days in a brine made of 2 c. salt to 1 gallon of boiling water. Drain and bring to the boiling point in a fresh supply of brine. Boil for 2 or 3 minutes. Arrange the onions, drained, in jars with bits of red peppers, pepper corns, etc. and fill the jars with a scalding syrup of 1 c. sugar to 4 qts. vinegar.
- Sliced Cucumber Pickle**
Wash the cucumbers and slice them thinly without peeling. Put in layers in a stone crock with salt sprinkled on each layer. Set aside for a few hours, then drain. Put back in layers in the jar, on each layer sprinkling mustard seed, celery seed, and chopped onions and a spoonful of olive oil. Cover with cold vinegar. If wished, a cup of sugar may be dissolved in the vinegar. This pickle will keep fresh and crisp.

- JELLIES**
- Lemon Jelly**
Granulated gela- Sugar, 6 c.
tine, ¼ c. Boiling water,
Cold water, 3 c. 3¼ qts.
Lemon juice, 3 c.
- Orange Jelly**

Follow amounts in recipe for lemon jelly, but using only 2½ qts. boiling

Use firm, well shaped cucumbers, wash well and pack in stone crocks with alternate thin layers of dill, using the leaves, stalks and seeds. Cover with a brine made of 1 gallon water, 1 pint vinegar and 1½ c. salt. Weight down the pickles under the brine. They will not be ready to use for at least three weeks.

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I had realized. It was now nearly two a.m., and, within the hour, the sun had both set, and risen on a new day!

No wonder the town was deserted; it was peacefully slumbering; this once wild but now eminently respectable town of Dawson, in the Land of the Midnight Sun!

Dawson, June 6, 1926

Having a gorgeous time! Went fishing today out at the creeks on the Klondike River, with the "Big Boss" of the Yukon and his nice sister. He is Gold-Commissioner, Percy Reid, a real old Sourdough, and loads of fun on a fishing expedition, although a man of dignity, they tell me, when "on the job" in the Administration Building. Had a wonderful time, caught some grayling, ran into a huge storm coming back, and the car broke down. We finally returned to Dawson behind two old nags. I wouldn't exactly have planned that storm and drenching, but it was loads of fun! The storm in the mountains was gorgeous, and it was delicious to see the wistful look on the face of the "Big Boss" as he peered under the hood of the engine, and with a childlike pathos murmured: "Wish I knew something about engines, drat 'em!"

On board S.S. "Keno,"
Yukon River,
June 7th.

Have just sailed from Dawson, and although I was there for only a few days, I felt positively teary as I bade the dear town and its people "Good-bye." But I am going back some day. I should like to buy Robert W. Service's little cabin, stay there for a long summer, and, in the fall, come out over the snowy trail by dog-team. Well, why not? Dreams come true, if you dream hard enough.

I visited Service's cabin yesterday; sat at the little table where he wrote his verses. I found it hard to tear myself away from the funny, dusty little log shack. I wanted to wield a broom and a scrubbing brush, and move in with my typewriter and my toothbrush.

This morning I went to Judge Macauley's court and heard the arraignment of a murderer by the name of Harry Davis—a horrible experience! Out on the creeks, Davis killed a neighboring prospector, and, as, in the winter, the ground is frozen to a granite-like hardness, he couldn't bury the man, so he hid the frozen corpse in his cellar. A Mountie passed that way on patrol, asked Davis if he had seen his neighbor, Smith, grew suspicious, hearing the halting answers to his questions, searched the place, found the body and brought both murderer and the frozen corpse all the way to Dawson over the winter trail. (Sixteen days and nights!)

It's too early for the regular tourist season, so we're travelling on the smallest ship on the line. Officers and crew consist of twenty-four men, and we passengers are four in number—a travelling dentist, two old Sourdoughs, and myself.

Yukon River, June 9th.

We're stuck on a sandbar just below that part of the Yukon River which goes

by the nasty name of "Hell's Gate!" We had an accident yesterday to our engines, and careered madly through "Hell's Gate" and then settled firmly and comfortably on this sandbar. It was exciting. Orders flew thick and fast, and the beautiful vocabularies of the officers were revealed to me in all their infinite variety!

"Dearie me!" said the Captain to a deck hand, "you're remarkably slow in getting out that dear little anchor!" And the first mate, addressing the crew in general—but I don't like to put down any more such shocking language. Suffice it to say, however, that the force of example is a potent thing, and that I surprised the Skipper this morning. (when he walked into me, and almost over me on deck, as I unexpectedly turned a corner), with the ladylike exclamation: "Avast thar, ye Bilge Scum! Get on the larboard side! Ye're right on me course!"

(The old darling laughed until he wept, for I am a most proper person.)

I find it practically impossible to describe this Yukon country and the Yukon River trip. It has all been done before, so much better than I can do it—the telling the glory of the ever-changing vistas as the ship winds and twists between the hills, covered with lovely wild flowers of gorgeous color, and the mountains and high cliffs; the fascination of the swiftly-rushing river. It is all too beautiful, as God has created it, for a mere scribbling human thing to attempt to recreate it in words. Yet one longs to be able to picture the glorious purple and crimson sunsets, and the radiant golden sunrises over majestic mountains.

And o-oh!—the sunshiny days when one gulps down the exhilarating Northern air, sweet with the faint perfume of firs, and the lupine and sweet briar on the river banks, and—yesterday, the sun was hidden suddenly by a great bluish purple cloud, the color of English violets, and as soft as velvet. As I stood in the wheel house with Captain Raabe, (that wonderful seventy-four year old pilot—the "Daddy" of them all), we watched, and the old chap said: "Will you look at that? Isn't it beautiful?"

I looked. Flying in swooping circles, against that velvety purple, soared a lone, white-winged sea-gull! Then the rain came, and as it still poured down, as we sat comfortably in the pilot house, the sun appeared through a rift in the clouds, and I saw the biggest, loveliest, most brilliant-hued rainbow that I have ever seen in my life!

S.S. "Keno," June 10th.

We are off the sandbar. The deck hands carried the tail end of a steel cable to the shore in a small boat. They anchored it a way up the river-bank to a group of sturdy trees. Then the donkey engine started to wind the cable and—we didn't budge an inch, but the trees came out by the roots and hurtled down

the side of the cliff in great style! And the Captain said: "Dear, dear!" And the first mate exclaimed: "Well now—who'd a thought it?"—or words to that effect. It was after I had departed and was slumbering peacefully that we got off. Wish we'd been stuck for a week instead of two days—this is the life of the Yukon—and I'd like to prolong it!

White Horse, Yukon Territory,
June 12th.

The dear little town of White Horse again, and more interesting people. One of those whom I've met, is Mr. Frank Harbottle, the man who carries the mails over the winter trail. His tales of experiences are thrilling—bears, glaciers, wolves 'n' everything, along the trail at sixty below! Another lovely drive; this time with "Bob" Lowe, a man who is a sort of composite picture, to my mind, of all Sourdoughs—huge of stature, kindly, courteous, and neighborly to all citizens of the world. He took me to see his copper mines—intensely interesting.

Yesterday, when the ship docked, I strolled away, all by myself, and my steps led me to the town's little log Church of England. A wonderful sense of peace and reverence seemed to me, to fill the church. I sat there alone for awhile, drinking in the big peace of the little House of God.

Atlin, B.C., June 15th.

Yesterday I left White Horse by train, and, reaching Carcross, took the good ship, "Tutshi" over Lake Atlin. Having learned to love the Yukon so dearly. I hate to admit, even to myself, that Atlin Lake is the most beautiful thing which I have seen on this trip, but it's a fact!

Atlin Lake—peacock blue! Reflecting gorgeous mountains looming high in every conceivable shade of purple, and crowned with whitest snow! It is the most magnificent sight which I have ever seen! Some English tourists on the "Tutshi" told me that nowhere in the world—not even in Switzerland and Norway—have they seen such grandeur, and such breath-taking color!

But it's not my Yukon! I'm loyal to my own true love, the Klondike country, with its green mountains banked with wild flowers. It's gorgeous enough for me, and it's more friendly, somehow. Here the magnitude and magnificence make me feel about the size of a mosquito. But the Yukon—I feel, there, that I am a part of it, in spirit, and capable of achieving mighty proportions myself, as yet another creation of the same God!

On the White Pass and
Yukon Train,
June 19th.

On the White Pass and Yukon Train, next with the "Princess Charlotte," for Vancouver. Shall I ever again, I wonder, pass over this "Trail of '98?" It's beauty, today, gives me a bit of a heart-ache. When shall I come this way again?"

The "Princess Charlotte," at Sea,
June 20th.

A big boatload of exuberantly happy tourists! I met some of them at Atlin. None of this lot has been on to Dawson. I met the first crowd of tourists, Northward-bound, of the season at White Horse. I feel like an old Sourdough in the midst of a bunch of Cheechakos!

Everything is very gay on this luxurious big ship. But somehow, I long for the good ship, "Casca," or the little "Keno," and the old river sailors, and the Sourdoughs gathering around to swap yarns. What blessed liars they were, the old dears! I flatter myself that I, even I, improved some of their stories, by bland and childlike questioning, such as—"Does the fur of the Side Hill Cougar grow on the inside or the outside, dear Skipper?" and "Tell me, 'Muckluk Johnnie,' are the Klondike Pookuses really so easy to breed in captivity, and how many times a season do they skin the little dears?"

The "Princess Charlotte," at Sea,
June 23rd.

This has been a jolly voyage from Skagway—sunshine all the way. Wrangell was lovely this time, and we had several hours at Juno, the Capital of Alaska, a thriving Yankee town! We stopped off at Prince Rupert, B.C., that wonderful young Canadian metropolis just forty miles south of the Alaskan border where, owing to the Japanese current, zero weather is unknown. It has a wonderful harbor, and dry docks of twenty thousand tons capacity; a place of fisheries, mining, logging and agriculture. And it's a big-game hunter's paradise!

The sea has been like glass all the way back, even crossing Queen Charlotte Sound. Tomorrow I shall be in Vancouver again. I'm laden down with souvenirs for my pals—little totem poles carved from mastodon ivory—the bones of those pre-historic critters are still found "down north." And souvenir spoons galore, and pictures too—though they can't begin to even suggest the scenery.

And I've a souvenir all for myself, which I carry in a corner of my heart which will always be sacred to those precious memories, which are my souvenir of the north.

I've travelled a deal before this, and I shall—God willing—travel much more before I die. But no other land, I firmly believe, will bring to me the heart-beating joy, and the soul's peace, of the Yukon. Nowhere, I know, shall I meet greater-hearted people. Nowhere shall I feel, in that same strange way, that I have come home.

Some day I shall go back; for I know that I must answer when the north will call me, as it shall, I know. Why—already—even tonight—oh, Service knew what I'm feeling tonight, as I near the end of my voyage, when he wrote:

"—It's the lure of the timeless things;

"And tonight, O God of the trails untrod,
"How it whines in my heart-strings!"

This May Tell You More About the Ukulele

IN a recent issue of Jacobs' Orchestra Monthly appeared an article which should be of specific interest to every lover of Hawaiian music. It was entitled "Hawaiian Music and Instruments," and written by C. S. DeLano. It apparently was designed for that fast-growing fraternity who are devoting considerable time to the study and interpretation of the music and instruments emanating from this Southern Isle.

"Hawaii, 'Land of Music and Flowers,' is an oft-repeated phrase that is heard not only on the lips of visitors to the land of the Kamehamehas, but echoed even by those who have lived in the country for years," states the writer, who continues:

"Indeed, music and flowers do go hand in hand in a more intimate sense in Hawaii than in perhaps any other country the world over. This is a fact that even the most casual observer will notice time and again. Take, for instance, the native Hawaiian as he goes forth on some errand fraught with pleasure.

Invariably it is with wreaths and flowers surrounding his hat and neck, and with song bursting from his lips. The soul of the Hawaiian is filled to overflowing with poetry, and he must needs sing if he is to be happy. Indeed, in this land of sunshine and perpetual springtime, with the sea stretching far to the horizon and the mountains pointing towards the skies amidst a display of coloring that has never failed to delight the eye of an artist, it seems but natural that music should be the accompaniment to such beauty and grandeur. So it is the islands over—music and flowers and poetry prevailing the very atmosphere.

"The Hawaiian of olden times had three or four distinctive types of song. First may be mentioned the 'Mele Koikounua,' or royal chants. The 'Mele Olioli' or love songs, compose another type, and the 'Mele Hula,' or dancing songs, still another. Of course, there are modifications of these, such as the 'Ionas' or name songs, composed at the time of the birth of a great chief. The 'Kanihaus,' sung

at the time of the death of a chief. The songs of the first type mentioned were composed and sung only for the high chiefs while the songs of the second and third types were general in their nature and were invariably sung to the accompaniment of instruments peculiar to the Hawaiians, only the briefest mention of which can be made here.

"Among these instruments was the pahu (ipu hokeo) or drum, fashioned from well-seasoned wood and covered with skin of the shark. With this drum there was always a smaller one, and upon the two the player kept time while the song was in progress. Another form of drum used was made from a species of Hawaiian gourd, which sometimes grows to magnificent proportions. This was always placed directly in front of a player seated on the floor, underneath being several thicknesses of mats or cloth, as the case might be. At the 'waist' portion of the gourd was always to be found a handle, by means of which the player was wont to hold the instrument, using the

left hand for this purpose, and the right to tap lightly on the surface while bringing the bottom in contact, at intervals, with the pad of mats or cloth.

"The 'Puili' is a bamboo stick divided at the top so that it spreads out like a hand. This, too, was used for the purpose of keeping time, the method employed being to tap with it lightly on various parts of the body, the sound produced having a swishing nature.

"The 'Uliu-li' is perhaps the most fascinating of these native time-keepers. It is a small gourd with a long stem, the point of which is decorated with feathers. The seeds are allowed to dry within the gourd, and when the 'Uliu-li' is rattled in the hand of an expert, the sound has the effect of 'egging' one on to dance.

"The 'Uke-ke' is usually a slender piece of wood, eight or ten inches in length, or even longer, and upon it is stretched a piece of 'Olona,' a stout twine made from the fibre of a tree of the same name which grows in the mountains of the islands.

Women's Federated Institutes

Continued from page 59

movement of rural woman. Her ancestors since 1632 have been country folk, pioneering in the American colonies and later in Nova Scotia. The first apple orchard set out in Nova Scotia by British-born pioneers was that set out by her great grandfather in King's county. Her father was also a pioneer in the cranberry industry of King's county, where Mrs. MacLachlan was born and raised.

For nineteen years she has been a resident of Saanich, where she has exercised her rural proclivities by growing fruit and raising goats. All her sympathies are with rural women and she has made rural problems her special duty.

Her organizing ability has expressed itself in many ways, particularly in the organization of the district nursing service in Saanich, where she has been largely instrumental in the Saanich War Memorial Centre. She has also been of great assistance to the Department of Health and Public Health nursing service in B.C.

Mrs. MacLachlan also fostered and organized the courses of instruction given in the Women's Institutes under the heading of Civic and Citizenship; this proving one of the most successful series ever arranged. Many features of the B.C. institute programmes represent the product of her fertile brain.

News Notes from Alberta

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

A scholarship of three months at any one of the agricultural schools of Alberta, offered the Women's Institute Girls' Club by the Department of Agriculture was won by Miss Neva Daley, of Munson. This has a commercial value of \$250.00. Other prizes won in the various contests, these announced at the recent Women's Institute Girls' Club convention held at Jasper Park, were: best bread, Edna Card, McLennan; doughnuts, Rosalie Card, McLennan; illustrated booklet on furnishing a bungalow on \$500.00, Ella Barlow, Barons; canned strawberries, Margaret Mitchell, Hughenden; hand made night gown, Evelyn Gathercole, Eagle Hill; canned meat, Coral Strang, Barons; essay, "Career for Girls," Isabel McDinnen, Evansburg. The competition for the best club report from a secretary was won by Anna Beatty, Garden Prairie, the award being \$5.00. Vulcan and Alliance clubs tied for the prize offered for organizing the most new branches during the year, each having formed two new clubs during the year. The \$5.00 prize was divided between them. Competitions for next year will again include a \$250.00 scholarship.

The new officers are: president, Selma Ekstrom, Leduc; vice-president Nelly Campbell, Olds; secretary treasurer, Mrs. Clara Johnson, Alliance; directors, Helen Bromley, McLennan, Estelle Gilbertson, Silver Heights, Ault Barlow, Barons; Marie Ditttrick, Leduc. Miss Minnie Paige who has been president for the past six years was chosen honorary president.

Interesting outside speakers were Hon. George Hoadley, Minister of Agriculture, Miss Isabel Noble, W.I.G.C., supervisor, Mrs. Wellington Huyek, provincial W.I., president, Mrs. C. A. Gates, provincial director.

About 70 girls attended.

Buy At Home Campaign

Medicine Hat Women's Institute very recently put on a "Buy At Home" campaign. A vacant store with large windows was rented and all local manufacturers were asked to send a display of home made products. This met with a fine response and there was a splendid exhibition of flour, clay, dairy, glass, candy, garden products. The exhibit was open every afternoon for a week; 5 tickets being given away each day and 20 prizes awarded later for lucky draws. A bride's day, at which a bride attired in a beautiful costume, made in the city received the visitors, and a baby's day, when exquisite playettes were displayed, were two features of the week.

Buying Park

Coaldale Women's Institute is helping the town council in the purchase of a park. This branch is also furnishing a small rest room at the consolidated school for the benefit of any pupils who take sick during school hours. Chain swings, a trapeze ladder have now been installed in the school grounds.

Social Women's Institute Exhibit

The Edmonton Fair arranged space for a special Women's Institute exhibit at the past fair. This was to depict community work and was shown by posters or models of community halls, swimming pools, etc. of the major community work of any branch.

Cowley Women's Institute has beautified the two churchyards this summer.

Champion had a flower show last month. Raymond held a baby clinic recently. Westlock has voted the sum of \$27.30 for playground equipment for the school.

Airdrie is spending \$15.00 in prizes for school fair.

Milk River put on a composition contest in the schools.

New West helped in the fixing up of a tennis court for the young people.

Siebertville Women's Institute has made two quilts for the Olds Orphan Home.

High Prairies paid the travelling expenses and made white dresses for the children who attended the Peace River Musical Festival.

Drumheller enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Nellie McClung, when neighboring branches were invited to attend.

Minburn has re-decorated and repainted the rest room.

Grahamston has offered \$10.00 for bounties for gopher's tails and crow's and magpie's feet.

Manitoba

The Solgirth Women's Institute had a most enjoyable afternoon at their last monthly meeting, when the girls of the sewing class here, gave the demonstrations given by them at Winnipeg.

Ruby Workman, who won the silver medal at Winnipeg for Senior sewing of the Boys' and Girls' Club, demonstrated the making of a knitted shopping bag; while Olive Kristinson, winner of the gold medal for Junior sewing, showed just how to make the various stitches used in making and decorating aprons and towels.

Solgirth is justly proud of these clever girls, and in expressing the thanks of the W.I. to them, the President predicted that we shall hear greater things of them in years to come.

Tea is to be served at the Rest Room on Fair Day by the W.I., in aid of the Boys' and Girls' Club.

The W.I. is planning to fence and beautify the grounds around the Rest Room this month.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway,
Came at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast, and deep, and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;

You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head—
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,

"There followeth after me today,
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me,

To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—

Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"

Betrayed

The young husband had arrived home to find his wife in tears.

"Whatever is the matter, darling?" he inquired.

"Oh, dearest," she sobbed, "I've worked hard all the afternoon making custards, because you are so fond of them, and—they've turned out to be sponge cakes!"
—Christian Guardian.



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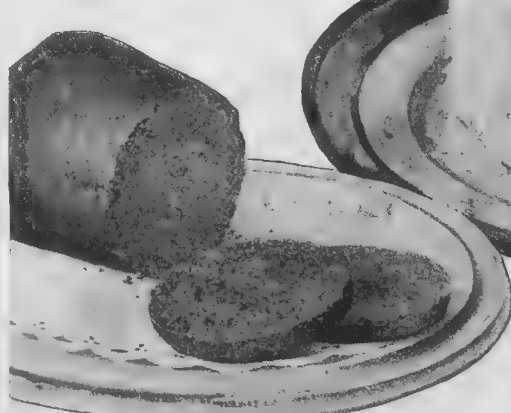
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Some Interesting Facts About the Nails

By Frank W. Cregor and Frank M. Gastineau in "Hygeia"

ONE does not need to be a clairvoyant to read physical and financial fortune in hands. The condition of the nails is a good index of one's general health, habits and personality.

When a leisure class is developed in any civilization, one of the first requisites is better care of the nails. The disappearance of grime from under the nails definitely places the person in the more particular class of people. In some civilizations of the past, great care of the nails and elaborate toilets for the hands have been evolved. In the recent past some of the oriental people gave marked attention to the nails and permitted them to grow to great lengths.

The rapid increase of beauty experts and manicurists gives evidence that the American public is vitally interested in personal care of their nails.

The nails are specialized skin tissue placed at the ends of the fingers and toes for protection. In lower forms of animals the nail is used as a means of offence and defence. Happily this function is rarely used by human beings. The skin below the root of the nail is called the matrix. In most persons a half-moon shaped white area is visible on the plate of the nail near the root. This is known as the lunula.

White spots of variable size are frequently seen in the nails of young people and are due to fine bubbles of air that have been infiltrated between the cells of the nail as a result of injury. A person's general health influences the growth of the nails. Finger nails usually grow about 4 mm. ($\frac{1}{4}$ inch) a month and the toe nails about one fourth of that rate.

The study of the finger nail is interesting in character analysis. The broken off nail in the nervous person, due to biting and gnawing, is a definite advertising sign of his make-up. The carefully manicured nail is indicative of social standing and of a certain amount of leisure. The highly polished nail with its concave, worn edge is frequently seen in one who has been suffering with some chronic, itchy skin disease.

The nails take on marked changes with old age. Elderly persons frequently have nails that are discolored and twisted like a ram's horn. This is because they cannot or will not give them proper attention. Congenital malformation of nails, such as their entire absence or an over-supply, are sometimes encountered. However, multiple or accessory nails may not be recognizable until several years after birth and are often associated with other skin conditions.

Environment has a marked effect on the appearance of the nails. Manual labor and stains resulting from dyes, drugs and tobacco modify the appearance of the nails. Occasionally the nails themselves, but more frequently the nail bed or matrix, become infected. This is usually due to common bacteria, and the duration of the infection is not long. Occasionally the infection is caused by the ringworm fungus. This condition is slow to respond to medication and causes marked deformity in the nails. If permanent damage to the nail bed is the result of the infectious process, faulty nutrition

of the nail takes place; if temporary damage, ridges, pits and irregularities of the surface are the result.

Ill Health Brings Changes in Nails

Marked changes take place in the nails as in other parts of the body, as a result of disease. There may be alteration in

color shape and texture. There may be an overgrowth as is sometimes seen with giantism, or atrophy, as seen in some severe general disturbances. Eczema, dermatitis and psoriasis involving the hands and feet may cause marked changes in the nail resulting in atrophy, pits and furrows. These will persist as evidence of the skin disease long after the skin itself has

returned to normal. When casts or splints are quite firmly applied to broken bones, changes take place in the nails of the affected extremity as a result of pressure.

Practically all severe fevers, such as typhoid, pneumonia and influenza, and chronic ailments like diabetes leave their mark in the nails. This is evidenced by a transverse groove or ridge usually seen most plainly on the thumb and index finger nails.

It is common observation that the patient suffering from chronic chest disorders, such as tuberculosis, empyema or valvular heart disease, has peculiar finger nails. The ends of the fingers are clubbed; the nail beds are raised, and the nails curved. There is a marked improvement in the appearance of the nails when improvement takes place in the chest. The presence of capillary pulse, seen by making moderate pressure on the nail edge, is one sign of a serious heart lesion.

In the condition known as alopecia areata, in which there is a partial or total loss of hair, marked changes in the nails may be observed. In severe cases there may be a shedding of the nails. This phenomenon is also seen in diabetes and typhoid.

Striated or total whitening of the nails may take place after severe neuritis. Probably the worst nails are those of persons with leprosy. Syphilis, too, has a marked effect on the nails, sometimes causing a nonpainful felon. The nails may be cracked or brittle at their free end or detached from below upward. It is associated with other signs of the disease. The appearance of the nails may be markedly influenced by drugs. Arsenic causes discoloration and brittle nails; chloral hydrate in addicts causes ulcers at the nail bed. X-rays may cause marked destruction.

A physician should not diagnose a general disease from nail changes alone, as many factors may cause the same type of lesion. In order to support his diagnosis there must be evidence elsewhere, except in local infections and injuries. The appearance of the nails may be a clue to some basic disorder and is just another link in the chain when making a diagnosis.

Hangnails may be prevented by careful, regular manicuring. One should be particular to see that the overhanging skin is gently pushed back by an orange stick. There is marked danger of infection

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travelling home to their estate from London, brought no sadness. He had never held anything in common with them, even as a boy. In after years his feelings had been of actual dislike for the male members of his family. So now his only thought was of himself; of what the future held for him.

Certainly he must return! An estate with an income of forty thousand a year awaited him! With these thoughts came a queer thrill of excitement; all in a moment the brightest of many recent winter dreams came flooding back, swept him into a state of glorious happiness, a happiness based on the expectation of pleasures to come.

The door's creaking roused him. Looking up he saw Mary Rose framed in the portal, her glorious figure outlined against the soft, dun darkness of the summer night. At sight of her all the roseate visions faded; but this time one thing remained fixed in his mind: he would go home.

"It's late, Billee; time to go to bed," she said softly, coming toward him with outstretched arms. He took her hands in his, held them for a moment, listlessly, for his heart was too full of other things to allow for more than a slight responsive squeeze. Rising he followed her out, locked the post, and they passed on to the nearby cabin.

And yet again, an hour later, with Mary Rose's arms about him, and she cuddling close to him in the old familiar way, there rose up within him that ever-haunting feeling of sadness for her. Back at the post on the following day this feeling still lingered; and instead of preparing for a hasty departure as determined upon the previous night, Gravelle gave in to queer uncomprehended emotions, favoring procrastination. Swayed by them, though still set on eventual departure, he despatched a halfbreed with a cablegram to Northtown, the nearest telegraph station three hundred miles to the east and south. The cablegram was indeed an odd evidence of the two selves which warred within the sender. Even to himself, Gravelle could not later explain the wording, or the fact that, instead of signing his own rightful name he had affixed that of William Gravelle. Briefly, he cabled: "Scroogins, Kerr and Granham, Solicitors, Furnival Street, London, England. Have knowledge whereabouts George Arthur Haileybury. William Gravelle, H.B. Trader, Lesser Slave Lake, Alberta, via Northtown."

Two hours after the courier's departure Gravelle regretted the sending of this as most foolish. Yet days fled into weeks and still he stayed on at the post, performing the same round of duties, an uncomprehensible lethargy upon him.

During the time he again and again told himself of the foolishness of worrying over Mary Rose. She was only an ignorant savage, who had called to him in a moment of passion! He had nothing in common with her! After his going she would quickly forget! On the other side, an innate sense of fairness, and a knowledge of the true depth of her love, gained most fully and beyond a doubt from three years of continual companionship, strove to counteract and contradict these assertions.

At first they succeeded, but with passing time the former argument, coupled with his feverish desire to be gone, fought down the strange, indefinable feeling which centred about her. Hazy days of early Fall, the air heavy with melancholy, smoky odor of the dying year, the mornings tinged with frost's first touch, brought memories of the long winter to come, clinching his first decision to leave before the ending of boat transportation to the outside. So again he despatched a courier to his company's district head-

Higher Love

Continued from page 7

quarters at Northtown with a letter announcing his resignation and a request that a man be sent to relieve him before the closing of navigation.

LATE on the afternoon following this action he sat out upon the little platform adjoining the front of the post, his chair tilted against the wall, moccasined feet resting on the lower rung, and gazed down the street to the boat landing and beyond over the water of the lake, kissed to sparkling by the afternoon sun. Early that morning Mary Rose had canoed up the lake to visit some relatives, and now, with the lengthening hours, he expected any moment to see her craft swing around the bend of the woods and draw into the landing.

Presently a boat did come into view. He watched it lazily at first, for it was not her. Then, as its nearer approach made plainer its occupants, he fastened keen gaze upon it. For between the two breed boatmen was a stranger—undoubtedly a white man.

Such comers were unusual enough to cause Gravelle to watch the landing interestedly. A few halfbreeds from the settlement gathered about as the newcomers sprang ashore. Gravelle saw one of the company's employees wave an arm in his direction, evidently in answer to the stranger's questioning, and five minutes later he looked upon at close quarters the oddest visitor the old post had ever seen.

Tall, spare, perhaps fifty years of age was the man who came towards him. He was correctly garbed in suit of business black, very English as to cut. His cravat was neatly tied, though a little awry from being about a collar now somewhat wilted. Everything about him: manner, movement, dress, proclaimed him as one from a great city. And though there was a slight dint in his hat, and his shoes and clothing gave evidence of the three hundred miles of canoeing and portaging he had done, he still remained the city personified, who no wilderness trail, no matter how hard, could rob of personality gained from a lifetime of treading pavement, of being always in touch with close-housed humanity.

And looking upon this person from a world once his, Gravelle stared wordless, until recalled by the stranger's voice: "Mr. Gravelle?"

Awkwardly the trader got to his feet and came forward holding out his hand. "The same."

The traveller took the proffered hand. "My name is Kerr, Archibald Kerr, of Scroogins, Kerr and Granham, London. You cabled us some time ago of having information of a client of ours, Mr. George Arthur Haileybury. And so, after some consultation, as the matter is of great importance, I decided to make the trip in person. And a beastly one it was!" He added this last in the inimitable tone of the true Britisher expressing fitting contempt for all things un-English.



Brought face-to-face with a situation so long neglected, Gravelle was taken aback, but, upon the solicitor concluding, pulled himself sufficiently together to say casually, though heartily enough: "Yes; yes. Glad to see you . . . Come in." Picking up the satchel for his visitor, Gravelle led the way in.

Seated in the office, Archibald Kerr took up his subject. But Gravelle interrupted with a wave of his hand. "Time enough for all that later. You're tired now," he said genially. "Just now a wash and a good supper is what you need. Just excuse me a moment till I go and make arrangements."

Leaving the post, Gravelle hurried down the street to the home of Jasper Laroque. Laroque's wife was the cleanest halfbreed in the settlement, a model housekeeper, an excellent cook. Being unblest with a family, Gravelle decided Laroque's place the most suitable for the solicitor during his stay. Arrived at the house he arranged matters quickly. "My place is too small, and Mary Rose is away today," he explained to Laroque as reason for his not entertaining the distinguished guest. Receiving assurance that supper would be ready in half an hour the trader returned to the post. As he walked back he realized that Mary Rose's absence had not been the true reason against his inviting Kerr to his home. It was Mary Rose herself! A wave of contempt for himself swept him; but still the feeling remained—he could not bring himself to acknowledge to this man of his own world, to this man in charge of his affairs, that a native woman claimed him as her man. Yes; that was it, that was the way Mary Rose would have spoken of him had she met Kerr. Sooner or later she would have said, in glowing, prideful tones, as she had done so often before when speaking to those of her own world: "Ah, yes, my man is a good man, the bes' man in all the countree!" As Gravelle set foot upon the platform another question intruded. Should he make himself known at once, or wait till later? Quickly decision came to first hear what Kerr had to say.

Once more face to face with Kerr, the trader's old love and longing for civilization and news of doings therein asserted. He bombarded Kerr with questions about things on the outside; questions about trivial matters, but which loomed large to one who has been in the wilderness for years. To many of these the staid business man was at a loss for reply, they being far removed from his little orbit, and because he was not of the wilderness, did not understand what it was to be cut off and alone, he thought his host a man of marvellously childlike intellect.

In a few minutes they went to supper.

An hour later, once more seated within the office of the post, cigars, unearthed from out Kerr's satchel, glowing redly in the gathered dark, the solicitor again took up the subject of his visit by remarking: "You see, I, perhaps more than the—er—rest of the firm, am deeply interested in this matter. I might almost say that it is, in a way, a family matter with me. Until the receipt of your cablegram Haileybury was considered alive. Of course, we were sorry to get your cablegram, sorry that he is not." He had striven to make his last words convincing, to give them sincerity. Yet Gravelle sensed a queer satisfaction lying back of the speech. Wondering for reason of this, he decided for the time being to allow the solicitor to continue in the assumption that his sending of a cablegram had to do with the demise of George Arthur Haileybury. Dwelling a moment on the matter, Gravelle now saw that this was a

Continued on page 84



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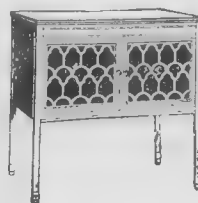
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Higher Love

Continued from page 83

perfectly natural conclusion for the solicitors to have drawn. So, after a moment he said: "Well, with cabled words costing sixty cents apiece, one does not care particularly to go into details."

"And you can furnish us with proofs of his death?"

Even in the room so filled with dusk that was almost darkness, Gravelle noted the other's tense leaning forward.

"Is this very necessary?"

Kerr straightened himself, sat back, relaxed. There was a long silence. Presently he said: "Come, come, let us get this matter settled. There can be no reason for you not confiding fully in me. And I have the hundred pounds reward here ready for you."

Gravelle laughed a little harshly. "Oh, that's all right. I didn't cable you because of the reward. You see, Haileybury was a pretty close friend of mine for a good many years, so, naturally, I'm interested in his affairs, and before I give you any information, I'd like things explained. You remarked a moment ago, it was in a way a family matter with you?"

"Certainly, certainly," Kerr hastened to agree after a pause. "Certainly you being an intimate friend are entitled to the facts. I shall only be too glad to give you my full confidence."

"You see, it is this way," Kerr continued, "in the event of Haileybury's death, and because both the other brothers were unmarried, and thus without issue, the estate reverts to the earl's next of kin, a younger and only brother. He, however, died some six weeks ago, and the property will now go to his only daughter, Grace Haileybury, a very estimable young lady, an indeed splendid young woman." The unctuousness of this last was lost upon his listener.

At the sound of Grace's name, Gravelle clutched the arms of his chair in painful grasp. The kindly dark hid the movement and his writhing features. Again there flared an old anger; again he cursed fate's cruelty that had made him care for the one woman from whom he was forever barred by very closeness of blood.

Kerr's next few words were lost, but suddenly Gravelle came back to earth as Kerr remarked with fatherly pride: "My only son, Archibald junior, and the young lady, recently became engaged, and, while the Haileybury millions matter not one jot to their love, I, for one, must admit that the possibility of my son's wife coming into the estate was to me rather an alluring prospect. It means many things for all of us, things which you out here, of course, cannot appreciate."

Gravelle smiled grimly in the dark at this thrust from a man now obsessed with longing for wealth and titled connection, even though the latter came but indirectly. Then out of the past the ghost of his old love whispered strange suggestion to him. He got quickly to his feet. "I guess you'll be tired," he said abruptly, his voice very calm and steady.

Quite astonished at this strange action, but anxious to in no way offend, Kerr rose and followed the trader out into the night. Gravelle snapped the padlock in the staple bolt. As he finished Kerr said questioningly, no longer able to control his impatience: "And your information; your proofs of death? What of them?"

Gravelle turned his head slightly. In the near distance snuggling back among the now bare poplars and the dark spruce, the whitewashed logs of his cabin gleamed faintly against the

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Home Doctor

Continued from page 60

the skin, because the dirt that tends to accumulate in the mouth is not of fatty nature as is the dirt on the skin, the latter being a compound of dust and other materials with the fatty secretion of the sebaceous skin glands.

Tooth pastes are more portable and perhaps somewhat more convenient to use than tooth powders.

For persons who can easily afford it and who, either because they like the taste or because they have faith in some alleged special virtue, employ flavored mouth washes, tooth powders or pastes more regularly and religiously than they would use plain water and chalk, these are after all a good investment. Let no one say, however, that he cannot wash his mouth because he has nothing to wash it with.

First Aid to Teeth

As soon as there is the least decay in the tooth, the dentist should be consulted. He will cut the decay away and fill the small hole. This will prevent a larger hole and will save the pain and cost of a larger filling later. It is not easy to discover small holes, but the dentist can find them with his fine pointed instrument called the explorer. Therefore, it is advisable to see a dentist every six months. Always think of the future. Clean teeth never decay.

Decayed Teeth Cause Illness

If decay is not removed and the tooth filled, the enamel will break down and will cause a hole large enough to collect food. This food will then begin to rot and cause toothache and will often

make people ill. Many illnesses may come from decayed teeth and dirty mouths, such as rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, headache, heart trouble, abscess, skin troubles, colds, boils, and nervousness.

Pain is a Danger Signal

Don't wait for a tooth to ache. Have it treated before it pains. If a tooth becomes painful, go to a dentist at once. There are many things to put into a tooth which will stop the pain, but remember that these things will not stop the decay. The hole will grow larger and either the pain will return or the nerve will die. The decay must be cleaned out and the hole filled. If the face begins to swell, put something cold on the cheek and go to the dentist. Keep hot things away from the face when there is a swelling. Hot things may be held inside the mouth, but not on the outside of the face.

A Pulled Tooth is a Lost Friend

When a tooth is pulled out, it leaves a gap in the chewing machine. Its work must be done by the teeth on each side. Sometimes these teeth are pushed crooked because the gap leaves nothing to support them. It is just like losing a button from a coat and trying to fasten that button hole over the next button.

Clean Teeth Cannot Decay

Take care of your teeth.

Dentists can help, but you must brush the teeth every day. Have your dentist examine your teeth and clean them at least two times a year.

You will need your teeth all your life.

The Ways of Her Household

Continued from page 47

a new dress. She was neat, stylish—noticeably so. How did she manage it? A few questions and out came her little story, revealing, quite unintentionally, the bravery, the common sense and the loyalty of the speaker. "I must be very careful of my clothes," she said, "for there are four children to feed and educate. My father died six years ago and my mother works very hard at her dressmaking in order to keep a home for me and my little sisters. My employer is very kind. Twice he has given me gloves for my mother and my sisters. Does madame employ a dressmaker? I sew at my own home in the evenings and I could call at your house for the material on my way home from work here."

We talked a few moments longer, and then with a courteous "Merci, Madame, Bon jour, madame," the little vendeuse turned away to answer the questions of the next customer.

Only nineteen, but already saving her hard-earned pennies to make a home for the little sisters.

ONE striking example and I shall have completed my symposium of the mesdames of New France.

Madame B. is the brilliant intellectual widow of a well-known politician.

She had taken a prominent part in the organization and work of an important political body. Recently a delegation of citizens visited her to urge that she become the candidate for the next Federal

election. They promised her the support which would undoubtedly have placed her in office.

She expressed great surprise at the unexpected honor. "But I have not the time or the money. Who would look after my four boys if I entered political life?"

"You could engage a housekeeper or companion," suggested Senator K.

"But who would really love them as I do, and who would earn money for them as I do?"

It was the questioners who looked amazed then.

"Ah you know me very little. During the hours my boys are at school I have done a good deal of political work, but I have also written many articles, short stories and the novel which appeared under the pen-name of E—N—. And every cent which I earn is going into a special fund for the education of my boys. No, no, public life would take too much time away from my home, and I consider that the home is the unit upon which the nation is built: is it not true that the home depends upon the mother?"

No persuasion could alter her decision and she is only one among the thousands of Frenchwomen who are "penny wise and home foolish. The wisest kind of foolishness, for "she looketh well to the ways of her household," and upon these individual God-fearing households will be reared the structure of a strong and noble Canadian nation.

Some Interesting Facts About the Nails

Continued from page 80

from the cuticle knife, and many infections result from the injudicious use of this instrument.

The beauty expert should be careful to see that her instruments are clean, for even syphilis is occasionally passed on by a careless operator.

Care of Toe Nails

While the cosmetic appearance of the toe nails is of importance only to a limited number, like barefoot dancers and bathing beach promenaders, reasonable care is required of all.

Neglect and improper trimming are factors in precipitating ingrown toe nails. This is notably true in the case of the

great toe. In the early stages ingrown toe nails can be prevented by trimming the nails straight across. If the condition is advanced, a local operation with partial removal of the nail is required.

Nails are resistive to treatment, because local remedies have difficulty in penetrating to the source of the trouble. When disturbances in the nails are merely a reflection of some systemic disease, the outlook will depend more on the general condition than on local remedies. Because of the slow growth of the nails, improvement is usually slow. As long as the root or matrix has not been destroyed by local or systemic conditions, the nail should in time assume its normal appearance.



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Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 62

Say "I will choose this for my vacation"—not "I wish I could be so-and-so." We cannot drift today—we must force our way up the stream of life.

Read constructively. Trashy reading produces cheap mentality—cheap mentality destroys womanhood. What will ten years of trashy reading do to a girl?

It makes the mind sluggish—makes her hysterical—cheapens her thought, her expression, her personality. On the other hand, constructive reading is food for the mind, and this mental discipline is a powerful factor in making a girl attractive and popular, for it teaches a girl not to surrender to moods, whines and physical troubles. Authority and conviction are inspired by expert knowledge on any subject. Discipline of the mind broadens a young woman's vision—makes her tolerant of others. She is bigger than the one whose "pin-head" perceptions find nourishment in the mistakes of others."

A Girl's Brother

"OH, he is an abominable tease!" a girl exclaimed the other day. The "nuisance" she described was her brother. Let me tell you, girls, a brother is about the best friend a girl can have. I know when they are in the teen age they annoy and make one desperate at times. I went through that experience in my own girlhood and at times I felt like pushing him off a precipice where he would fall a million miles.

But today he is a great big splendid man with a heart full of kind affection for his sister, and as the years pass he becomes nearer and dearer.

Even in the exasperating teen age he is a help. A girl matches her wits with him and his friends. A girl without a brother is handicapped. The girl who has a brother learns to understand boys and later—men. Socially in her girlhood she has the companionship so necessary to bring out the best in girlhood.

So let us put up with his teasing through the teasing age, for as a rule he will fight for his sister when she needs a friend. One time I owned a book entitled "Sisters of Great Men." I loaned it and it was never returned. But I remember it contained the

biography of the sister of the great astronomer Herschel, and Mary Lamb and other women who made it possible for their brothers to accomplish great things.

And that reminds me of a sister who would not allow her brother the poorest room in the house. A new home had been built and the tiny bedroom was given to him. Throughout the building of the home he had been unusually quiet. When she returned from a vacation and saw the room that had been assigned him she immediately objected, insisted on a big front room where he had the kind of decoration and furniture he wanted. During his teen age he proudly brought his boy friends to his room. No one knows the far-reaching influence of that room.

After all, I will speak a good word for the average brother of a girl. He will be her best friend through emergency if she appreciates him.

Is Everybody Lonesome?

THE other day I picked up a book, written several years ago, entitled "Everybody's Lonesome." The story is about a young girl in a country town who felt that life was stretched before her an endless uninspired humdrum of monotonous tasks. She was heartsick with the weariness of it and she hated everything. She wasn't pretty and she wasn't clever and she had no accomplishments.

Then her Godmother sent for her and Mary Alice went to visit her. The Godmother was very popular among titled and famous people though she had little money. She had learned to understand the needs of others, and in so doing had found her own happiness.

Mary Alice soon became so busy interesting herself in others that she forgot her own unhappiness. A wealthy financier came to the little home—just to forget his weight of affairs—and he toasted bread with Mary Alice in front of the fireplace—he was lonely. Other men and women much before the public eye happened to meet Mary Alice in their lonely moments and were cheered on. There are times in everybody's life when they are lonely, was the secret Mary Alice learned. A sympathetic word just at the right time is a magic key that unlocks the hearts of others and brings love into one's own life in so doing.

What the Well Dressed Bed Will Wear

Continued from page 70

A narrow ruffle can be very sweet on a simple muslin spread. Perhaps the ruffles might be bound in color. I saw one charming set for a young girl's bedroom this summer—white dotted swiss, used at the windows, on the dressing table, and for the bedspread. Each piece was trimmed with a ruffle bound in peach color—of a material that would not run in the wash, of course. The effect was as dainty as could be. It occurred to me that it would be attractive if the dots in the muslin were also colored—you can get these swiss muslins with the spot any light color you may like.

Linen is another material that, if extreme care can be taken of the spread, may be turned to handsome account. But its folding must be done just so—and if some absent-minded person should drop down upon the bed in the day time, the result is of course fatal, for the linen is so crushable. But it is stunning when cut into broad bands and joined by faggotting, or alternated with bands of the same width of heavy lace—crochet, perhaps. Of course with any fabric of this weight, one would revert again to the smoothly tailored style of spread. Ball fraise is sometimes an effective trimming for the edge.

These are only a few hints to indicate the trend of modern bed-dressing—but they are enough to show the wide variety of treatments that offer; the great thing is to choose one that suits the style of the bed and of the room—and to let it undertake something quite definite toward making the room a beautiful whole. The bed that is well treated will be such

an effective part of your furnishing—and the attractive and suitable cover you choose for it may easily be one that will require much less care and laundering than its predecessor, if that is a point.

The "Wait" Of It

If old Lenny Foskett was anything more than deliberate, he was exasperating. He moved, spoke and lived at his own sweet will, and no one had ever been known to budge him. He came into the village store one morning, threw himself down on the bench in front of the counter and announced that he had just killed his prize hog.

"Guess how much he weighed, boys," he drawled.

"Two hundred and seventy-five," ventured one of the loungers.

Lenny shook his head.

Others offered suggestions; the guesses grew so brisk that it began to sound like an auction. All sorts of weights were given, but to all of them Lenny merely shook his head. The others began to lose patience. From mere curiosity they began to long passionately to learn the weight of the hog and pass on to another subject.

"Well, for heaven's sake, how much did your old hog weigh?" somebody demanded. "We've guessed every figure possible! How much did he weigh?"

Lenny yawned. "Hi—hum. I dunno," he drawled. "I ain't weighed him yet."

An idle dollar is still worth a hundred cents; an idle man is worth less than nothing.



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Children should eat home-cooked whole-grain cereals, milk, eggs, steamed, leafy vegetables, fruits, salads. And Roman Meal is one absolutely whole-grain cereal, made from three whole grains and bran. What one grain lacks is provided by another.

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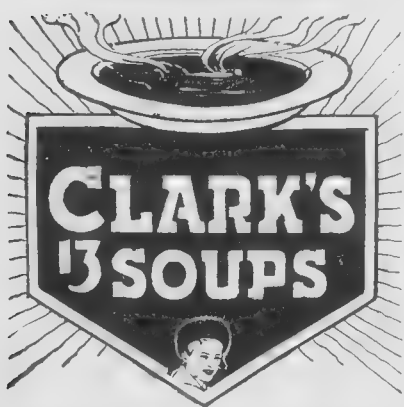
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"So this is South America," said the Inspector, finding it necessary to say something, and, pulling on the string, he displayed the huge pear-shaped continent. Pleezeteacher jumped down, and hurried to take her place under the geraniums, glad to be free again.

A golden bar of sunlight streamed through the open window, glorifying the red geraniums, lighting up the carrot head of Jimmy, as though to contrast the color of the flower, and then spent itself on the floor under the desks of the Primer Class. Pleezeteacher stood by the golden bar.

The Inspector was standing at one side of the map, his huge finger on the mouth, or rather mouths, of the Amazon.

"Have you all found the place?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," came back irregularly.

"Now let us follow this river to its source, mentioning as we go the products of its banks." His big finger began to move.

"As the river proceeds west, we find along its side a great number of—what?"

"Rubber trees," came the reply.

"Correct. Still farther on we come across an abundance of —?" "Sugar cane." "Correct."

Pleezeteacher need not worry: she had gone over the products most thoroughly, had composed most practical and interesting lessons, and, to even the most backward, had given a good stock of Amazon lore.

The golden bar of sunlight was now slanting across Pleezeteacher's shoulder, illuminating her girlish profile, and making a halo on her hair. The Inspector's eyes were wandering too often to the red geraniums.

"Now, class, you will notice that the Amazon River makes a bend here." Pleezeteacher's cheeks were soft and downy, and her chin held a dimple like a dewdrop in a lilybell. "It winds its way among the rubber trees." Pleezeteacher's hair was now a shining crown of light, the tiny ringlets vying with each other in brightness. "From here the river makes a bend again." The big finger had now absent-mindedly moved northward across the Plateau of Guiana, thence over the Orinoco River, and was well into the Caribbean Sea, but in imagination it was threading three golden ringlets, where only two could possibly go. A puzzled, confused look spread over the class. Pleezeteacher had said that one peculiarity of the Amazon was that it nearly crossed the top of South America, and here the Inspector was leading it away out into the middle of the sea. But he must be right. For Inspectors are like God: they know everything, and even if he said that the river flowed up one side of the Andes and down the other, he would still be right, and Pleezeteacher would be wrong, because Inspectors—well, they just know.

Pleezeteacher scented the mysterious atmosphere, and looked from the class

to the map. The Inspector hastily drew the errant finger back to the river.

"Oh! I am sorry, I was looking at those red geraniums. Did you plant them yourselves?"

Pleezeteacher explained that each pupil had slipped one himself in the fall, and that it was now his duty to care for it. "Are they not beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, Miss, like tiny golden hoops—"

Red geraniums—tiny golden hoops! Pleezeteacher raised her eyebrows. Oh, well! sometimes inspectors were peculiar; long hours of study and constant reading do tend to make one absent-minded.

"Now to return to the Amazon, class." The inspector had a vague uncomfortable feeling that something he had just said did not seem quite to suit the occasion, but—

"Let us mention some of the most important tributaries flowing into the main river, and point out their courses. One after the other the children arose, and, taking the pointer, indicated a tributary, stated its name, and took their seats, not forgetting to look at teacher with a meaning glance, "Ain't I doin' this nice? I'm doin' this for you, Pleezeteacher."

It was now noon. Pleezeteacher dismissed the classes with a brisque "Atten-shun," each "shun" causing her curls to tremble and shake. "About turn, forward march," and the pupils filed out the door. The big man was looking at his blank slip, one hand in his coat pocket, the big thumb left wriggling outside. Pleezeteacher had shut the door, and was returning to her desk. As a rule the inspector used the noon hour to suggest any improvements to the teacher, but he wouldn't do that today. He felt awkward by the little fair lady. Perhaps a mad gallop across the fields would clear his brain, and bring him back fresh to start the afternoon. Yes, to be sure it would.

PLEEZETEECHER sat alone at her desk. Cupping her chin in her hand, she gazed out the open door away into the distance where the foothills pushed themselves up. The morning's work, the look of the kiddies' faces, and the big finger floundering in mid-ocean, flashed through her mind. That big finger! Pleezeteacher had sympathy for it: it seemed so helpless. And the big man! Pleezeteacher glanced at his report sheet. Not a word had been written on it, not a single word of any sort! School would recommence at one o'clock, and the big man would come again. A look on Pleezeteacher's face might suggest that she was glad.

Hardly had the last child arrived, when the Inspector was again at the

door. Now he was by Pleezeteacher's desk. The high tension that was so apparent in the morning was absent. The Inspector seemed now to be quite an old friend, except to the Primers, who were not yet quite sure about his intentions. The Intermediates were about to be tested in Spelling. From his inside coat pocket the Inspector drew forth a list of words. Ears alert, the children waited. Trying to avoid the red geraniums, the deep voice began. "Parliament," "municipal," followed by many others, came out clearly with due regard for every syllable, and "correct" or "wrong" followed each spelling. Pleezeteacher had crossed to the Baby Class, and in soft tones was telling them a little story, and humoring them a bit, as she knew their turn was coming next. Sweetly gesticulating, her head to one side, she was adorable.

"Sure"—came the next word from the Inspector, as his eyes rested on Pleezeteacher's beauty.

"S-H-U-R-E"—the worst speller was having his turn.

"Correct," said the big voice mechanically.

A roar came from Jimmy. "Pleezeteacher, there ain't an 'h' in 'sure,' is there?" For, having spelled all the words correctly himself, he did not want anyone to get undue credit.

Pleezeteacher, startled by the roar, looked at the Inspector, and he, very fortunate in remembering the word just spelled, spoke out, "No, young man, 'sure' is spelled 's-u-r-e.'"

"Bob said an 'h' in it." Jimmy was relieved, but still indignant.

The Spelling finished, the Inspector hurried them through a test in Mental Arithmetic, and that, of course, required his closest attention.

Pleezeteacher took her place again under the red geraniums. The last class was about to be inspected—the Baby Class. The little necks were stretched up and twelve pairs of very apprehensive, bright eyes were watching the face of the big man who stood over them. He liked children, but he did not understand them: they cried unexpectedly, and were always asking unanswerable questions. But Pleezeteacher did not fear for them now.

"Take out your Primers, and turn to page 18."

Eighteen—yes, they all knew 18. There was a 1, and then a figure that looked like mummy's doughnuts when she gave the circle a little twist before dropping it into the sizzling fat. Starting at the front seat, he had the children stand up one after the other all down the row.

"My—pussy—can—drink—milk."

"Ned—has—a—ball."

"Ben—is—my—dog."

Pleezeteacher was proud of them. A little girl, with dimpled knees and

mouth all poised, had been waiting patiently, and now it was her turn. Her Primer right side up, she was going to read a little verse about a sentence telling about "honey."

"A—b—b—bithy—bee."

"A what?" came a little too roughly from the Inspector. Peggy Lou looked up, caught the surprised expression on the Inspector's face, and, mistaking it for anger, let her book drop, and was now crying her heart out on the open page. Pleezeteacher's soft arms were around her instantly, and pressed the little curly head close to her neck. Magic words, which only women know, were already straightening up Peggy Lou's back, and checking the great sobs. The Inspector was dumfounded. Would those soft arms cuddle him up if he were to lean over his desk and sob! He blushed at the thought of it.

He strode back to the teacher's desk. In his mind was a confused mass of yellow curls, red geraniums, and Peggy's woebegone face. This could not go on. He wasn't getting anywhere. How could he fill in the remaining two hours. Glancing at his time sheet, he noticed the date—April 12! The drowning man and the last straw! Facing the school again, he spoke:

"Boys and girls, I have a surprise for you. Perhaps you do not know that 700 years ago today our forefathers fought for us on the gory fields of battle to save us from prison or torture. Rivers ran with blood; houses crashed in flames; and fields were covered with scores of dead bodies.

The older children pricked up their ears like a frightened herd; the Primers gaped. Blood—burning houses—dead bodies—Oh, Pleezeteacher! But she could only look in absolute bewilderment at the huge arms as they moved in excitement. The Inspector was raving on as though his very life depended on impressing on the children the importance of that terrible but victorious day so long ago.

"And so, boys and girls, in order to commemorate that noble deed, I am going to give you a holiday. You are all dismissed."

In baby language Pleezeteacher explained the situation to the smallest pupils and, while the two higher grades were fairly stampeding out the door, she helped them on with their wraps; for once glad to get rid of them—in much the same way as big sister likes Tommy to go to bed when her beau is coming.

Determined to find out more about this battle that happened in bygone days, for Pleezeteacher knew that her boys would come with a host of questions in the morning, she walked toward the big man at her desk. He was waiting for her.

"Please, Mr. —, will you t—?"

"Pleezeteacher, will you m—?"

He looked at her like a helpless schoolboy, but managed to say:

"Pleezeteacher, will you marry me?"

CLIVE BELL, undoubtedly the most outstanding art critic writing today, has an essay in his book "Since Cezanne," dealing with the problems of the artist, and more particularly with the shining tool technique, without which little can be accomplished. Clive Bell cleverly emphasizes the point of his essay by comparing technique to a narrow tube through which the thing created has to be passed after the white heat of inspiration is over. It is only the great artist who has the courage and patience to select the narrowest tube; likewise, it is only the true poet who has the courage and patience to prune his flamboyant, flowering thoughts until he has attained perfection, or the highest of which he is capable.

When a discussion arises on such poets as Shelley, Keats, or Browning, it is generally revealed that it is by the "simple, heart-easing" things that they are remembered, by the lyric songs, joyous, and apparently spontaneous. Very few people have the student disposition that is prepared to plough through pages and pages of stories in heroic verse, or who are prepared to spend long hours puzzling out their mystical meaning. There are those who will shake their

heads over this statement, but then they have that rare student disposition! Words properly used are like jewels or, one might say, like the notes on a piano, each having its own peculiar value and, when carefully chosen, increasing in value and beauty.

NO ONE is more of an artist in the choice of words than Walter de la Mare. Attuned to their sight and sound he has used them to make his poems gems of loveliness. They need not the setting of music to crown them, for they sing themselves. His poems on Arabia, a thing of moonlight magic, has a mantram quality. In "The Listeners" he has caught the spell of lonely places, peopled by lonely, hovering ghosts.

"But they heard his foot on the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone

And how the silence urged softly backwards

When the plunging hoofs were gone."

Blake, the mystic, understood the value of simplicity and, although he wrote

The Art of Simplicity

By Aileen Beaufort

some quite remarkable mystical poems, it is doubtful if he expected them to be deciphered, and it is to his "Songs of Innocence" that we turn for sheer delight, and his other lyric verse. In Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" is to be found the same quality. They are so easy to understand, so artlessly they memorize themselves and so very difficult are they to write! None of them perhaps is more tender than "My Boats," with its poignant ending:

"Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore."

THERE are times when one is awed and baffled before this almost stark simplicity that seems the inevitable test of good verse. Doubtless it is largely inspirational, because the slim volumes of the true singers appear at rare intervals. Also, they are never content with second best: they do not diffuse; they conserve and concentrate and waste nothing. I suppose no one has appeared

less in print and at the same time had so devoted a following as the shy scholar who has given us "The Shropshire Lad." These little poems, with their delicate lights and shades, happen to lend themselves admirably to music and fortunately the composer of the songs in "The Shropshire Lad" cycle has caught the mood, the very spirit, of Housman.

THE young Canadian poet, Marjorie Pickthall, who was little known, and who was quietly following the high tradition, brought to her art also some of that precious essence of simplicity. Would that it were more cultivated by the young poets of today, and that they realized more clearly its significance and power. One becomes very tired of banal utterances on the various aspects of nature! So very tired of verbose and pompous mouthings "signifying nothing!" The artist is a creature of self-expression, but who welcomes self-expression of itself? It must be lit with the fire of inspiration, chastened with the sword of technique.

The artist has a definite purpose, even if at times he is a little vague as to his purpose, even if he is unable to voice it, even if he is unaware of it in this egotism, but it remains still the purpose.

The Pleasure of Creating

Continued from page 68

decreased. Then cast on 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 needles. Knit to foot of sweater. Cast off.

Sleeves—With right side of work towards you, tobacco wool, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire armhole. Knit in pattern as sweater for 4 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle, every 4th or 6th row gradually to give good shape. Continue to knit until sleeve measures 13 inches. Then on No. 9 needles knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 3 inches. Cast off.

Collar—With right side of work towards you, camel wool, No. 9 needles, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire neck. (Sts. now on 3 needles.) Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 8 inches. Cast off. Sew up seams neatly.

2-Piece Dress

Size 2 years
10 balls pink silvertwist
2 balls white brush wool
1 pair each No. 7 and No. 9 needles

Dress—Back—On No. 7 needles cast on 108 sts. Knit in pattern as follows: 1st row—Knit plain. 2nd row—Purl 3, *, knit 4, purl 3. Repeat from * across row. 3rd row—* Wool over needle, knit 3 sts. together. Wool over needle, knit 4. Repeat from * across row, ending with wool over needle. 4th row—Purl 3, *, knit 4, purl 3. Repeat from * across row. Repeat these 4 rows until work measures 15 inches. On following row knit 6 sts., knit 2 sts. together 48 times, knit 6 sts. (60 sts. on needle). Then knit 3 ridges, then cast on 12 sts. each end of needle 3 times each end (36 sts. extra each end). Continue to knit in ridges until work measures 4 inches from underarm. On following row cast off 16 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. Knit 3 ridges for shoulder, then increase 1 st. at neck end every ridge 6 times, then increase 1 st. at neck end every other ridge 6 times, and continue to knit until work measures 4 inches from shoulder. Then cast off sleeve in same manner as cast on. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then knit sts. all on one needle. Knit 3 ridges and on last row increase enough sts. across needle to give 108 sts. Knit in pattern same as back. Cast off.

Cuffs—On No. 9 needles, right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge across sleeve. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 3 inches, then tie on brush wool, knit 3 ridges. Cast off.

Collar—On No. 7 needles, brush wool, cast on 16 sts. Knit in ridges long enough to go around neck. Cast off.

Bloomers—On No. 7 needles, cast on 84 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 10 rows. Knit 12 sts., turn, knit 12. Knit 18 sts., turn, knit 18. Knit 24 sts., turn, knit 24. Knit 28 sts., turn, knit 28. Knit 32 sts., turn, knit 32. Knit 40 sts., turn, knit 40. This forms gusset at back. Now continue to knit until work measures 10 inches on straight edge of work. Then on following row increase 1 st. in each of 1st 2 sts., *, knit 6 sts., increase 1 st. in next st. Repeat from * across row. Increase 1 st. in last 2 sts. (96 sts. on needle). Now continue to knit in ridges for 4 inches, then knit 2 sts. together across row (48 sts. on needle). Now tie on brush wool, knit 5 ridges. Cast off. Repeat same for other leg. Sew up seams neatly. Sew collar to neck of dress. Sew up legs of bloomers 4 inches, then sew both sides together.

With wire brush, brush up brush wool to give angora effect.

Didn't Waste 'Em, Anyway

"Hope you liked those queer little Chinese back-scratchers I sent you, dear."

"Is that what they are? Mercy! I've been making my husband eat his salad with them."—Boston Transcript.

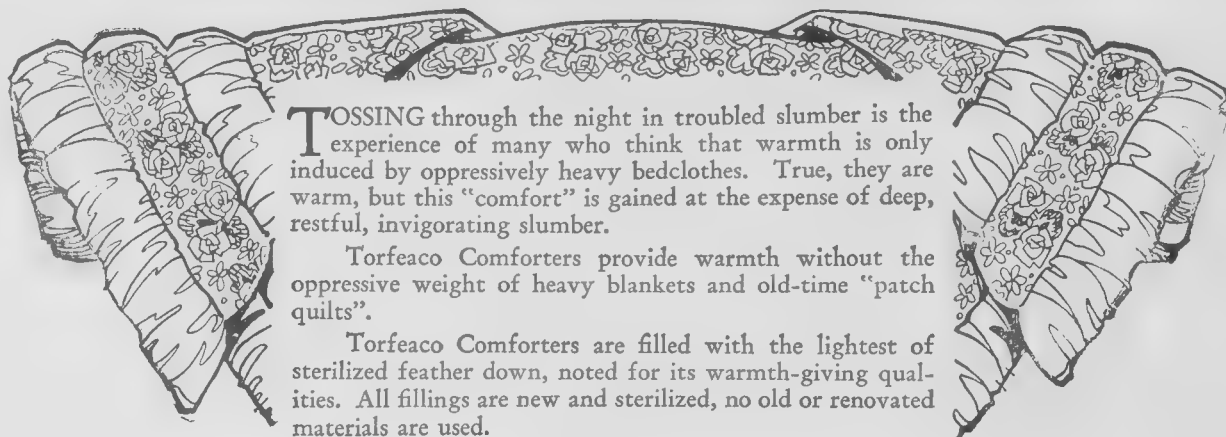
Knew from Experience

Papa: "Bobby, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class. Now do you know what spunk is?"

Bobby: "Yes, sir. It's the past participle of spank."



The TONIC of RESTFUL SLEEP



TOSSING through the night in troubled slumber is the experience of many who think that warmth is only induced by oppressively heavy bedclothes. True, they are warm, but this "comfort" is gained at the expense of deep, restful, invigorating slumber.

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WINNIPEG**

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Hot Oats — for chilly mornings

Nothing makes you feel so good on a chilly morning as a breakfast of delicious hot oatmeal porridge. And morning hours of heavy work require sustaining food. Quaker Oats is the best cereal for early breakfasts. Active workers find in this nourishing food all the important elements which build bone and brawn, repair worn-out tissue and renew bodily vigor and energy. Delicious too, because all the nut-like flavour of the golden grain is retained in Quaker milling. Quaker Oats, the large flake. Quick Quaker, the only quick-cooking oat with the rare Quaker Oats flavour. In sealed cartons, at all grocers.

Quick Quaker packages marked "Chinaware" each contain a piece of delicate imported chinaware in blue and gold. The cartons marked "Aluminumware" contain useful articles of aluminum for the kitchen.



Quaker Oats
—you have known since childhood
Quick Quaker
—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes B40

Why do you spend so much time in bed?

In order to be able to do your work, you say. But eight hours out of the twenty-four—one-third of your life. What an awful waste of time if you do not get what you go to bed for—sleep—refreshing sleep.

You need the sleep that rejuvenates, the vital energy that overcomes all obstacles and makes work easy. Yet you spend one-third of your life in bed and imagine that "any old mattress will do." But it won't. Your body and brain require 60 minutes perfect repose to the hour.

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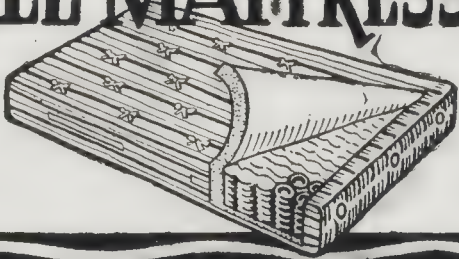
It is so sensitive to the slightest movement that it breathes with you. Obviously repose under such conditions is as beneficial as is possible to conceive.

Of course you want to know more about this wonderfully hygienic yet inexpensive mattress. Please ask us to send our FREE booklet, "THE NIGHTLY VOYAGE," together with the name of the nearest MARSHALL store.



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Winnipeg, Man



PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Shadowing Sheila

Continued from page 15

Then suddenly something rushed at him. His body seemed to collide with some soft, yielding mass, his arms closed round it swiftly and—a hysterical little vocal sound told him that it was a human being. It was a girl, in fact, and from the way she panted he knew that the reason she hadn't screamed was due to lack of breath. One whole minute McCartney held her palpitating, slim form, and then she became suddenly inert. With true feminine consistency she had swooned at the climacteric point.

But the moon just then chanced to ride serenely above the wood and by its pale light he recognized his quarry. It was Sheila!

He chafed her hands and presently she came round.

"Oh!" she said in evident relief, one small hand on her heart.

"Don't be scared. I wasn't going to harm you, only I wanted to find out what you were. You seemed at first to be dogging me—"

"I'm lost," she said in a very faint voice. "I thought I knew the key but I guess I've forgotten. Then I saw and heard you, and once back there when your hand just brushed my shoulder I thought you had me. Horrid old maze, anyway!"

She leaned against the hedge, still panting a little. He felt nothing for her now but a vast pity. He saw it all. She had come back for her handkerchief and had wandered into the maze by mistake.

"Whom did you mistake me for?"

She shuddered.

"For a stool-pigeon," she said. "There's one at the main entrance. I tried to get out that way but just saw him in time. Then I remembered the old walnut tree."

McCartney took a quick breath. So they were on her trail already! Foolish child, to come back! It was condoning crime, but he pulled the handkerchief from his pocket.

"This yours?"

She seized it eagerly, thanking him.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, pointedly.

"I came for my baseball. That cranky butler wouldn't stir a finger to get it for me, and he watches those lodge gates like a hawk. So I—"

She, in turn, had drawn something from her pocket and now she extended it to him.

"Is this it?"

His eager fingers closed round his beloved talisman.

"Where did you find it?" he asked, incredulously.

"In the shrubbery near the conservatory. And now let's have another try at getting out. Two heads being better than one we ought to make it."

Gone was the East London accent and manner. This versatile little crook was now playing the role of an ordinary well-bred girl of the great middle class. And she was in a hurry to be rid of him. She hadn't deigned as yet to explain the reason for her presence, or she was so abstracted in mind she forgot that some sort of excuse was in order. He wondered at her. Didn't she realize that he'd think it odd she should be where she was and at the hour of midnight? They went on, Sheila in the lead, her grey frock quite visible in the increased moonlight. At the central square she stopped.

"Now I know, it's two left turns and three right turns and repeat from here," she said thoughtfully. "I must have counted wrong before. Remember that, please. It leads directly beneath the walnut tree."

They went on and after following these directions found themselves not

at the walnut tree but at the small picket gate which formed the sole entrance to or exit from the maze.

"Bother!" cried Sheila.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed McCartney, taking the full, deep breath of freedom.

"But the man at the lodge gates, you know!"

"Oh, to be sure. I'd forgotten."

He had put out a hand to open the gate. But she was peering anxiously at the old grey mansion that bulked large and shadowy in the middle distance. She pulled him back.

"Perhaps—if we wait," she said. "They ought to be through soon."

McCartney gazed down at the girl in astonishment.

"Are you sure you saw a man watching for you? Might it not be the cook's friend or—some loiterer—"

"Oh, he wasn't watching me. I merely—preferred not to be seen going out."

"Not you! Who, then, in heaven's name? And why should anyone be watched?" he demanded impatiently.

"He's watching to give the alarm, I suppose. You see, his companions are in the house. They're robbing—trying to rob—the safe in the library."

"And here we stand idly by—"

"Stop! Where are you going?" she cut in, seizing him.

"The police signal-box on the corner. I can get over the wall—"

"And spoil everything!" she wailed. "If this should get into the papers! Oh!"

He turned and caught her by both arms.

"Tell me, are you in league with them?" he cried sternly.

"I?"

"Yes! Yes! Are you?"

"Sh! Somebody will hear us!"

"Don't try to jerk away! I'm going to get an answer out of you, you little —"

"How silly you are! It happens that what they're after isn't there!"

"What do you mean? Are you trying to—"

"I mean that someone else got there first," she said, with an exultant little laugh and freeing herself.

Oho! So that was it, eh? Two rival sets of criminals. In a daze of wonderment McCartney stood regarding her. By all the laws of justice and propriety he ought not to dally another instant but to go at once and give an alarm and then turn in all his evidence to the police. Yes, he ought to, but—

An ineffably sweet fragrance of English roses just then was wafted to them from the garden and away off in a wood somewhere near the river a nightingale was singing. And Sheila was so fair, so young, had walked such a little way along the dark path of crime! McCartney thought he heard a little sob. Her head was bent, the golden hair so near his lips he could have—

Another sob? His throat tightened.

"Don't—please," he said. "I—I'll not be hard on you. But, of course, these others—"

She looked up quickly. Gladness unspeakable seemed to flash from her eyes. The look—or something—went to his head.

"Then—you're letting me off? Truly?"

"Yes, but against my better judgment. I'll surely report the gang that's in there now. But you—"

"Well?"

"Can buy me off with a kiss."

He heard a sharp intake of breath on her part, then a hysterical little sob. How dainty and alluring she was!

Continued on page 93



This **Trade Mark**
is Your Guide

YOU can be sure of high quality in your apples when you buy "O.K. Brand". Over three thousand co-operative growers watch the fruit from the time it is formed on the trees until it reaches your door—they know it is as perfect as the variety and grade will permit. Buy O.K. Brand apples and be sure of the best. It is well to order now for all winter apples—before the frost is too heavy to deliver them. Ask for O.K. McIntosh Reds, O.K. Jonathans, O.K. Delicious—they each have a purpose.

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BULLDOG PIPELESS FURNACE

2½ Tons Heats 5 Rooms

"There is no heater to compare with the Bulldog. I burned 2½ tons of coal last winter and heated five rooms and a bath". So writes Mr. Walter Geary, of Gloucester, Mass.

"My Bulldog Saved Me \$100!"

"I have given the Bulldog Furnace a fair trial during winter of 1925. It has been very satisfactory, simple to install and regulate, also saving on fuel, considering my house is 28 x 28 and rooms on second floor. From the time I installed the furnace to April 15th, used about 6 tons of Drumbeller coal; keeps fire a good length of time. I consider the Bulldog has saved me about \$100 from prices quoted on other furnaces not as good."—R. Milani, Indian Head, Sask.

"The Greatest Furnace I Ever Used!"

"We have used the Bulldog Furnace all winter and it is the greatest furnace I ever used, and I have used a few in my time. I have run three Hotels and I never had anything like the Bulldog Furnace. Next fall I can get you five or six orders around here, as everybody has a fit when they come in my house, it is so nice and warm, just like summer. I only fix the furnace twice a day, morning and night, and I can hold fire in it for 48 hours and that is going some, but I can do it."—H. T. Smith, Valjean, Sask.

Bulldog Heats Better Than 4 Stoves!

"We never knew what comfort was until we got the Bulldog Furnace. Our house is one and a half stories and has seven rooms. We have never been able to keep the upstairs warm in the winter until we got the Bulldog Furnace. I used to run four stoves all winter and then the top flat was cold. I have taken out all but the cook stove and we had the window open all last winter on account of the house being too warm."—M. S. Dimmick, Box 68, Invermay, Sask.

Heats Seven Rooms Instead of One!

"Your letter received asking about the Bulldog Furnace. We have had ours in about six weeks and so far it does all Babson Bros. claim for it. We have seven rooms, four on the first floor and three on the second, and it heats them fine. As for being a fuel saver, we find it takes a little more coal to heat the whole house than it did to heat one room with a stove using chestnut coal."—J. B. Smith, 19 Elm St., Somerville, N. J.

Keeps Warm While Neighbors Freeze!

"In regard to our Bulldog Furnace: The surprise came when Jack Frost really came upon us with his shrivelling cold. All our neighbors were complaining of the frozen state of their rooms in the morning after a 20° below night, or more, whereas we were able to get up in the morning and walk about anywhere in the house, without looking for a heater to comfort us. I wouldn't be without the good old Bulldog, having now experienced its capabilities and worth."—Arthur H. Walker, Redwater, Alta.

Cuts Coal Bills in Half.

"I had a hot air furnace in our 7 room house before I got the Bulldog and our house was always cold. With the Bulldog it only takes half as much coal and we had weather below zero, and the house was nice and warm in the morning when we got up. We never have the draft on more than a half hour at a time, and it has the place red hot. It is easy to regulate and keep the fire all day in mild weather."—Jess T. Conrad, 1211 W. Arch St., Shamokin, Pa.

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Comes Completely Erected. You Install It Yourself

The Bulldog is sent to you for free inspection. Then, if satisfied, you make only small monthly payments at our remarkably low price. Write today! Don't miss this chance to cut down your fuel bills! Get all the heat you want—right where you want it—and save money, too! Install a Bulldog Furnace. It comes to you completely erected—goes through any door—fits any height of basement—and you install it yourself in less than two hours! In fact, H. B. Keater, of Libertyville, N. Y., says he installed his Bulldog in 28 minutes!

And the comfort you get! Don't put up with the old fashioned stove heat or some outworn furnace—when you can so easily get the latest and greatest advance in scientific heating at an astonishingly low price. The Bulldog burns almost any kind of fuel, from hard coal to cheap screenings. Keeps a wood fire over night. And it gives so much for so little fuel that Bulldog users are amazed. We have factory connections in both east and west and we ship from the nearest point.

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Babson Bros., Ltd. Dept. B-107 110 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man.
321 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Shadowing Sheila

Continued from page 90

Her blue eyes now black as night wavered up to his and fell. She bit her lips, hesitating evidently between indignation and amusement.

"Just—a kiss?" she murmured, provocatively.

"A kiss and a promise," he amended.

"A promise!"

"That you'll cut out this crooked work. You're a nice little girl and young and very bright and smart. If this is your first mis-step there's a chance to recoup and—and reform. I'm talking to you as I would to—well, to a sister—"

"Oh!"

"And I'm your friend always. Cut loose from that gang. I don't suppose you can get back the jewellery—the jade vase, the pearls and the pictures and other stuff now, but if you'll tell me where you sold them—"

She was gazing at him, transfixed.

"Oh, yes, I know every move you made tonight up till the moment you rolled away in the cab. I—"

"Who are you? What are you?" she broke in, clutching at him half frantically. "You're not a—a—?"

"A detective? No, I'm just a crazy meddler. I came into these grounds three nights in succession in quest of that ball, and the sight of a young girl snooping about with a grip, waiting for a chance to get into the house unobserved, roused my natural curiosity. That's all."

"Oh!" in relief, now.

"By the way, how did you get in each time?" he asked, curiously. "I mean, into the grounds? That's what I can't seem to understand."

"Oh, that's easy," said Sheila lightly. "There's a tiny break in the dividing fence between here and next door. It's used by the dog, I think, and it's hidden by a little bush. I would have gone out that way tonight, but I was afraid that I'd be seen crossing the lawn. I don't think they were here when I first came in (I mean, to get my handkerchief), and, of course—oh, there they go now!" she whispered suddenly.

For two shadows were skimming over the grass towards the gates, in full view of the two watchers in the maze.

"We mustn't let them get away like that," cried McCartney, swinging open the picket gate with determination.

Sheila planted herself in his way and pushed him back.

"Let them go, please. Arresting them for housebreaking would only mix things up awfully."

"But, good heavens!—"

"In about five minutes you and I can get out now, but let them get away clear."

"But robbers—burglars—"

"They're not ordinary burglars. They wouldn't touch jewels or money, for they're the emissaries of probably the richest man in London. What they came for was—papers."

"Papers!" and for a moment fresh doubts of her assailed him.

"If you'll promise on your honor not to tell I'll explain it all," said the girl. "I guess I'll have to, anyway, seeing you know what you do."

"Well?" he suggested in a non-committal tone, "I'll try to be a good listener—if not a believer."

She laughed quietly, and then sobering, said:

"It's all very simple, and it's the old story of capital versus labor, plus a dark horse. My brother, Sir Peter Desmond, is the dark horse in the coming election. Uncle Pat left Peter this place on condition he went into parliament in support of labor, but poor Uncle Pat had left some problems

along with his property. He was hot-headed and indiscreet and there were incriminating documents in his possession that he hadn't had time to destroy, I suppose. (He died of heart failure at his desk, you see). So I came to the city incognito and waited for a chance to get at Uncle Pat's safe. My brother, who was in the South of France for his health, agreed to all this. He had to. There was no other way. We weren't sure whether the servants could be trusted. The other side might bribe them or something. I learned the combination from my brother. And I studied the habits of the three servants. We got word from a trusted advisor that an attempt was to be made to secure these papers in order to help defeat my brother's election. Peter himself ought to have burnt the papers but he foolishly let them lie in the safe, thinking they didn't amount to much. We're all of Irish descent and apt, I suppose, to laugh at danger. The danger was very real, though. Peter, already suspected as the labor candidate, hadn't a chance to come in under such a cloud, and labor needs just such advocates as he so sorely! Peter already has a reputation. He's bound to win out."

They had walked to the big stone lodge gates and now passed through.

"And the man at the corner?" said McCartney, finding voice.

"Was Peter. He landed in England three days ago to prepare his speeches quietly and at his leisure. I saw him off to the coast tonight where he opens his campaign in a day or two."

"But the jewellery and other stuff?"

Merely taken as a blind in case I should be caught. It was old family stuff, not so very valuable. The main thing was to get those papers away."

Under the elms they paused, but for what purpose it would be idle to guess. Possibly there were yet more explanations to be made.

Aspen Beach, Alberta

By R. M. Matheson

*Oh, little Aspen, waving
To and fro,
What are thy fears that make thee
Tremble so?*

*Is it the lonely hours
When the throng
Of pleasure seekers merry
All have gone?*

*Vespers no longer mingling
With thy prayer
When the voices on the water
Silent are?*

*Is it the long deep silence
Over all
When summer wanes, and autumn
Days befall?*

*Is it the winter coming
Merciless?
Do thy blanched leaves betoken
That distress?*

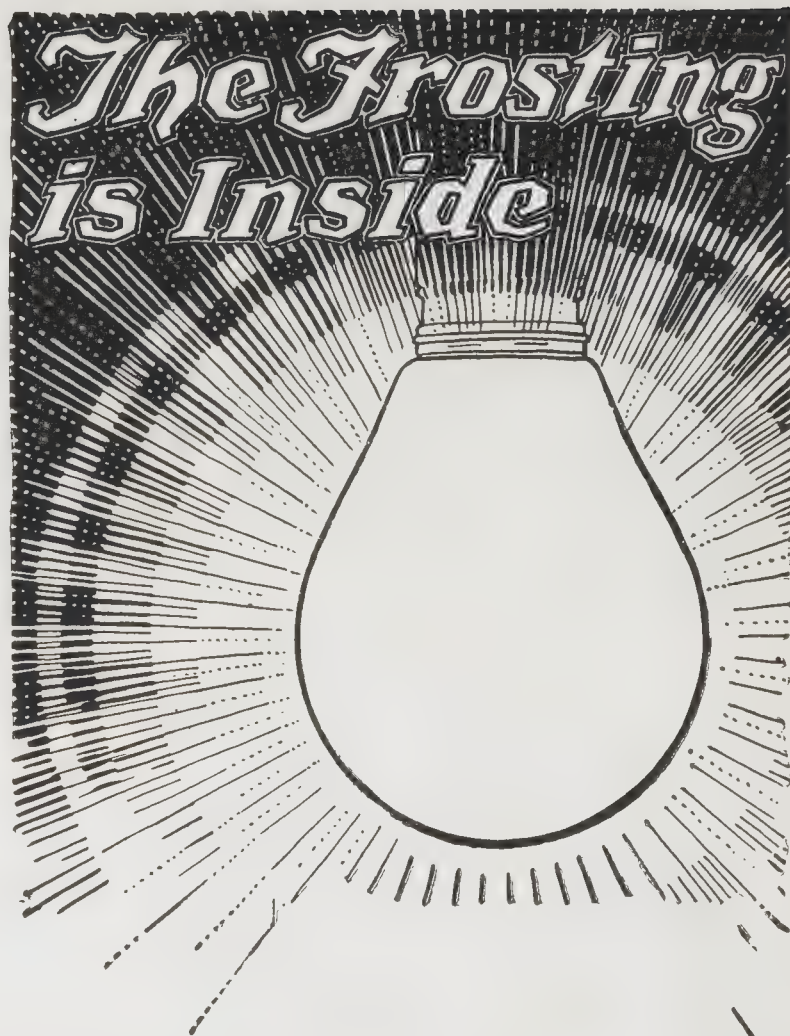
*O, trembling Aspen, listen—
There is One
Controls th' eternal Beauty
That has gone.*

*Far o'er the lake's horizon,
—He who planned,
Patterns the glory we cannot
Understand.*

He May Pull Through

Police Sergeant: "Is the man dangerously wounded?"

Patrolman: "Two of the wounds are fatal, but the other one isn't so bad."
—Everybody's Magazine.



BBETTER light—longer life—freedom from glare—greater efficiency—these are some of the advantages of the new Edison Mazda Lamp.

New in shape and design, new in tone (a pearl grey) this lamp harmonizes perfectly with any decorations.

Although shedding a restful, diffused light, these new Edison Mazda Lamps give practically as much light as the old-type, clear glass bulb—and much more than ordinary frosted lamps.

A stronger filament is being used, which, combined with the new design of tipless bulb, makes the lamp extremely difficult to break.

Ask to see these new lamps at your nearest Edison Mazda Lamp store.



The
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MAZDA LAMPS
A Canadian General Electric Product

Ask your Edison Mazda Lamp dealer for information regarding proper illumination for your rooms. He will help you to enhance the beauty of your home.

LM-227

PARIS

VS

IT IS very evident that the skirt length will not lengthen for the present. Even though the period type of dress is in ankle length, the shortest skirts continue in fashion, and with the higher waistline, add a youthful tone.

Width at the hips is shown by means of short tunics, and peplums.

Blouse effects are noted in dresses, waists and also in coats.

Plaits and gathers effect fullness and undulation in skirts, quite eclipsing the circular effects of past seasons.

Belts are shown in various widths and formations, from narrow belts of material or leather, to girdles that are draped and sashes tie in bows and ends.

The surplice leads both for day and evening as a point of good style, sometimes this line extends from one shoulder to the other hip in a smart slant. In the two-piece dress the surplice closing is quite prominent, and in coat dresses it also appears.

The coat dress style is one that seems to gain favor each season, especially useful as it is, during the early Fall and Spring days, when it is real smart with a small fur for outdoor attire.

The youthful note of the two-piece dress may be a reason for its continued popularity.

The ensemble idea is still with us, and is exploited for sports and evening wear as well as for daytime and tailored dress. The dress is to match the coat lining this season, regardless of other points.

Yellow, turquoise and violet, the latter entirely new, are sponsored for evening wear.

Black will be important for daytime wear and red in various wine and lacquer shades also.

Blues in two or more tones combine well.

Black and white georgette combined is the vogue for afternoon dresses.

There are several new shades of blue on the Fall color card.

Striped, checked or plaided crepe de chine and shantung are much favored for sports dresses. Crepe jersey and crepella, are also good for sports attire.

Flowered crepes are used with plain colored taffeta, flat crepe or moire.

The dress of flowered chiffon is still in favor.

A charming evening wrap may be made of black velvet and silver cloth.

A serviceable utility coat was made of checked tan hopsacking and trimmed with a shawl collar of red pony.

Lace will again be used for evening dresses and to trim afternoon frocks.

One notes considerable trimming or decorations on sleeves, even the close-fitting sleeve showing bands or decorative cuffs, or incrustations of lace.

The U-shaped neck opening is supplanting the popular V; for afternoon wear the U is filled in with lace.

Panels are a feature of afternoon dresses; one takes the form of a loose cape panel, turned in under a girdle, another is shown held in at the waistline with a belt, and turned up to blouse or hang over at the hem. Flying panels are also in vogue.

Shirrings and small tucks trim the fronts of skirts and blouses.

Side draping accompanied by an uneven hem line is also in vogue.

Two tier flouncing and three or four tier effects are smart, sometimes the tiers are scalloped and bound with contrasting material.

High neck lines as well as V and square outlines are favored on daytime dresses.

Yokes appear on coats, sweaters and dresses.

Saddle shoulders, raglan sleeves; deep armholes and epaulette inserts call attention to new shoulder treatments.

5575

5588

5580

5577

5581

5597

5579



School Modes That Register Chic Simplicity

5576—In this pleasing model the belt is arranged to hold the dress slightly bloused. The collar and neck are also new features. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on sleeves, collar and belt. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5588—Foulard in the new "dot" pattern was used for this model. Crepe de chine was used for the plastron, collar and band cuffs. Taffeta, or georgette or both combined, would also be attractive for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for facing the plastron, collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5597—This model may have the collar closed high at the neck, or rolled low and open. Plush and other pile fabrics, as well as novelty cloakings and velvet, are suitable for the design. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material if made with the cape. If made without the cape $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards are required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5594



5594—Serge, crepe or wool rep could be used for this design. The plaits at the side of this pleasing one-piece model provide fullness and style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5581—Tweed, serge, wool mixtures and pile fabrics are good for this design. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5577—Figured silk and georgette are here combined. One could use taffeta and georgette, or crepe satin. The long "V" opening and the ripple shawl collar are new features. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of one material 40 inches wide, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for vestee, collar and cuff facings. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5096—This jaunty sail or model may be made of linen, pongee, rep or flannel. Braid trimming or stitching will be a suitable finish. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5593



5593—This is a style that lends itself well to the soft materials now in vogue. The fullness may be shirred, as illustrated, or arranged in smocking. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material to face collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5592—Dotted voile and organdie or plain voile could be used in combination for this attractive frock. It is also nice in crepe de chine or in chiffon with the godets and sleeves of lace. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8

5599



5599—Cheviot, suede, wool mixtures, khaki and linen are good for this model. The collar is convertible. It may be rolled low or high. The pattern of this convenient style is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast measure. A 38-inch size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5591—Taffeta, crepe, or crepe de chine would be very attractive in this design. The dress may be made with short or wrist length sleeve as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 4-year size will require 2 yards of 32-inch material if made with wrist length sleeve. If wrist length sleeve is omitted $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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5580—Silk and wool Jersey, taffeta, moire, crepe or kasha would be nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for overlap and facing on cuffs and belt. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5589



5589—Batiste, crepe de chine, radium silk or satin could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 2 yards of 36 or 40-inch material. As here portrayed the garment was developed in crepe de chine and filet lace. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5591



5575—Taffeta or moire combined with georgette or crepe would be very smart for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for plastron and fronts, if made as illustrated. The width at the lower edge of the dress is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



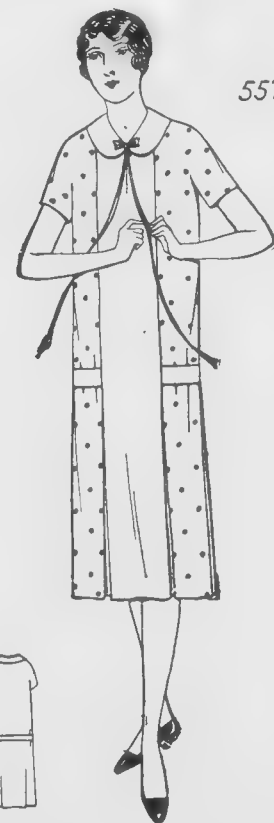
5592



5598

5598—Good for wearing at all outdoor sports, also for school and general wear. Flannel, tweed, jersey, corduroy, linen, and khaki may also be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size if made as illustrated will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for the facings on collar, pocket flap, cuffs and front facing. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5574—This is a style good for linen, percale, crepe or tub silk. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for panel and facings on collar and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5574



5579—Checked taffeta was used for this model, with crepe for collar and cuff facings. This design is also attractive in silk and wool jersey, moire, or flannel. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for vestee, and facing on collar and cuffs. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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Western magazine
The Western
Home Monthly

Mantrap

Continued from page 13

"Oh, come now, Reverend!" gleefully presented Mrs. McGavity. "You mustn't be making such terrible social breaks. These folks from New York are all so high and mighty, with their sky-scrapers and banquets and everything, that if we don't guess they come from there when we first lay an eye on 'em, we just show ourselves up as awful rubes. Oh, yes! Yes. You can always tell 'em by their touch-me-not ways. . . . Don't mind Auntie McGavity having her little joke, Mr. Prescott! . . . This really is nice soup, Mrs. Easter."

As with dreadful neighborly mirth they made their way through soup, moose, asparagus, canned corn, wine-jelly out of gelatine and cocoanut biscuits out of a tin—each mouthful Ralph rolled over his tongue, with gratitude to the fat little gods of eating—Mrs. McGavity seized most of the conversation:

"Are you still having trouble with the cookstove, Mrs. Easter?"

"I didn't really have any trouble with it," said Alverna.

Her tone was, for a second, more hostile than a respectable person would have liked to hear from a young chit addressing a veteran of the frontier.

Mrs. McGavity shook a coy forefinger at her and:

"Oh, come now, deary, 'fess up! Mustn't be afraid to admit—I've got such a good one on her, Mr. Prescott! When she first came here she thought she could keep a nice fire of coals, just as if this were the city, where you can get hickory wood instead of our pine and popple that burn up so quick and all. She told me that she wasn't going to use a frying-pan all the time, like the rest of us stupid old housewives! Oh, no, she was going to broil! And then, when she couldn't keep up a bed of coals, she said—she said—" Mrs. McGavity almost choked on her humor and her ample spoonful of corn. "She said it was the fault of the stove!"

"But," remarked Alverna, "I can keep a bed of coals now. With birch."

"But there's none here. Not for two miles."

"I know. I got some."

"Oh, now, dearie. You didn't make —"

For once Mrs. McGavity was not merry, but grieving, and hurt in her finer feelings:

"You didn't make poor Joe, with all he has to do, go way off in the woods and lug you some birch-wood?"

"No, Mrs. McGavity, I did not. I carried it myself. Two miles." "Oh!"

For the moment Mrs. McGavity seemed robbed of material for wit, and she looked unhappy about it. She discussed with Mr. Dillon the impiety of the Indian children who, unless absolutely driven, never seemed to care to go to Sabbath School. Then she thought of another one. She turned on Alverna:

"Were you much worried, with Joe away and all?"

"N-no."

"Mr. Prescott, it was such a joke on her when she first came. Why, whenever she heard a dog, just a plain team dog, sneaking around the bushes at night, she thought it was a bear or a wolf or maybe an Indian or Heaven knows what all! . . . Now didn't you, Mrs. Easter?"

Alverna confessed: "Yes, I'm afraid I did. I was such a little idiot; oh, a regular nitwit!"

"I'm sure," said Mrs. McGavity, "you were real brave about it—for a girl that'd just worked in cities—in a barber-shop!"

Alverna had suddenly fled to the stove.

"Tea—boiling over—" she choked. She stood with her back to them.

Mrs. McGavity was continuing "Of course it's hard for me to understand being scared. Maybe I just never had enough imagination. But I never could get myself to be afraid of anything. Why, when I first came into the woods—and it was just after the Riel rebellion, and the Indians were still real hostile; they scalped a woman a few miles away from me—and I said, 'I'm not going to let anything get the best of me!' And nothing ever did!"

To Alverna, still at the stove

"Why, dearie, is that another new dress? My, you certainly do know how to handle your husband and make him buy things! You can make him bring you back a new dress every time he sticks his nose outside Mantrap, and my old man—why, he wouldn't get me anything if— Maybe he's afraid the young fellows would pay too much attention to come. And maybe he's so fond of all these nice quarters with his Majesty's head on them that he feels it wouldn't be patriotic to let 'em get away from him. There, there!"

She leaned past Ralph, to the considerable imperilment of a valuable dish of wine-jelly, and patted her husband's chunky red hand.

"Don't you mind my joking, Jimmy," she comforted her consort. "I'd rather have you than all the handsome fellas like Joe, even if you are a porridge-header, nickel-pinching old Scot-tie."

"Hell, woman, I don't mind ye!" Jimmy's accent was as thick as knitting. "But I wonder if Mrs. Easter always gets your pee-uliar sense of humor."

Alverna whirled about at the stove. "It isn't new—my dress. It's the old thing that had the silver belt on it. I bought it myself, with the money I earned myself—in a barber-shop! And I put these red dinguses around the edge myself! I did!"

"Oh, there, there, dearie!" Mrs. McGavity ballooned up, stalked Alverna, embraced her with a vast smothering by shoulders and expansive bosom. Alverna could scarcely be seen in the eclipse. "There, there, there! I hope I didn't hurt your feelings! It was just Auntie McGavity's little joke."

"No—I know—I just meant—"

"It's all right, dearie. And you made a real pretty job of it, with the red embroidery."

Mrs. McGavity stepped back to admire the revamped dress. Alverna, displaying its charms, spread out her skirt like a ballet dancer. Mrs. McGavity whispered delicately and helpfully, with a whisper which could not have been understood much further away than the lake-shore "Be careful, dearie! You're showing your legs!"

And beaming forgivingly on one and all, Mrs. McGavity waddled back to the table, while Alverna's new smile stopped abruptly, and she dropped her spread-eagled hands and turned again to the stove.

Mrs. McGavity's moment of absence had perilously given the conversation over to the others.

Ralph had little to say and Joe Easter less, but the Reverend Mr. Dillon was full of plaintive anecdotes, and Mr. McGavity desired to talk business.

Mr. Dillon was no intellectual Titan, but he was kindly and serene. But then again he was no intellectual Titan. He had a thankless labor in this field, he sighed. The Indians did not seem to have much spiritual outlook. They were obedient enough about attending Morning and Evening Prayer, and they listened to his sermons—and maybe

Continued on page 98



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11-26

Mantrap

Continued from page 97

Mrs. McGavity was right about his poor attempts at Cree, but he noticed that the Indians *seemed*, they certainly did *seem*, to understand what he was trying to say! But right after Evening Prayer, the Indians would go off to Counsellor Three Foxes' cabin, and dance there; and he knew for a positive fact that last Sunday evening five of the younger Indian trappers had played poker, and played for money, till nearly midnight, in the wigwam of a very doubtful character named Tristram Dogteam.

Then, while Mr. Dillon was catching his breath, and Mrs. McGavity was making up for her previous inattention to the wine-jelly and the tin of coconut biscuits, her husband seized the scarlet thread of social joy

"Did you see Tom Pinkford at Brandon, Joe?"

"No, I didn't see him, Mac," said Joe.

"Didn't you see him at all?"

"No, never saw him."

"That's funny. I thought he was there now."

"Don't know, Mac. I never saw him. Maybe he was out of town—didn't lay an eye on him . . . Ralph, you must get Mac to tell you—"

"But, Joe," insisted Mr. McGavity, "I thought you were going to talk over Tom's white-fox farm with him."

"Yuh, I had kind of thought of it, Mac, but—I didn't happen to run into him."

"What do you think, Joe? Are you stocking Wishepagon woolen socks for next winter, or are you sticking to Hamilton socks?"

"I'm going to order Wishepagon."

"Ah, I told ye so!" Mr. McGavity shook his hand in triumph. He turned on Ralph; he made it all clear and fascinating "But it was me that first told Joe about the Wishepagon socks! He used to carry nothing but the Hamilton socks. Every sock in his store—Hamilton! And the Wishepagon sock—it won't shrink, it won't run, the red border is just as fast as if it was grey—it's real honest Scotch wool! And what do ye think? What do ye think? Time and time again I've spoken to the inspector and I've told him, I've warned him, I've explained to him—I've talked to him honest, Mr. Prescott, as man to man—I've told him I could sell twice as many Wishepagon socks as I can sell Hamilton socks—the Indians may be awful boobies in some ways, you know, but they know what socks they like—they know whether socks shrink or *don't* shrink they know—the Indians know whether their feet are dry or their feet are not dry—and I've told that to the Inspector, and still I get Hamilton socks! And what do you think of that, Mr. Prescott?"

Mr. Prescott said that so far as he could see, it was at least unfortunate and ill-deserved.

Alverna urged Mr. Dillon "You must have some more sauce on your asparagus. I made it myself. It's a kind of mayonnaise."

Mrs. McGavity pointed out: "Oh, did you hear her? 'It's a kind of mayonnaise.' Now isn't that cute?" She giggled three fat whiffling giggles, and smiled on Alverna condescendingly—as a spinster publicly quotes and smiles on a clever child.

Alverna scowled exactly as that child would scowl.

And this was the beginning of an evening which, save for Alverna's unfortunate crying later, was full of neighborly cheer and of brave frontier talk.

RALPH had never admired anyone more than Alverna during that official feast. It is true that her phrasing lacked the scholarly charm which one expects in a female. "Oh, gee, that's dan-dy!" was the way in which she acclaimed the Reverend Mr. Dillon's portrayal of his efforts to interest Indian ladies in weaving; and at Mr. McGavity's moral references to the charms of her revealed throat she giggled, "Oh, say now, where do you get that stuff!" And once, as testified, she had broken under a reference to her extravagance. But otherwise she was filially attentive to all of Mrs. McGavity's observations—and we have considered here but an insignificant portion of that lady's jolly and bustling and forward-looking observations of the evening.

When Mrs. McGavity told how she had driven away a wolf by shooting blank cartridge, awed a homicidal Indian by remarking, "Well, sir, and what do you want?" and made Mr. McGavity's pants last two years extra by cunningly darning them, Alverna cheerfully applauded: "That was great! I'll say it was!"

When the Reverend Mr. Dillon explained the differences between the government of the Church of England and that of the Wesleyans, she listened like a lady disciple, bending intently forward, her radiant little face tight in her slender hand. And when Joe yawned during Mr. McGavity's disclosure of the fact that a net stretched from Two Pines Point to Sullivan Island would be much more likely to catch whitefish than one sunk in Island Channel, then Alverna covered it by crying: "Why, Joe, you poor old dear, you're so tired after your hike that you can scarcely keep your eyes open! . . . Ralph, it's just wonderful the way Mr. Mac knows all the best fishing grounds around here!"

Between exclamations Alverna was forever gayly hustling—leaping up from the table, waiting on all of them, whisking away used plates, cleaning them with a lively sound of scraping, and singing "Yes, We Have No Bananas" as she wiped them. She divined that Mr. Dillon wanted more of the asparagus (she herself took none at all, Ralph noted) and that Mrs. McGavity had a lecherous eye upon the platter of wine-jelly.

And thrice Ralph saw her affectionately slip her hand across Joe's hair as she skipped back from the stove and took her seat.

They were his family, he felt grimly; for Joe or Alverna he would zealously cut the throat of Mrs. McGavity, and that would be no brief task nor pretty.

The last smears of the wine-jelly had been scraped up with clashing spoons, and Mrs. McGavity had absent-mindedly fished all the coconut biscuits out of the tin by her elbow. They had sipped the tea, served not with condensed cream but with real lemon excitedly produced by Alverna from the new treasure-chest brought in Joe's canoe. For half an hour they sat in the morris chairs in the living-room, sucking toothpicks thoughtfully passed by Joe, while in the kitchen Alverna washed the dishes. She had refused Ralph's aid: "Any other night, but those wild sports need somebody new to show off to," she giggled. When all these greenwood sports were over, Mr. and Mrs. McGavity rose, solemnly hid yawns, solemnly gasped: "Guess it's about time to think of hitting it for home, Joe."

Mr. Dillon shot up from his chair with them. "Why! My good gracious! It's half-past nine. I hadn't any idea it

was so late. Let me thank you and your good lady, Mr. Easter, for a most delicious feast. And I hope, Mr. Prescott, that you will have a most delightful vacation here. Good night, all! Good night!"

"Good night—such a love-ly supper, Mrs. Easter," said Mrs. McGavity.

"Simply love-ly! I wish I had a husband that would get me a lot of canned goods, instead of having to fix up everything myself. Good night—good night!" said Mrs. McGavity.

"G'night, Joe. Night, Alverna. Pleased met you, Prescott," said Mr. McGavity.

And they were gone, and on the house fell a bounteous silence.

Ralph, teetering on the piano-stool at the parlor organ, revolving it a little with a faint squeaking, watched Joe, gauntly relaxed in a morris chair, and Joe watched the silent Alverna. She stood at a window, her back to them, plucking at the tidy net curtains herself had washed and hung. She could not have seen much; even in the late northern twilight there was only the meshed and cloudy outline of the trees.

She turned toward them.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied, Joe."

"Yuh, yuh, sure, went fine! Got it over. That McGavity woman does like to shoot her mouth off, don't she! You handled her just right, Alvy. And it's all over!"

"Yes, for you it is, Joe Easter. You'll forget about it. You wouldn't think of making her apologize. You wouldn't even apologize to me for her. You'd have her here in this house again—over my dead body you will!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You know good and plenty what's the matter. Aside from calling me a fool and a rotten housekeeper, and saying I gold-dig you for all the money I can get and blow it in on foolishness, and saying I was a dirty little coward—after what I've gone through these last few nights, alone in the house!—and hinting I was a streetwalker—oh, otherwise she was mother's little sunbeam, the damn neighing hyena! I've had enough! I played fair. I stood it while she was our guest. Now I'm going to start something. I'll run her and her fathead of a husband out of—"

"Eh, eh! Whoa—whoa-up!" Joe had risen; he stood with his hands on her shoulders. "She was mean, and you were a corker. But keep it up. Don't do her stunt. Don't expect her to be something she ain't. Got to take everybody in the world the way they are. And don't make us pay for her being such a stinker. You were so decent—don't spoil it."

"It's your turn! I've suffered—now you'll suffer!"

She threw his hands from her shoulders; she raced the floor.

Joe placidly stood with his hands in his pockets, droning: "It's all true. Mrs. Mac is a fool and a bad actor. She expects you to be a setting hen. But then, you expect her to be a hop-pin 'jaybird. Me, I expect nothing at all. And I'm the only one that gets what he expects! You got to think of Ralph and me, and how—"

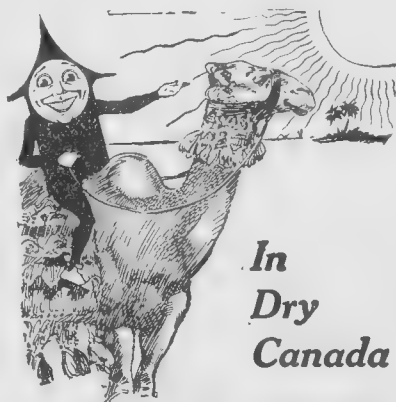
With a frightful scream she interrupted him. She threw up her fists, clenching and unclenching her fingers like the tentacles of some huge white insect, her pointed nails jabbing her palms. She tossed her head back, hair flying insanely. She screamed again. She rushed at Joe and beat his chest, raging: "Oh, shut up, shut up, shut up! Just like you—you let that devil shame me, then go and be so calm about it—you cold-boiled potato, and you are a cold fish, too, I'll tell the world. You'll go right off to sleep to-night! You'll snore! You'll forget! And I'll lie awake and feel so darn sick because I can't get my hands on

Continued on page 100

Bovril puts Beef into you



58



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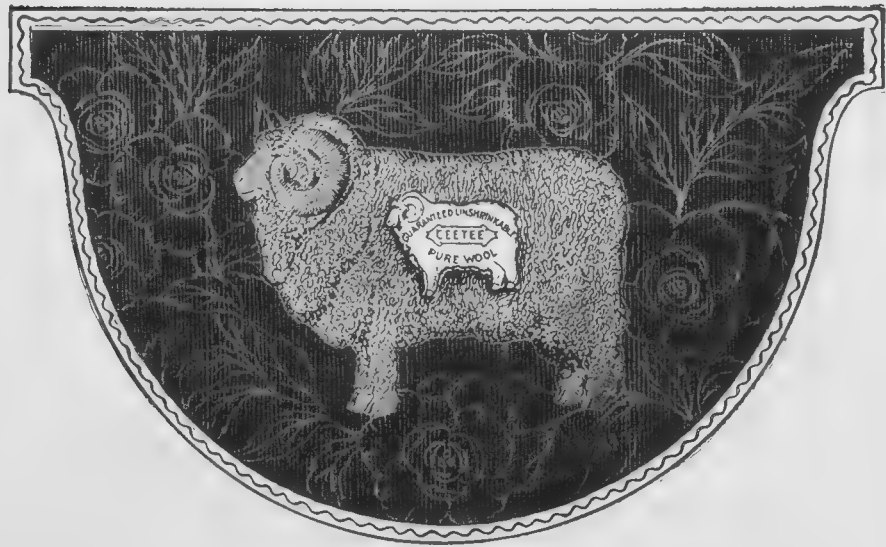
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"CEETEE"

UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR



Mantrap

Continued from page 99

her fat neck and choke her to death! I'll show her . . . Where's that whisky you brought in?"

"It's— Why?"

She darted into the kitchen, snatched off the tarpaulin cover with which Joe had hidden from the pure eyes of Mrs. McGavity the new case of Scotch. She yanked out a bottle as though she were pulling a hated weed. She savagely drew the cork and, standing before them, in the door between kitchen and living-room, she tilted the bottle and drank with a long gurgle.

"Don't do that!" Joe said sharply.

"Go to the devil!" she observed, as she banged the bottle down on the ledge of her sewing machine.

Ralph, longing to escape and feeling that this would only draw the more attention, almost skipped off the piano stool as she brushed by him. She strode to the green couch, hysterically threw herself down.

"That drink makes me feel a little better. If I hadn't had a spot of something, I'd of gone crazy," she snarled. "Now you look here, Joe. Come down to cases. You brought me up here to the woods. You got to make it possible for me to stay here. Figure it out for yourself: Just one other white woman in the whole place, and she's that pious old fake that's bound and determined to make me wretched. Either she's got to go, or I have. I've never done one single thing to give her any excuse for panning me—"

Joe stepped lightly across the room and closed her mouth with his broad palm. She choked, struggled, bit, but he silenced her, and he remarked somewhat coldly:

"Aside from your making Ralph sick, you're— You fool, I know the McGavity woman is a mischief-maker. But it's because she is the only white woman around here that you've got to put up with her—have her to depend on. She doesn't get you, but then you don't get her. And you won't. You won't listen to what I say. And— You've never done anything to start her gossiping? What about your pulling the wildest parties from Herschel Island to Nipigon? What about encouraging Curly and George and the rest of the boys to play poker all night and drink a lot of rot-gut white mule and holler so they can be heard way up at Revillon Freres?"

"You enjoy it just as much as—"

"Sure I do! But I don't expect a holy bird like Ma McGavity to think I'm a Sunday School scholar because of it! Imagine what she must think of you."

"Well, what I think of her—"

"Yuh. You kind of give us a hint about it! As I say: why, she hasn't even begun to spout all she thinks. Her spirit's probably willing, but she ain't strong in vocabulary! And you can figure out for yourself how Mac and she must talk about you when they see you throwing a come-on look at every doggone last thing in pants that happens along! And then you expect her to admire you for— And Lord only knows how you carry on with George Eagan and Curly when I'm away!"

She sat bolt up on the couch. Her voice was not hysteric now but stilled with shocked fury.

"Joe Easter! Are you hinting that I'm a bad woman?"

He did not answer. His eyes were steady. Something in him so dominated the room that the wretched Ralph could not stir.

"Are you? Go on! Say it! Don't you dare start making all these dirty insinuations unless you're ready to back them up. Well?"

Still he answered with a look like a vise.

She shrugged uneasily; she turned her eyes from him; she said feebly: "Oh, you make me tired. All these silly suspicions—honest, just silly. Because I want to dance and kid folks along, the dubs that like to sit up late talking about their corns, they think I'm tough. And"—rather weakly—"you listen to 'em! Why, Joe Easter, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! . . . Hadn't he ought to, Ralph?"

Once addressed, Ralph was released from his unhappy trance. "Oh, I wish you'd both stop quarreling! It gets you nowhere. I'm going to bed."

"But honest, Ralph," she begged, "you got no idea how hard it is for me here, with nothing but these poker parties. I'd rather have nice dances—like we used to have in Minneapolis, at Lake Harriet—with a live bunch—but you know: respectable. Maybe I wasn't anything but a manicure girl in a barber shop, like that old hellion hinted—how I hate her!—but I was brought up real nice. My papa was in the furniture business. He had his own store! And believe me, a manicure girl meets more swell birds and interesting people and everything than any old turkey-buzzard like Ma McGavity ever heard about. Didn't I meet my old Joe there!"

She tried to make it cheerful, affectionate, forgiving; but Joe, slouching on the arm of a morris chair, did not look at her.

She desperately swung back to Ralph. Her defencelessness touched him, and her pleading:

"Honest, I met some wonders—you see, it was at the Hotel Ranleigh, and all the important people stop there. And a manicure girl gets a chance to talk with 'em real intimate, like nobody else in the hotel would. And no matter what they tell you, if a manicure girl respects herself and don't let guys get fresh with her, most folks treat her like they would their sisters, practically. Why, the people that I've met—and talked to! Senators and bankers and automobile racers and bishops and big advertising men— And then Joe expects me to settle down contented here! When he could just as well start a store in Winnipeg (I hear that's a dandy town) or some place like that, and see life! The people I've met! Why, Ralph—" She sprang up and ran to him, a radiant child. "Once, when he was in Minneapolis, touring, I did the nails of Jack Barrymore!"

Joe suddenly came to life. He rose, he seized her arm.

"Been thinking, Alvy. I know it isn't easy for you here. Not that I'm blind, mind you! I know that— Oh, prob'ly it is dull here. But I don't see how I can get away. Got my investment. With what little I've made this last two years, all the big losses on my furs, I couldn't possibly start business Outside. But maybe I could a few years from now. If you could just wait, be a little steadier and not fly off the handle like you do! When Mrs. Mac thinks she's being so cute, why, laugh at her. That's why—that's one reason why I tolled Ralph here. Part because I liked him right off when I met him. You bet! But part because I wanted you to have a chance to talk to a fellow that can enjoy the North and still do a job of thinking sometimes, and not just raise Cain all the while. Am I right, Ralph? Oughtn't she to try to stick it? Or ought I to send her back to the cities?"

"Oh, gee, Joe, couldn't you maybe do that?" She pirouetted, a skirt dancer. "Just go down for this winter, and

come back right after the break-up in May?"

"And do what?"

"Oh—I could stay with the girls at the flat again."

"And get your manicure job back?"

"I wouldn't want to do that. One thing I do like here — besides you, dearie. I like my own kitchen and my own house, and doing things in my own time. And I am a good house-keeper, ain't I? I couldn't stand going back and having to be in the shop exactly at eight-thirty, and taking all the mean customers—the guys that are so stuck on themselves they think they can make you P.D.Q., even if they're old and fat, with a breath like a brewery. And having to be there days when you feel so sick and your head aches. And the fly barbers that won't never let you alone. No. Why couldn't I just sort of stick around and go to the movies—"

"With your fondness for hell-raising? Mind you, I'm not blaming you; guess wouldn't care much for a barber shop myself; but you'd absolutely go to pieces if you didn't have a job of some kind to keep you busy and steady. And then, as you know, I'm not flush enough to keep up two homes—"

He explained to Ralph:

"Situation's like this. Fur-buying—and that's a more important part of a trader's business than keeping store—it's awful speculative. This year the market dropped right after I'd finished my buying, and I had to sell every doggone muskrat skin for sixty cents less than I'd paid for 'em—and I had seventeen thousand of 'em! About wiped out my capital. And now—even the store is doing almost nothing. The Hudson's Bay and Revillons' and I, we all had to shut down on giving credit to the Indians, because they wouldn't pay their debts. They've gotten into a great habit lately of running up as big a bill as they could, and then, when they get some money—the Government treaty money, for instance—they won't come in and pay up, no matter how long we've carried 'em. They'll jump in a canoe and go clear down to Lake Warwick and spend the money there, where they haven't any bills to settle. Don't blame 'em entirely. Poor devils don't get much money. But I'm not rich. I can't go on supporting a hundred Cree families. And so the only business I'm doing is with the few that pay cash."

Alverna, now for several minutes the demure and wistful lady, was shrieking again:

"Yes! And what he didn't tell you — Joe's nerve, to bring you into all this danger! And to leave me alone here nights, while he was gone!"

"I hope you were alone!" Joe grunted.

"Damn you, I won't stand your insinuations. And I'm going to tell Ralph what you've let him in for! . . . Because we've shut down on credit, the Indians are crazy-sore. They say we're starving 'em. And we are. And they've sworn they'll burn all three stores here, and murder us in our beds! Any night, now, they may be down on us—"

"That," said Joe, "is plumb idiotic, and you know it. If it were true, I'd have both you and Ralph out of here — and myself. I don't like being murdered more'n most folks, in my bed or anywhere else. The Indians are i-rate, but they're shiftless—these particular bands of Wood Crees around here, I mean. They're scared of us."

"A man can be awful scared," said Alverna, "and still burn all of us in our beds or— God! Look!"

She was pointing at the darkened window.

Ralph's heart stopped.

"Oh, it's nothing," she said apologetically. "For a second I thought I saw an Injun's face at the window.

And that, Mr. Joe Easter, is the lovely, happy, safe way I've felt almost every second while you've been gone!"

And that, felt Ralph, was probably how he would feel from now on.

They debated, Joe and Alverna, for another half-hour; the interminable grievances and recollections of a domestic squabble; the debaters sinking almost into sleep, then springing into wakeful rage; both of them right and both of them cruelly unjust. Certainly Joe was unjust, considered Ralph; certainly Alverna was pitiful. Yet with it all he sneakily sided with Joe.

Joe belonged to a man's world. He was out of place in dealing with a hectic temperament. The kindness which carried Ralph or McGavity or the Reverend Mr. Dillon was shipwrecked when Joe tried to navigate Alverna's gay calms and squalls of fury and fogs of passion.

Ralph tried to escape, but both of them turned to him constantly and he was bound in this madhouse. At the end of the combat he was too sleepy to care which of them won, too sleepy to care whether all the Indians in the Mantrap River country came burning and killing.

It was Joe who exclaimed: "Keeping poor old Ralph up all night, and not his scrap at that! Could you fix his cot on the porch?"

But it was Alverna who prepared his bed.

Men can, no doubt, make beds in a mechanical, heartless way: Jap servants, hospital orderlies, stewards, French *valets de chambre*; but which of them would ever end with the busy and cheery pat of the pillow which mystically lures to slumber? Thus busy and cheery was Alverna, proud of her deftness.

Joe had gone to see that the warehouse was locked. When she had finished she stood beside Ralph in the dim little room of the screened porch, with the lapping lake on one side, the door of the lighted sitting room on the other. She meekly dropped again from briskness into grief. She was so slim a child in the dusk, and her voice so young.

"What am I going to do, Ralph? I'm scared to stay here, and so bored! Joe won't support me Outside. And how could I stand going back to manicuring, or being on my feet all day long in a store, or maybe a hired girl getting bossed around?" She held out her hands to him.

He backed away. It seemed natural to put his arm about her in a brotherly way—too natural.

"I don't know," he complained, as though he were begging for release from her burdens.

"Anyway, you are a dear sweet lamb. And don't think I'm too bad. Please don't. I could—for heaven's sake don't ever dare tell Joe this, but there was a man came here, a trader, oh, a dandy fellow, and he wanted me to go away with him, and I wouldn't. But— To travel and see the world! Oh, well—good night."

In the luxury of clean pajamas, in the triple luxury of clean sheets and mattress and springs, he slid into drowsing. But always he was startled awake. The house was still; Joe and Alverna asleep; the rustle of little waves on the lake but a deeper silence; and in that quiet, every mysterious stirring was the sound of an Indian—creeping toward the house; brushing along the screen of the porch; trying to open the screen door; scratching a match to touch off kerosene-soaked rags; stealthily drawing a knife, creeping through the darkness . . .

He lay tense. Suddenly he was shooting upright, sitting rigid, his heart galloping. There were muted footsteps, there was—

Continued on page 102



If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister

Some women receive wrong or incomplete advice . . . but science has developed a safe antiseptic comparable in strength with carbolic acid. An antiseptic that is absolutely non-poisonous . . .

SOME of the most important things in a woman's life are the most difficult to discuss and one of them is the subject of feminine hygiene. Thousands of women today are running continual risk through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid.

Physicians deplore the use of these dangerous germicides, but many women are too shy or timid to ascertain the real facts. Others receive wrong or incomplete advice from people who are no better informed than themselves. If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there would be far less misery from this source, because nurses, like physicians, are well aware of the dangers that lie in every bottle that displays the deadly skull-and-crossbones on its label.

Safety for little children

Besides the caustic, corrosive effect which carbolic acid compounds possess when in contact with delicate membranes, there is constant danger of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. The tragedies growing out of such accidents are common enough, as every newspaper reader knows.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. Science has at last developed a true antiseptic, a real germicide, that is powerful and effective, but safe. It is called Zonite, and while it is comparable in strength with the poisonous antiseptics already discussed, it can be applied without danger to the most delicate membranes and tissues of the body.

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Zonite is in reality a scientific marvel. It is more than forty times as effective germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen. It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body. And yet Zonite powerful as it is, can actually be held in the mouth. In fact, dentists are recommending it freely for oral hygiene.

Welcomed by women

No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by refined, enlightened women, as well as the medical and nursing professions. For Zonite has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of feminine hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

Zonite is fatal to germs, but safe for human beings. It will not burn, harden nor scar the delicate tissue-linings, as the old poisonous antiseptics do, even when they are greatly diluted. Zonite is clean and wholesome and perfectly safe to have around the house. It is safe in the hands of a child.

Zonite can now be obtained at practically every drug store in Canada. Knowledge has spread rapidly of its splendid qualities, especially its safety in use. Probably women in your own circle are using it.

Send for this booklet

Full directions for the use of Zonite accompany every bottle, but if you are interested in the subject of feminine hygiene you will want to have the special booklet which the Women's Division has prepared. It deals also with other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is daintily illustrated

and the information it contains is concise and to the point. It is frankly written but delicately treated. It is a book every mother will want to show her daughter. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto

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Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes. For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza. For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections. For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches. For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

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Drink Instant Postum—a rich, full-bodied beverage. An appetizing, satisfying hot drink for every member of the family every meal of the day. Not a taut nerve, sleepless hour or headache in it, because *Postum* is free from all drug-stimulants. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. For those who prefer it there is Postum Cereal, made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. Get Postum at all grocers, restaurants, or on the train. Read Carrie Blanchard's generous offer. Mail the coupon—today.



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Instant Postum

"There's a Reason"

Mantrap

Continued from page 101

Unmistakable. Brushing through the grass. Brushing against a rosebush. "Wh—who's that?" he quavered. Someone running softly, then the black stillness.

WITH all his panic, with all his irritated memories of Alverna's hands and eyes, he must have slept, since certainly he woke, and woke at eight, which for that land is almost noon. The sun was riotous on the little waves, the pines a serene splendor and, after drugged sleep, he did not know whether he had dreamed the sneaking footsteps or heard them.

"Anyway, I'll sort of keep guard tonight," he vowed—and did not care for it in the least.

But perhaps now the Indians knew two men were in the house, strategically stationed, they would not dare attack. And perhaps it had been just a drunkard staggering home. And perhaps—

Oh, it was all nonsense!

Thus he comforted himself, like a child calculating that though the Blind Ghost is two steps down the hall, and the Shrouded Burglar two jumps beyond that, daddy and mother can be heard laughing downstairs and there is quite a good chance of safety.

It was a morning, that, of much fishing, after the first important and Woodbury-defying rite of providing Ralph with moccasins and rubbers from Joe's store. Joe—his own breakfast he had cooked and gobbled at six—came over to beam on Ralph while he luxuriously savored his coffee and flapjacks; he beamed at Alverna, too; and there was nothing but friendship and sun and kindness apparent in the world.

Joe had to do his accounts, but with Ralph he sent Lawrence Jackfish, who seemed to combine the duties of sailor, teamster, janitor, gardener, and huntsman, in intervals between dancing with young squaws or lying drunken in the sun. Lawrence had sneaky and lecherous eyes, but he could smell out fish in twenty feet of water. Probably, had Ralph's ex-Indians, Jesse and Louey, been along, Lawrence would have been as maddeningly witty as they in hours of sailing. But now he was silent, though he spoke adequate English, and Ralph, grateful for the lightness and swiftness of a ten-foot canoe, grateful for this summery ease after the big cargo craft, slipped among the islands, proud of being the bowman.

At his first cast in the golden water off Blue Nose Island, his reel sang and his pole arched as a big one ran away with the hook. He played it for a quarter of an hour, and brought to the side of the canoe a fifteen-pound lake trout, silver-sided and spotted with scarlet.

Radiantly he came in for twelve o'clock dinner, Indian prowlers and domestic squabbles forgotten; and Joe admired the trout as though never, in all waters and all ages, had anyone caught quite such a fish. He insisted on photographing Ralph holding up the trout. (That photograph, as piously preserved today, shows Ralph simpering like a young mother.)

Alverna sang as she served at dinner the same unfortunate trout, rolled in cornmeal and fried. Her music was erratic but pleasing; she managed to make all tunes sound curiously like "What'll I Do?" but her noises had the agreeable twitter of frogs in the twilight, of the cricket on the hearth.

That she could ever have felt martyred, that Joe could ever have been stern with her, was clearly absurd. Joe

told immense legends of Pop Buck, who was reputed, when he could no longer find anyone to match him in drinking Swedish aquavit, to have trained an amiable brown bear, and to have sat up with the bear all night, full of hilarity and wisdom and alcohol, in an ice-sheathed skin tent under the Northern Lights.

In the happiness of his friends, Ralph was blissful.

Before the dinner dishes were washed, the two white trappers who were loafing at Mantrap Landing by way of summer vacation came ambling in to greet the stranger: Pete Renchoux, a swart and bouncing Canuck of perhaps forty, a round man full of little shrill laughs, and the young Britisher (or he may have been Irish) George Eagan, whose silences about himself hinted that he had left home for reasons not too laudable. They brought with them two quarts of moonshine, a powerful, determined, single-minded explosive, colorless as water and effective as cholera. These they solemnly presented to Joe, with the casual explanation that they had stolen them from Chief Burberry of the Lake Midnight band of Crees when he was sore in liquor; and they indicated that it was their contribution to a party which they earnestly hoped and manfully expected to begin now and to last till all hours, at least.

The hosts did what they could to be obliging.

Ralph drank one glass of moonshine mercifully so cozened with ginger ale that it did not taste like vitriol but merely like gasoline.

It was proper that after the trappers' gift Joe should reciprocate by urging them to try his real Scotch. He was successful in his urging, remarkably so, and by three o'clock, when Pop Buck waddled in, bearing a gallon of dandelion wine and as full as the trappers of ideas about having a party, the festivity was begun.

Naturally, Alverna had to kiss "Uncle Pop," and naturally, she had to kiss Eagan and Renchoux then, to show there was no discrimination.

By five, Nels Stromberg, assistant to McGavity at the Hudson's Bay Company, and Biermeier, the Revillon Freres factor, had heard telepathic tidings of the affair, and by five Ralph had had enough of it. He had never found that more than five whiskies and soda at a time were beneficial to law practice.

He heard Joe whispering, "Let's sneak out to the store and have a little furlough."

Like a country general store with patent medicines of forgotten vintages and boots of a bygone bucolic age resting on dusty shelves in a dark interior scented with plug tobacco and hay—like a ship-chandler's shop romantic with binnacle-lights and ancient figureheads and tarry rope—such was the inside of the log-cabin store of the Easter Trading Company. It was neat enough, for Joe was as fussy a housekeeper as Alverna, and fussier was his solemn assistant, a Wesleyan halfbreed who was painfully loyal to his chief but who would never enter the house because playing cards and alcohol were to be seen there.

For all its sweptness and orderliness, the store was electric with every legend of the north. Here were mackinaws, scarlet and green and russet and ultramarine; pea-soup shirts striped and checked in unknown passionate hues; lumbermen's boots of leather and rubber; a caribou-hide parkee bought from the Eskimos who come trading to Brochet on Lake Reindeer; nets for whitefish and deadly rifles for

moose; traps for beaver, huge traps for bear, poison for wolves; and rows of bright red cans of salmon, peaches, jam. One end of the counter displayed such hats as a Hottentot lady might have invented. If you had taken a pink straw hat, covered it with glue, dipped it first into a pile of many-colored feathers, then into a heap of brass buckles, then an assortment of all the velvet scraps from a very large dressmaker's shop, you would have created such a hat.

"Fierce, ain't they!" said Joe. "But the squaws love 'em. If you were here when they get their treaty money, you'd see every other squaw hustling in to buy one of 'em, and parading out with it on, over a shawl and a calico skirt."

In a dark room at one side were bales of furs, tight-packed, the hideous fleshy wrong sides out. Ralph was disappointed. He had expected the furs to lie in glossy piles, as in the palace of a fabulous northern king. These bales were as poetic as bundles of bark, and ten times heavier. But he realized that when they had been borne, by canoe and portage, by train and steamer, to London, they would blossom again, and nestle on the shoulders of women on the Place Vendome, flash from limousines whispering through fog-enchanted Mayfair.

Joe guided him to the office at the back of the store, a very business-like office with golden oak desk and letter files of yellow painted pine. Ralph might have found there an unfortunate suggestion of law offices and work, but actually this sober peace was restful, after the clamor surging about Alverna.

"Do you mind the racket? They're good boys Ralph," sighed Joe.

"I know—"

"Not one of 'em but what would risk his life for you, if a canoe upset or if you were out with 'em in the woods and busted a leg and had to be carried on their shoulders."

"I know."

"Ralph—tell me: Where will the tragedy strike?"

"Eh?"

"Alverna's going to get awful hurt, or I am, or some third chump, or all three of us. I'm sure of it."

And Ralph was sure of it, and not all his training in cooing to worried clients gave him anything to say.

They sat brooding. From the house they could hear Joe's phonograph rasping out a fox-trot, could hear heavy boots scraping, and Alverna screaming: "Quit now, George! Ah, gee, quit!"

Joe sighed.

There was another sound; the crack-crack-crack of a rifle.

"Wonder what that is?" Joe mused, not very excitedly.

They sauntered back through the store from the low stoop looked over the lake. Ralph could make out only a distant canoe, a vaguely seen man standing in the stern. But Joe exclaimed:

"Now there *will* be a shindig! That's Curly Evans—the Provincial Policeman in this district—great card—fine fellow."

He dashed back to his office, returned with a revolver, and shot every chamber into the lake. Already the other stores and the Indians in camp were firing their salutes, and Curly Evans swooped up to Joe's wharf with the tumult of an admiral's landing.

Evans was in uniform, with a broad military hat bound up on one side, like an Australian trooper. He was a sturdy youngster, his yellow hair kinky, his big and good-humored mouth always grinning—especially when it was a matter of sneaking through brush and stumps, on a murderer blockaded in a log cabin. He dashed up, shook

hands with Joe and Ralph, and chuckled:

"Spree on? Lemme at it. Glad to meet you, Prescott. Heard you were here."

He ran off to the house, to be greeted at the door by one of the kisses with which Alverna appeared always to be generous.

Ralph mused: "How could he know I was here? There's no telegraph—"

"Nobody ever moves ten inches in the North without being seen," said Joe. "You may think—Suppose you'd committed a crime and thought you were making a get-away. Some Indian would have watched your canoe from shore, and told the next Indian he saw. We're all of us being watched every second. Wilds? Why, say, every burnt tree up here has ears and eyes. I'll show you. Curly!"

Standing at the cottage door, still in ardent discourse with Alverna, Curly bawled back, "Yeh?"

"Where's this bird Woodbury—the white man that Prescott was with?"

"Fellow in the Spirit River band of Chippewyans told me Woodbury was camped on the Little Moccasin River last night. He's headed for Lake Solferino."

Ralph had a feeling of hidden hateful eyes about him, sinister in the green and kindly forest; and uneasily he remembered the slinking anonymous footsteps of the night.

Then in the fury of what Alverna and Curly Evans and Pop Buck regarded as a "slick party," he forgot all insecurity and the secret watchers.

By six o'clock, supper-time, every one except Joe and Ralph was riotous. Alverna was decidedly not an exception, nor was Curly Evans. Neither of them had gulped down so much of the throat-clawing moonshine as had Pop Buck, Eagan, Renchoux, but they had had enough to rise to that state of ecstatic gloom which is the mark of the more poetic drunk. Alverna and Curly were solemnly waltzing, round and round the living-room to the tune of "It's Three o'Clock in the Morning," played so slowly on the phonograph that it resembled a funeral march. The others sat about the table in the kitchen, very earnest about nothing whatever, pounding the table and asserting, "I tell you—I tell you—say, now, listen," and never by any chance explaining what was this priceless thing they desired to tell.

Joe lolled back, tilted in a chair, thoughtfully and slowly sipping a weak whisky and soda, and talking to Ralph. Through the clamor, like a gull seen through a pasty fog, Ralph perceived Joe's shy passion for the North and all it meant.

"I'd hate to leave this country and have to take a job Outside, and I may darn well have to do it, if I go any broker," Joe sighed.

For the third time since they had met, Ralph tried to feel out a way of offering to pay for his board. He could not do it. He knew that it would be as great an insult to Joe as to the lordly host of some old Southern plantation.

"Course," said Joe, "I might try to go back trapping, if I went bust. But the rheumatism gets me, after a few weeks in the snow. But—Gosh, Ralph! I wish you could come out with me in the winter, just for a week, buying furs."

Through Joe's halting stories, Ralph saw that great white unknown land. The crackle and shimmer of the Northern Lights in a vast darkness over dark vast forests. The savage stars of the winter night. The joy of a cabin's yellow lights seen far down a frozen and snowy river when a fur-buyer was numb with hunger. High noon, and

Continued on page 104

RANGE

Radiola 196

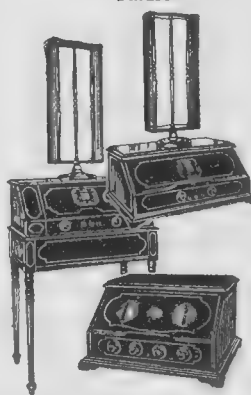
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INSIDE FROSTED

MAZDA  LAMPS

Made in Canada

Mantrap

Continued from page 103

the frozen tundras a field of diamonds under the roaring sun.

"I wish you could see it. Always did kind of hate to hog a pretty view," said Joe.

Ralph wondered if Joe noticed Alverna at all. It seemed improbable that he would ever miss anything, yet he went on with his stories of bears and moose, of Indians desperate with hunger, unmoved, while she flew into a hysteria of gaiety. Evans, Stromberg, Eagan, Renchoux—they were all quarreling now for the privilege of dancing with her, and when these hearty young men quarreled, they cast most important doubts on the purity of one another's parentages, and they could be heard out on Blue Nose Island.

She compromised by dancing with two of them at a time, an arm about each, giggling at every solemn triple whirl, kissing both of her partners as another lusty pair seized her. And all the time the old phonograph dragged out lugubriously, "I've — been — daaaaancin' — the — wholllllle — night — throuuuuuuugh."

It was seven before Joe hinted to her, "We better shake up a little supper now, eh, whadyuh say?"

There was great activity.

Alverna stood on a chair and shrieked that she would not cook supper. No. Not for a bunch of bums like this. She would go on dancing with Curly Evans. George and Biermeier and Nels could wash up afterwards; Pop Buck would be cook, Pete Renchoux waiter; and as for these old grouches Joe and Ralph Prescott, they could get t'hell out of the the way, that's what they could do; and she was going to dance till

Three o'clock in the morrrrrning

With Curly—come on now, kid!

Pop chuckled fatly: "Great girl. Pete! Lez show 'em what the old men can do."

"Fine! I'll be a lady waitress!" yelled Pete Renchoux.

Renchoux, mighty trapper, mighty drinker, mighty squire of rather doubtful dames, was a plump mannikin, slightly greasy, very gay. He seized Alverna, lifted her from the chair on which she had been standing, while she kicked wildly and screamed, and yelled "Come, you dress me nice now!"

He dragged her from the room, and returned coquettish in Alverna's red-bordered black frock, with a frilly white apron. On his head was a kerchief for cap.

Pop Buck was preparing supper: bacon, pork and beans, baking-powder biscuits—Pop's highest concept of a party supper. Now Pop was, by all camp standards, a good cook. In a blizzard, with moss for fuel and flour and water for his only materials, he could have produced eminent bread. But in his burly, jolly, kindly, riotous soul, one thing was lacking: any prejudice whatever in favor of cleanliness. In five minutes he had Alverna's prim kitchen looking like a dump-heap.

As he frizzled the bacon, he spat on the floor, and bellowed, "Say Ralph, d'ever tell you about the time I shot the jumping deer with a bow-narrow?" He set the frying-pan down on the shiny red oilcloth—it left a filthy circle. And when he opened the can of beans, he amiably kicked the can under the stove.

But the company enjoyed the banquet—all save Biermeier, who showed a longing to slumber amid the beans, and was gravely guided by Joe to Ralph's couch where he went earnestly and sonorously to sleep.

Renchoux, as capped and aproned

waitress, was very noisy even if he was not very funny.

"Oh," announced Alverna, "you're just too *darling*, Pete!" and she skipped up from the table and saluted Renchoux with a mighty hug.

She also kissed Pop for his excellence in cooking, and that ancient seemed to relish the salute.

In the midst of all this merriment and sisterly love, Ralph glanced at Joe, and it seemed to him that Joe looked very old, very tired, nearly beaten.

However hectic she might be, Alverna loved expertness in housework, and after supper she insisted on washing the dishes, with Stromberg and Eagan as wipers, and when she had gaily driven Pop out to smoke his pipe in the court between cottage and store, she removed the signs of his cheerful sloppiness. Ralph had never seen any one more pleasantly energetic than was Alverna, her sailor-blouse sleeves rolled up, dipping the plates in the iridescent soap-suds, holding up the plates and calling, "Who's the next punk dish-wiper?"

"Let me help you," Ralph said ardently.

"No, dear," she crooned; and her voice was—Ralph believed just then—the tenderest voice of woman he had heard since his mother had left him. "No, you go look out for poor old Joe. He's out there digesting, with Pop Buck. Cheer him up, the old cunnin'."

Ralph discussed with Joe and Pop the important question as to whether a safety-razor blade will float if it is dropped on water, but he yearned for the clamor within the glow of the kitchen; he raged at being taken for one of the aged non-combatants who smoke and drone apart from dancing youth. He heard her calling, "Up on the top shelf, Nels, dear," and: "Oh, wait a minute. Gee, wait a *min-ute*, can't you, Curly! I'll come in and dance as soon's we get rid of these darn dishes."

Ralph had tried to drink as little as possible. Certainly, in any investigation of the affair, it is known that he had always hated drunkenness as he hated split infinitives or the devil or white-edged black dinner-ties. But throughout supper Alverna had been a violent hostess. Whenever she had seen an empty glass she had leaped up, dashed to the drainboard of the sink, where moonshine and Scotch were displayed as in a frontier saloon, and filled the glass with a yelp of, "Come on now, dearie, don't you go and die on us!"

Presumably Ralph had drunk much more than he had intended. He knew that across Lac Qui Reve there was a stain of a forlorn sunset. He knew that Joe was talking with the quietude of an unhappy man. But he could not really see, not really hear. He walked as in a fog, he heard as in a delirium, and all the while he was sure of three things: Joe Easter was the best friend he had ever known; Joe's wife was to him sacred, set apart; and he longed to be in there, dancing with her.

When Pop and Joe and Ralph returned to the house, after adequately deciding that the name of the man who had held up those two bank messengers in Montreal was Buller, not Butler, and that it certainly was a shame that people should go about holding up bank-messengers, Alverna was dancing dreamily with Curly Evans, and George Eagan and Pete Renchoux and Nels Stromberg were standing by, waiting.

Stromberg greeted them: "Say, Joe, I hear Ed Tudor is throwing a dance tonight. What say we all go?"

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Home Parties on Hallowe'en

Continued from page 66

more festive is desirable. The centre piece may be simply for decoration or it may be in the form of a witch and cats, this is particularly suitable for a long table as it can be arranged to spread out for a considerable distance. Witch cutouts can be purchased at a small figure, but if desired the whole table may be artistically decorated with the aid of crepe paper.

For the witch make a cone of wrapping paper 18 inches high. Attach a piece of wire about 6 inches long to the back of a cutout. Fasten to the top of the cone with fine wire. Wrap two pieces of wire 24 inches long side by side, back and forth several times until as thick as a small pencil. Twist tightly round the top of the cone. Cut pieces of cardboard for hands and paste to the ends of the wire. Gather a piece of red or orange crepe paper about one yard long and fasten to the top of the cone. Gather a piece of black crepe paper for the cape and tie in place. Glue two cutouts of cats back to back leaving the feet unstuck. Bend the paws out slightly so that the cat will stand. Fasten two pieces of orange streamers from the witch's hands to the cats' tails. The waitresses will look very festive if they wear aprons made of decorated crepe and caps to match. To make the cutouts cut the design out of a cat or whatever is required, roughly then spread paste on the cardboard which is to be used, place the crepe paper on it and press down carefully, rubbing with the grain of the crepe, not across it. Paste another figure or piece of crepe paper of harmonizing color on the reverse side to prevent curling. Place under a weight to dry, then cut out. If it is necessary to have both sides nearly alike the back of the design may be brightened with touches of water color or sealing wax paint.

To make cardboard cutouts stand before pasting the crepe on the back, attach a piece of heavy wire to the cardboard with gummed tape, allowing sufficient wire to project below the base either to make a spiral standard or to be pushed through and fastened to another piece of cardboard which acts as a standard.

To obtain the effect of the chandelier illustrated, put a strip of decorated crepe paper around china globe. Fasten

alternating orange and black streamers evenly around the lower edge. Draw the orange ones together and fasten. Let the black ones hang free and suspend cutouts from them.

Mirth provoking head gear masks and fancy hats are much used at Hallowe'en. Masks that are all concealing are very desirable and the cat mask and doll face mask as shown above do this well. The foundation of the doll face mask is the crown of a buckram hat frame. Paint the features with sealing wax or oil paints. Make the "golden curls" of crepe paper cut with the grain and curl by rolling tightly around a pencil. Make the "hair" long enough to cover the back of the wearer's head.

To make the cat mask: Cut the eyes out from a cutout of a cat's head, make a tam'o'shanter of crepe paper to fit the head of the wearer, stick it to the cat's head. It will hold the mask in place.

Gay Costumes for Hallowe'en Parties

JUST as the dress rehearsal for a play makes each actor more really the person he is to portray, so the spirit of the occasion enters your guests when they come to your party gowned in Hallowe'en costumes.

For no other kind of a party is it possible to create such unusual and yet wholly appropriate costumes with so little expense.

Many costumes are made over a muslin foundation, to which the crepe paper is sewn or pasted as required. Another style is the "slip-over costume." It is a style that is very popular because it is so easy to make and is equally appropriate for either girls or boys. It is worn over a simple frock or business suit and may be slipped on or off in a moment.

The foundation of a slip-over costume is a straight strip of crepe paper cut out for the neck and hanging straight down front and back. To this foundation, ruffles, fringe or cutout designs may be added as required.

The costume illustrated is easy to copy and is equally attractive either as a regulation costume made over a muslin slip or in the form of a slip-over costume. Crepe paper wire and cutouts comprise all the materials required for this fascinating costume.



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I GUESS we're like most families. We always seem to want more things than our income will provide. This fall Bob wanted a radio. Marion was going to college and needed a whole new outfit. I had been hoping to get a new sewing machine, but everything else seemed more important. "Can't you wait another year?" the family asked.

Then I had an inspiration. "Let's get the Singer first!" I said, "I can make all of Marion's clothes and mine and save enough that way to buy the other things."

They all saw what good sense that was. So we got the Singer at once, and it was the best decision we ever made. I've never enjoyed sewing so much. I've done work I never dreamed could be done on a sewing machine. And we've saved so much that there's going to be no money problem after this.

Maybe you, too, have been putting off getting a new sewing machine because other needs seem to be more urgent. If you have, remember that a modern Singer is not an expense but the best investment a family could make. Get the Singer *first* and the money it will save and earn will go far toward the comforts and luxuries you long to have.

Stop at the nearest Singer Shop and see for yourself what a modern Singer will do. There are Singer Machines in the widest variety of models—electrics, treadle, and hand machines—a type for every need, among them one that is sure to fit your circumstances—to be had on a convenient plan of payment, with a generous allowance for your present machine.

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Winter Sports in Sweden

Continued from page 16

Varmland in order to go in for, and get the full benefit out of, winter sports. Under normal conditions the most splendid opportunities for skiing, ice-yachting, skating, and bob-sleighing are to be found in and around the suburbs of Stockholm, i.e., Saltsjobaden and Djursholm, which are easily accessible (half-hour journey by electric train from Stockholm). Skating is very popular both in the confines of the city and in its neighborhood.

It sometimes happens that snow is

scarce in the neighborhood of Stockholm, but when the fjords surrounding the capital are frozen over with bluish-green glassy ice, then is just the time for skate-sailing and ice-yachting, and the days when the ice-yacht regattas take place offer a real pageant for the public. There is a floating ice-yacht clubhouse—like a Noah's Ark—lying off the shore in one of the bays in Djursholm, from which many races are started, and around which enthusiastic crowds rally especially on Sundays during the ice-sports season.

The Passing of Enos

By Dan McCowan

"AND ENOS WALKED WITH GOD"

Kinsmen they were—pacing the desert sand
At evening when the sky was sprayed with stars.
Turning about the tents and round the palm-tree boles,
Hands behind back, heads nodding quiet assent,
Like monks who in the cloisters wait for evensong
And find a pleasure in harmonious talk.

"AND ENOS WAS NOT"

They called his name across the shifting dunes

And in the high hills where the wild goats dwell.

Encamped beside the brook they tarried long

Fearing lest he should yet return and find no resting place,

No shade from sun, no covert from the storm, no welcoming.

"FOR GOD TOOK HIM"

But he was Home for aye and heard them not.

The South Wind Chariot had come at dawn and borne him hence

While yet the camp was slumbering.

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"Well," said Joe, and "Well, all right," said Joe.

They started as soon as Alverna had changed her sailor blouse and linen skirt for a frock of muslin, cornflower blue. While she was changing, quite an assortment of men stood about her bedroom door and explained with loud jollity that they would be willing to help her.

Joe smiled, Ralph noted, rather wearily.

When she came out, preening herself, airily thrusting her bobbed hair back from her temples, passing her coquettish smiles from man to man, Joe croaked: "Say, folks, if you don't mind—I've got to finish up my accounts. The clerk kind of got 'em balled up while I was away. So I'll appoint Ralph here to be chaperon for me at the dance."

Alverna flashed across the room and hung on his neck. "Oh, Joe, darling, I'd just hate to go unless you came along! Think of what Mrs. Mac and the Reverend—think of what all the killjoys would say!"

Ralph said, rather desperately, "Shall I stay with you, Joe?"

He caught Joe's eyes again—those pale and fiery blue eyes—and they were pleading. The celebrated counsellor-at-law, who by ordinary was wont to take up every human problem as though it were a problem in dominoes, was altogether confused. He felt that Joe was too fond of these men to kick them out, yet knew them too well to leave them with Alverna, yet too sick of her madness to endure it, yet too proud to know what he knew.

Joe trusted him alone, felt Ralph. Did he deserve that trust? He would!

He nodded to Joe, uneasily, and went strutting forth as leader of the clamorous procession which filed down a forest path to the dance at Ed Tudor's. All the while he was conscious that Alverna, behind him, was singing "Tea for Two" with Curly Evans, and that his own mind was full of her.

"She's so gallant—trying to make a life for herself in this loneliness," he meditated; and, "Oh, dry up! Forget her!"

DESPITE his royal name, Ed Tudor, otherwise Edward Tudor, was no member of the British aristocracy. He was a three-quarters-breed Indian, squat and dark, and at least one-quarter in him was a stew of French, Portuguese, and probably Mexican. But Ed was the most successful trapper of the district, and the possessor of a magnificent log-cabin with two rooms.

Nor was Ed Tudor's dance really Ed Tudor's. It was paid for by Lawrence Jackfish, who, having received real money for his trip with Joe Easter, was itching to get rid of it, and successfully caring for that itch. He had already bought a new hat like a movie cowpuncher's, a new bead hatband for the same, and a sixth-hand shotgun, and he was devoting the remains of his wealth to hiring Ed's cabin and giving a dance free to all comers.

The main room of the cabin, wide and very low, was floored with knotty pine planks and lined with newspapers pasted on the inside of the logs. On the rafters were piled sledges, dog harness and snowshoes. One side had a fireplace and table, the other a bed covered with a dizzy crazy-quilt. Two chairs drifted in a general way about the floor, and on these sat the more venerable Indian squaws. The rest of the guests littered the bed, squatted on their heels along the wall, or stood waiting with a patience almost Chinese for improbable gaiety.

It was not the rule in the Etiquette Book of Mantrap Landing for the young men to ask partners to dance with them. When, after half an hour

Mantrap

Continued from page 104

of thinking it over, four males had decided that they might as well dance at this dance, they stood in the middle of the floor, their hats on, whispering to one another and giggling, till four squaws, frequently young, made the same difficult decision and voluntarily joined them. The men and girls spoke not one word. Small talk did not exist for them; they wanted to get to the business of dancing.

They waited till the octet was completed, then began to pound the floor in a diligent square dance, the young men swinging the girls violently or being swung as heartily by the powerful wenches. Though few of them spoke English, all the calling of the figures was in that tongue. In Cree the calls would have been too dismayingly long even for Indian patience.

"Birdie in the cage and three hands round," bellowed Lawrence Jackfish, and an unsmiling squaw was surrounded by four unsmiling bucks. "Birdie flies out and hawk flies in; hawk flies out and gives birdie a swing."

... Bump, bump, bump of the moccasined feet. Shriek of the caller, "Hawk flies IN!" Prancing figures, dull in the lamplight, dim in the whirling tobacco smoke. Under and over and behind the dance, the starveling squeak of the hungry fiddle, the louder thumping of the fiddler's feet, keeping time to the jerky strains of the old-time jigs, Turkey in the Haystack, Turkey in the straw. ... Turkey in the straw. Bump, Bump. Bump. ...

Thus the dance as Ralph and his procession saw it, heard it, from the door, as they thrust their way through the crowd watching from outside. He was conscious that the gathered Indians looked at them uncomfortably. They stared at Alverna (laughing, flushed of cheek, giggling always with the excitement of having a party), and edged away from Curly Evans in his uniform.

"Do you think we better intrude?" Ralph muttered to Alverna.

"Oh, to thunder with 'em! Show 'em a good time. Show 'em how to really dance!"

Seizing Curly's arm, Alverna dragged him in with her. The quadrille stopped, the blatting fiddle stopped, the dancers gaped. To the host, her husband's servant, Alverna bubbled, "Are we invited, Lawrence?"

He did not look very happy about it, but sheepishly he said, "Yeh, I guess so."

"Then tell the fiddler to play something a little peppier. Is that all he can play, those punk old tunes? Well, all right then, I guess we can kind of one-step to 'em."

While the Indians peered, their party taken away from them, while the fiddler went on with his tune like a mechanical piano out of repair, she circled round the room with George Eagan.

Pete Renchoux and Curly Evans found two Indian girls who could move with somewhat more grace than ant-eaters, seized them despite their titters of shyness, and tried to teach them the one-step, which they took up with all the vigor of a galloping cow. Pop discussed esthetics and mink-trapping with Lawrence Jackfish's grandmother, a matriarchal lady of twenty stone and much bass laughter.

Ralph looked solemnly at the roomful of Indians and they looked solemnly at him; and neither seemed to enjoy the sight much, and it is doubtful which of them was the more uneasy. But one by one the young bucks were enticed into the white man's game, and with reluctant squaws they walked rapidly

round and round the room, in what they fondly conceived to be a one-step and what more resembled a Swedish drill.

The air grew more dizzying with tobacco smoke. Through this fog came the scraping of feet, the ceaseless honk-a-tonk of the fiddle, and the fiddler's beating feet. But piercing the racket was one clear note—Alverna's laughter.

"She does enjoy it, poor kid. She turns it all from a surly mob into something young and, really happy," reflected Ralph, and his heart expanded, he felt suddenly free—free from the incessant thought-mongering of Ralph Prescott, free from worry about Joe Easter.

Curly and Alverna came pushing past him, through the cabin door.

"So smoky—get a breath of fresh air," she murmured, but she looked instantly away from him, into the daring eyes of Curly.

He saw them standing in the outer border of light from the door, under a spruce tree. Curly was teasing her, holding her hand, pretending to read her palm, while she bounced with pleasure and tried to withdraw her hand—and seemingly did not try particularly hard. Suddenly Ralph hated Curly with a flood of black jealousy. When she was with Joe she was taboo; when she was with Curly Evans she was something to be fought for. He stopped his eternal pest of thinking and let himself feel. And his feeling toward Alverna was something deeper and tenderer and seemingly more free from baseness than any emotion he had ever known.

Pity for her forlorn gaieties, admiration for her pluckiness, solicitude for her madness, need of the comfortable softness of her slim hands.

He was a lonely man!

So he felt, without putting it into words. He was a lonely man, and he needed her, while Curly Evans was an unscrupulous and wandering light-o'-love against whom he must protect her. He found himself slashing through the crowd outside the door, stalking to her under the shadow of the spruce.

"Alverna!" he snapped. "You oughtn't to be standing here with these Indians watching you! If you're going to dance, dance! I— Will you dance with me?"

"Can you dance, dearie?"

"I can! Damned well!"

"Well, Mr. Ralph Prescott, there's always been one simply elegant way of getting to have the pre-rivilege of dancing with me, and that was to ask me. Why didn't you?"

"I'm asking you!"

Curly complained, "Look here—"

"You go soak your head," she said to Curly, perhaps not very elegantly. She seized Ralph's arm, and soared with him through the onlookers, into the fetid cabin, out on the puncheon floor.

"Now we'll see about that 'dancing damn well!'" she said.

But she looked at him affectionately. She did see about it. Ralph was certainly the only trained dancer man in that amorphous land. But hitherto he had always danced with the cold and tutored perfection of the man who does proper things because they are proper. His dancing came to life now, as his spirits rose to her lightness and eagerness and living warmth. Forgetful of the foggy room, the jumpy ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta of the galumphing fiddle and the plunk of the fiddler's foot, he soared to a heaven of consciousness of being near her.

"Say, you certainly shake the old hoofs. Why didn't you ask me to dance before?" she demanded.

Sturdily: "Afraid to! Why, hang you, Alverna—"

"Golly! The man's alive, after all!"

"If it weren't for Joe, I'd have fallen for you even before this."

"Why, I think you're perfectly horrid! You have a nasty mind! As if our just dancing a little could hurt poor old Joe! I think you ought to apologize!"

"You don't think anything of the kind!"

She seemed to look at him not less kindly for his harshness. She sighed (he had, in that tumult, to catch her words by the movement of her childish lips): "There's Curly wanting another dance."

When he grumbled, "Oh, curse Curly!" she apparently could endure it without suffering.

While Ralph discovered her and forgot himself, the dance also discovered itself and forgot its awkwardness. The room was clotted now with Indian couples, trying to reverse and walk backward, with much bumping and much stumbling and a great deal of joyous cackling. Curly, after watching Ralph and Alverna sulkily, was now contentedly whirling with the slimmest of the young squaws, and Pop Buck was panting in his effort to move the protesting and delighted grandmother of Lawrence Jackfish about the room.

The fiddler was stirred to more violent scrapings, more furious poundings of his foot. Outside the cabin, the onlookers were squawking their admiration. George Eagan, who spoke Cree and who had the remittance-man's delight in going Indian after his exile from home, was staggering among them, giving the bucks sips from his bottle of white mule, and the young men began to dance with one another in front of the cabin, full of yelping laughter.

And through the leaping crowd Ralph glided with Alverna, unconscious of everything save her.

He came to with a jar. At the door was an irate voice, a voice thick with Scotch accent and thicker with wrath, rumbling: "You people must stop this racket. I won't have it. *I can't sleep!*"

The fiddler stopped playing. The shuffling feet were still. The dancers stared at McGavity of the Hudson's Bay, McGavity of the Fort, standing in the doorway, red and glaring and afraid of no one.

When McGavity saw Ralph and Alverna and Curly Evans, his lips puckered with doubt, and he scratched his chin.

"Hello, Mac," said Curly genially.

"Hello, Evans," said McGavity, not at all genially.

"We making too much noise?" said Curly.

"Well, the Missus and I couldn't sleep. I thought this was an *Indian* dance!"

McGavity sounded as though he meant something by it.

Alverna was whispering to Ralph: "Oh, Lord, what an earful Mrs. Mac will get about this, and what'll happen to me afterwards! Joe is a dear, but, God, how he can jaw!" She sailed toward McGavity, twittering: "We just dropped in for a minute, to show them how to one-step. Joe was coming for me, but I guess the poor lamb must have fallen asleep. We're about due to be on our way home. Good night, Lawrence. Good night, everybody. Come on, Ralph. Good night, Mr. Mac."

She took Ralph's arm and confidently pattered toward the door. The onlookers made way for her, and she flowed through them, bowing right and left, looking as much like the lady of the manor as was possible with the red and irate eye of Mr. James McGavity upon her.

Ralph felt the nervous pressure of her fingers on his arm, and that moment he would have killed McGavity with speed and zest.

He marched with her from the cabin

light into the dimness of the forest trail, undefinably happy, inexplicably excited, conscious of the night, of the snoring lake, of being alone with her. All problems, worries, loyalties, were lost in her quivering vitality—this manicure girl who was also Helen and Iseult and Heloise.

Then, abruptly, he was very much not alone with her.

Curly Evans had caught up with them, striding down the rivulet of path. He seized Alverna's other arm, with the playful friendliness of a young brown bear. He shouted: "Gee, old Mac is just as chummy as a bullfrog, ain't he. I wish a cop didn't have to go on being a guardian of law and order and a pincher of liquor and generally a perfect gent after six p.m.! Why, I might as well be a missionary! Golly, Ralph!" — with a brotherly affection which Ralph, just now, sniffily detested. "You certainly agitate a mean double-A at the one-step . . . But nobody can touch Alvy!"

He was obviously squeezing her arm; he was obviously squeezing it with boyish heartiness. Ralph was sick with jealousy. Why couldn't this blatant young fool let them alone? He—he would have talked to her about good old Joe, and they would have walked so quietly and happily and decently through the breathing night.

The three of them headed the homeward straggling of the party, and as they came bumbling into the Easter cabin, they found Joe asleep, stretched out in one kitchen chair with his feet on another. What Curly saw, and Alverna, has not been recorded; but Ralph saw Joe defenceless, drooping, all his courage lost in abandonment to weariness.

Joe's head hung back, his cheeks gaunt, his neck corded; and his hand, drooping by his side, was lax and almost aged with its swelling veins. So, in a fiery moment, all of Ralph's wretched worrying quickened again. . . Had he guarded Alverna as Joe had trusted him to do? Had he kept her sacred? Had they, by rousing the scandal-mongering McGavities, hurt Joe forever as a proconsul?

But Alverna seemed admirably free of worry. She cuddled on Joe's lap, she laughed at him and tickled him and kissed him, and, as he woke with a snort of alarm, she chuckled, "Ah, de rosy posy Josey!" and he accepted it equably, he observed only, through portentous yawns: "Back again? Better see if the boys want 'nother drink."

The boys did want another drink. They were polite about it, but firm. Pop Buck, Eagan, Renchoux, Stromberg, as they came trailing in, and even Biermeier, as he awoke from his intoxicated sleep, spoke of it as a thing to do.

"Now the real party beginneth, with little game poker," said Pop Buck.

"Oh, swell, sure, you bet!" trilled Alverna.

"That'll be fine," said Joe.

If as a dancing man Pop Buck was rather less than perfection, he had all the art of poker. He squinted at his cards most casually, never pounded the table, he never bluffed—apparently—but whenever he called he seemed to have more aces than anyone else in the hunched circle about the red oilcloth, under the hanging lamp. And Joe Easter awakened. He was tireless in shuffling, dealing, filling, raising, his face expressionless as the mummy of Rameses.

All of them drank steadily, and except for Pop and Joe and Ralph, all their voices rose—rose—grew shriller and more emphatic, and all of them became more hectically desirous of betting everything they had on the turn of a card.

Alverna had taken a hand, but she

Continued on page 108



The Hunter's Moon—

hangs in the sky, these keen Fall evenings. Somewhere north of Superior or among the age-old rocks of Nipissing or Parry Sound, little log huts are showing signs of life. The advance guards of the hunters' army are arriving—and soon the frosty air of the northland will vibrate with the crack of their rifles.

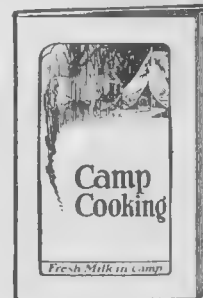
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seemed to have no decent reverence for the sport. She diversified the grim routine of jackpots by singing, by pinching Joe, by throwing a glass of water at Pete Renchoux, by arguing with Curly Evans as to whether she would later kiss him good night, an argument at which Joe raised his brows, seemingly not very well pleased.

She was unanimously invited to "get out of this and hustle us a lil grub."

"I'll help you, Alverna," Ralph said hastily.

"Shake us up some bacon and eggs, Alvy," demanded Pete.

"These trappers," Alverna confided to Ralph, beside the stove, "haven't any good taste. Always bacon and eggs! I'll show 'em!"

And she did. With scrambled eggs and tinned tomatoes, she produced something with which a French cook would have been satisfied. As Ralph drained the can of tomatoes and Alverna whipped the eggs, shut off from the poker players by the cloud of their grumbling, he insisted softly, "You like Curly, don't you?"

"Sure. You bet. He's a grand fellow!"

He wanted to moon at her, "Do you like him better than me?" but even in his growing insanity the question seemed a little too puerile. He drained the water from the tomatoes, sulkily and silently, and it was she who carried on.

"Ralph!"

"Eh?"

"You're such a baby!"

"Why?"

"Oh, I suppose you're dreadfully smart about books and the law and everything—and I will hand it to you, the Jane that taught you to dance certainly did know her job; but you don't—oh, you just don't know how to talk to a girl."

"Yes?"

darker background. Raising his hand, Gravelle pointed toward it. "You see that cabin?"

"Yes."

"Well, come there after breakfast in the morning. I'll have everything ready for you then."

"Very well," Kerr's voice was crisply businesslike, but in it there was a note of relief, a note that bordered on exultation.

In silence Gravelle walked home in the chill autumn night. The cabin was silent, dark. But as he swung the door closed, he heard Mary Rose's sleepy question: "Is that you Billee?"

NOWHERE in the world does news spread faster than in a frontier settlement, so Mary Rose, arriving home some two hours after Kerr's landing, had hardly set foot on shore when she knew that a white man—rumor had it was one of the company's directors—was at the post. Thus informed she had with true womanly intuition avoided it. And being tired from her long paddle had gone early to bed. Now, however, with Gravelle's coming, there stirred in her the deep curiosity of the wilderness dweller. And she lay drowsily awake waiting for him to tell of the events of the lay.

Instead, after a long moment, he said: "Get up," his voice unintentionally harsh.

"Wat for?" she murmured sleepily in English.

"You are to go over and stay at Delmas tonight. A moonias (white man) friend of mine is coming to have a long talk—and we must be alone."

"Ma, ma, woostagoch!" (Why, the very idea), she said sleepily protesting now in Cree, the better to express her disapproval, and half convinced that

"Yes! You're such a funny shy bird! Gee, if all of New York is like you, it must be as exciting as the morgue on Sunday afternoon! But oh, boy, if you ever do get waked up! You came out and grabbed me off Curly like you were old Mr. Lancelot, or whoever that fellow was that came riding out of the west that we used to read about in school—Old Doc Lancelot himself. I bet if you ever take ten minutes off sometime and fall in love, you'll be a regular little volcano."

She peeped at him, under bright lashes; he sighed, and smiled with her, and was content to stand at a kitchen sink, in a log cabin, with a manicure girl—the wife of his loyalest friend.

"But you," he hesitated, as she poured out the coffee, "you care a lot for Curly."

"Him? Why, you're crazy! He's lots of fun, but he's just a fool kid."

Ralph was strangely comforted. He told himself that it was on behalf of Joe that he was making these deep researches.

Into the maws of the heroes intent on poker the scrambled eggs disappeared without comment, and whisky and water washed them down.

However quietly and earnestly, in the passion of poker, a group of males may drink their whisky, it does sometimes get its effect. The night glided tranquilly and dream-wise, with no more squawking from the aged phonograph, but it glided not without results. Biermeire rose in the midst of a full house versus four treys, lived as far as the nearest bedroom, and passed out again. Pete Renchoux vanished and was not heard from until morning. He had gone to sleep on the floor of the front porch. Ralph and Alverna took

the places of the deserters in the game till they both nodded at the table and staggered out to the porch for air.

When they had left Ed Tudor's cabin, a little after eleven, it had been milkily dark. Now the miracle of night had been performed, and Ralph realized, in a haze of sleepiness, that it was day again, gray secret day before the sunrise.

Alverna was drowsing as she sat on his cot. He put her head down on the pillow, tucked her in there, and himself lay on the floor, between the huddled Pete Renchoux and the cot. He was blindly conscious of lights and dull voices in the house, and someone blaring, "And raise you one bean!" Then he was conscious of nothing at all, neither of dawn nor of Alverna sleeping babylike near him, neither of poker nor of stealthy Indians nor of the leaden rustling lake.

He was awakened to a gasp of terror by long-drawn howling, the wailing of the hosts of hell.

He sat up to realize that he had been dreaming of E. Wesson Woodbury; that he saw Woodbury, mud-caked, his face bloody with briars and mosquitoes, stumbling through a swamp, lost and starving.

After a bewildered moment he knew what the howling was. It came from the team-dogs kept for the summer on Blue Nose Island, away from food stores; melancholy dogs, passing the howl from one to another in the unhappy dawn. But the vision of Woodbury persisted; lonely Woodbury, perplexed and silent now, his vacation turned into a solitary horror.

"Why! I deserted him! I ruined all his outing for him! And he meant to be so decent! We had so much fun

planning the trip, back in New York," Ralph thought miserably.

It had seemed natural and just to leave him, in the vexation of Woodbury's nagging. Now Ralph felt like a traitor.

The dogs were howling again, long, hopeless, quivering howls, the very voice of that sad land. Along the shore a burnt pine trunk stood against the colorless lake. Near Ralph were many people, but apparently they were all dead in sleep, dead as the ghost of sound in that unhappy howling, dead as the black ghost of the murdered tree.

He perceived that all the party must have been too far sunk to go home. George Eagan was snoring on the green couch in the living-room. Pop Buck and Nels Stromberg had presumably taken the beds, for Joe Easter had joined Ralph on the porch. He lay hunched on a blanket, shivering in his sleep.

Alverna, still in her crumpled cornflower muslin, partly covered with the blanket Ralph had drawn over her on the cot, was so defencelessly young and unwise, so pitifully young and helpless. Her lips drooped. She slept with her hand between her cheek and the pillow, as a kitten sleeps on its curled paw.

"She couldn't have gone very far with Curly Evans and the rest of them. And I shan't lose my head. It'll be all right. Good old Joe! Dear Alverna!" he sighed.

Their nearness solaced him, but as he went to sleep the vision of forlorn Woodbury, no longer grotesque in bawling energy but tragic in abandonment, hovered over him, and he knew that he must do something about it.

And beyond the screen of the porch Lac Qui Reve stretched itself in the growing light.

Continued in November Issue

Higher Love

Continued from page 84

he joked, though puzzled and a little frightened by the sound of his voice and something odd in his manner.

But when she went to snuggle down again amongst the blankets, his hands reached out and tore them back off her, letting the chill night air sweep over her thinly-clad form.

She sprang up with faint dismayed cry; began hastily dressing. Finishing, she turned to go without further word or endearment to fully show her disapproval of his action. Her hand was at the latch when he spoke again.

"Mary Rose!"

She turned, sulky-eyed, poutingly.

"Come here." His voice was strangely soft now. In it was an odd mournful cadence that filled her with a sense of impending calamity. Wonderingly she came close; and he took her and held her very tight, and more tenderly than in many long days.

"Kiss me."

Raising her head from its snuggling shoulder-place, she gave him her lips, searching his eyes the while. They were strangely luminous, filled with an illusive something indefinable as the cadence in his voice a moment ago.

Many seconds his lips clung, then, almost roughly he pushed her away. "Goodbye, Mary Rose."

Again that strange vibration in his voice filled her with strange foreboding. And suddenly swayed with the fear that lurks in the heart of every native woman who mates with white man, she came back to him, clutched his shoulders with fingers tightening from spasmodic, fear-lent grasp. Wistfully, questioningly, fearfully she looked up

at him. "Ah you not goan' away, my man; you not goan' away from me? The moonias not take you to outside?"

Flittingly the faint ghost of a smile, hard and cold wreathed his lips. "No, no, Mary Rose, oh, no, no moonias can take me to outside. I'm going to stay here in the settlement—going to stay always." He added the last words after a breathless pause, in them all the poignant regret and longing of the alien on foreign strand bidding farewell to home shores, long longed for, but now forever put past.

Satisfied, she turned away. The latch clicked softly. He heard the faint pad, pad, of her moccasined feet on the hard path that led a short distance from the door. Then silence.

"Well, I didn't lie to her." He said this tentatively, as though hopeful of propitiating some inward self for paliating words. Several moments he stood very still, upright and rigid as one of the gaunt spruce without. Then, a little wistfully, half hopefully, after the strange way of the vanity of men, "I wonder if she'll miss me?" Then, to propitiate that other side of his self, he added contemptuously: "Oh, she's only a breed—she'll soon forget." But his words lacked strength of conviction. Conscious of the weakening effect of these thoughts upon the trend of his purpose he crossed the room, drew from beneath the bed a little brass-bound trunk, opened it for the first time in years. From it he took a miscellany of things—papers, letters, a Bible presented him by his mother on his twelfth birthday, on the flyleaf, very dim and faint, his name in her

handwriting, with underneath the words: "To my son on his twelfth birthday, with best wishes."

Gravelle carried these across to the table, lit the lamp, pulled up a chair, and, seating himself, began slowly their sorting. A couple of old love letters he wrapped carefully in a bit of brown paper, addressing them in large round letters with a stubby, broad-nosed pencil. Upon another piece he wrote for some time. Finishing, he gathered all the things into a little pile, placing the written sheet upon the top. Then he blew out the lamp, rose and walked to where something hung at the end of a long belt.

In the dead stillness of the room, something clicked faintly, quickly followed by a sharp detonation, doubly thunderous in the confined space of the room. A moment the man's body titubated, then swayed back, slithered heavily to the floor.

Acrid smoke lay upon the air, heavy as the returning all-enfolding quiet, unbroken, save only at long intervals when away off in the distance from the top of hogsback ridge a coyote sent out its lonesome call, the age-old night song of the wilderness, desolate, ineffably mournful in the silent night under the coldly winking stars.

A Bit Catty

She was newly engaged, says the Tatler, and was confiding in her dearest friend.

"Do you know, dear," she said, "Tom and I understand each other perfectly. He tells me everything he knows, and I tell him everything I know too."

"Really," exclaimed the friend. "Don't you sometimes find the silence rather oppressive?"

A small leak will sink a great ship.—Benjamin Franklin.

The Mixed Local

B. V. V. M.

THE newcomer to our shores often expresses his amazement at the vast stretches of our Dominion. The idea of getting on a train and then travelling in the same direction for almost a week at a time seems to almost overwhelm him. As for myself, however, I was never much impressed with these dimensions until the other day when I had to make a trip to a little town in the northwestern part of Manitoba, not far from the Saskatchewan border.

People who travel in transcontinental "limiteds" along the main line do not know what distances are in this country. They are whisked from one place to another so quickly that they cannot really appreciate how far they have gone. On this trip of mine we did not travel along the main line any further than was necessary to get us out of Winnipeg, after that we diverged onto a single track that seemed to wander here and there in a most haphazard manner.

Our train being the only "up" train of the day along this particular branch line, we naturally stopped at every station; not one of those hurried breathless stops indulged in by the main line expresses, but a real sociable call where everybody had a chance to get out and stretch their limbs while the mail and mixed freight was being exchanged for milk cans and crocks of butter.

We not only stopped at every station but we stopped several times where there was not the slightest sign of a station, places where there was nothing in sight except the waving fields of ripening grain stretching on all sides as far as the eyes could see, and nothing to be heard beyond the stentorian gasps of the engine or the staccato bark of a tractor working in some nearby field. The reasons for these stops was a mystery to me; perhaps the engineer saw a particularly fine bush of blueberries close to the track; perhaps he discovered that he was rushing ahead of his schedule, or maybe it was a group of section hands who caused him to pause and pass the time of day.

All journeys must come to an end, though, even those of a mixed local, so late afternoon found me deposited at my destination, while the train puffed slowly into the distance as if reluctant to leave me behind. As my business would be all finished in an hour or so I at once made inquiries as to how soon I could get a train back to Winnipeg. The train I came down on would be going back at ten o'clock in the morning, I was told, but if I was in a hurry I could catch the "flyer" that stopped by the tank for water at 12.30 each night. This train apparently earned the title of "flyer" by making the return journey in six and a half hours while the day train took eight.

I accomplished the purpose of my visit long before train time. At 11.30, fearing that my presence was keeping the proprietor of the Grand Metropole Hotel out of his bed at what he considered a most unseemly hour, I quit the stuffy lobby of his hostelry, with its many pictures of famous trotters and its big stove surrounded by a circle of wooden chairs, and strolled through the cool sweet air to the depot.

The light which escaped underneath the blind of the agent's window was the only one to be seen, apart from the stars above, which looked like a handful of diamonds scattered across a cloth of blue velvet. Somewhere a fretful puppy whined and barked, drowning for a moment the steady rattle of the telegraph sounder just behind the lighted window. Seating myself on the edge of the platform I waited for the "flyer" to wend its way through the hill-strewn countryside. Half an hour or so passed and I made my way down to the huge water tank that loomed darkly against the starlit sky, a faint radiance in the distance, the sound of a whistle far off and then the train itself came hurtling round the bend as if it had no intention of stopping at all.

As soon as I entered the carriage it occurred to me that there are few sights in the world as funny and, at the same time touching, as a glance at the travellers on a day coach during the early

hours of the morning. There they are, men, women and children, sprawled in every conceivable posture trying to snatch a few hours' sleep as the train rolls and rumbles through the night. Two little girls and a boy are heaped together on a seat in one indistinguishable mass like puppies in a store window. A very prim looking maiden lady, occupying a seat by herself, determined not to sacrifice proper deportment for comfort, has gone to sleep sitting bolt upright with her hands folded in her lap. But unfortunately the picture of propriety which she endeavors to present is somewhat spoilt by the motion of the train giving her hat a decidedly rakish tilt over the left eye which makes her look very happy-go-lucky, to say the least. If her friends from the school, or the Onward and Upward Club, could see her now, they would hardly believe their eyes.

Across the aisle from me is a lady who effectively conceals her age and identity by lying along the seat with her head completely swathed in a bright green sweater-coat. Just how she manages to breathe it is hard to say. Later on I tried to sleep myself but did not meet with much success. When I sat up and rested my chin on my hand the vibration of the train kept me awake, and when I tried to curl up on the seat like the lady opposite me I found that it could not be done. I am evidently not built to curl up. The only time I managed to doze off comfortably was when my legs were stretched out full length with my feet in the aisle of the coach. Unluckily for me the first man to trip over them was the brakeman. The fact that he carries a lamp made no difference, he was the first person to trip over my feet and, incidentally, the last. He made it quite plain to me that I had better watch where my feet strayed in future, even if I had to stay awake to do it.

The rest of the journey is a confused memory of halting stops and jerky starts, of people coming into the car bringing a whiff of cold night air; of a baby protesting loud and long about things in general, of the clink of milk cans and the conductor's cry of "board!" of lights passing up and down the aisle, and finally of the first pink glow of dawn stealing across a cloudless sky. There were grey lakes of mist standing in the wheatfields and doubtless a million glistening dew-drops trembling on every hand, but of this I am not sure as I could only persuade one eye to open half way at the time.

Seven o'clock and Winnipeg came at last; I had meant to see what the maiden lady looked like when she had her hat on straight and her mouth set in the correct manner, but somehow the thought of a bath and breakfast drove her right out of my head.

Tree Songs

By Clara Hopper

To laugh, to frolic, and to sing sweet songs

Is but the nature of the fetterless;

Earth cannot silence, like some stern abbess,

Her wild cascades, nor bind in grim duress—

Song, like the sunshine, to the free be-
longs.

More sweet than notes of tinkling water-falls

Are the soft tones of wind-stirred

aspen trees

That swish and rustle when some faint

pale breeze

Silvers their garments; all their melo-
dies

Soothe us to slumber as the poppy calls.

Aspens all anchored to the fett'ring clay,
Wedded to matter, yearning for the
heights

Ethereal—distant as the Dolomites—

Still croon their tree-songs neath the

stars, o' nights,

Loosing cramped souls from out the
gyves of day.

The Transformation of Jane

By ESTHER DELAND

STEPPING quickly out of the open French window while the dancing was at its height, Jane found herself alone on the verandah. There was no use, she said to herself, she just couldn't stand being a "wallflower."

She allowed herself another glance through the window at the gaily lit drawing-room. She saw pretty Gertrude Alden, her hostess, whirling through the dreamy measures of a waltz with Arthur Marsden. They looked very happy. And this only intensified Jane's feeling of utter loneliness. She turned away and hurried across the lawn and down the street.

A few moments later, in her own home, she sank upon her knees and hid her face in her mother's lap.

"Oh! Mother! Mother!" she sobbed. "I had to leave the party! My clothes aren't stylish and becoming! I'm not like other girls and no one wants to waste their time on me!"

"There, dearie, don't!" pleaded her mother. "It's too bad the evening was spoiled. But you know how much it costs to buy anything really nice these days. Please—please don't cry any more. You'll feel all right next time."

"No! No! Mother," cried Jane. "I'll never, never go to another party as long as I live! Gertrude Alden was right—my name ought to be 'Plain Jane!'"

"Never mind, honey!" said her mother. "All Gertrude has is her pretty face, and a little money! You are pure gold all the way through and they'll find it out some day! Now go to bed like a good girl and try to forget all about it."

For a few months things went on about as usual with Jane and her mother. Time had softened Jane's memory of Gertrude Alden's party and her own unhappiness that night. But she had kept religiously to her decision to remain away from all social gatherings. Then one day she received an invitation to attend Margaret Lamb's birthday party.

"How in the world can I decline, Mother?" asked Jane. "You know I can't go."

"I don't think you should decline, dear. Let's go up to your room!"

A moment later Jane entered her room. The mirror had been moved to the center of the floor, and there beside it draped over the high back of a chair was the most beautiful evening gown Jane had ever seen!

Stifling something between a sob and a gasp, she gazed in rapture at it for one long moment, then sprang forward and caught it up. With shining eyes she faced the mirror, holding the unbelievably charming dress full-length in front of her.

"It's divine, Mother, just divine! But—how could you get it when we need the money so much for other things?"

"It's all right, dear!" Mrs. Elliot said. "Now you sit down and accept Margaret's invitation. I will tell you the whole secret! Oh! Jane, it has worked out so much better than I dared to hope!"

At last came the evening of the party. Jane had taken longer than usual to dress, and as a result she was a little late.

A maid let her in and helped her off with her wraps. One passing glance in the long mirror banished the old timidity. And even before she



encountered the critical eyes of the drawing room Jane Elliot knew she had at last come into her own!

Although a moment before a dozen little groups of guests had been scattered through the room there was now only one group, and it centered around Jane—everybody telling her how pretty she looked and how glad they were to see her.

Then in the midst of her triumph, Jane saw Arthur Marsden excuse himself from Gertrude Alden, and come swiftly to her. All he said was "Jane!" But, oh, the tone in which he said it!

Never did any evening fly like that one! Every little second was filled with excitement and happiness for Jane. And when at last, after bidding Arthur Marsden "Good-bye," she rushed in and found her mother waiting up eagerly.

"Oh, Mother, dear!" she cried, "this wonderful Cinderella dress has given me the happiest time of my life! Can't you tell me all about it now?"

"Yes, Jane," Mrs. Elliot replied, her eyes reflecting Jane's joy and her own, "I can't keep the secret any longer."

Then she told her how she had read about the Woman's Institute for month after month in magazines and, finally, almost in desperation, had decided to send in the coupon and find out all about it. How the booklets she received convinced her that it was the very thing she needed and how she had decided to take up the course by mail. How she started making pretty things to wear from the very first and the new joy that entered her life when she knew she had found the way to not only solve their own clothes problem, but to earn the extra money they needed so badly by sewing for others.

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can give my opera to the world, faultless, perfect, whole."

SOON after this I expressed a wish to hear him play, so he invited me to his room, a narrow, stuffy garret high up in a narrow, grey stone house overlooking the walls, the beach and the sea. The room was furnished with a bed, a chair, a fine old piano, the only thing, he explained, that he had been able to save from his possessions, and a table covered with papers and piles of music manuscript. I sat down on the bed while he dragged the chair to the piano and began to play. I had never listened to such playing since I last heard a great musician in London. Though I am not in the least musical, and know nothing about it, I could tell then, ignorant as I was, that here before me was a genius fit to rank with the greatest composers of all time. He played his opera to me, and my soul thrilled with the wonderful music, and I was stirred to the very centre of my being, held spellbound, lost in a world of exquisite thrills, of rushing melody, of dreamy cadences and crashing, thundering chords. On and on he played, while the sun sank lower behind far distant Cap Frehel, and it seemed as if the heavenly music passed from the room and trembled away into the heart of the sunset. Then, suddenly, he ceased, and the room filled with silence so intense that I could hear my own heart beats. Even the noises of the city and beach seemed hushed as though all the world had been laid beneath a spell by the magic of his playing.

He remained seated at the piano, his head up, his eyes half closed, his hands still on the keys, his whole attitude one of listening. Then he began to strike chords at random, then separate notes, then chords again. At last he dropped his face in his hands, groaning: "I cannot find it. I can never find it."

Profoundly sorry for him, I knew not what to say, but went to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. Then, to distract his attention, I crossed to the table and began to examine his music, questioning him about it the while. He came and stood beside me, and showed me the scores of his opera, but his voice was distraught and his face unhappy. I was still under the spell of the music, and filled with astonishment, not unmixed with admiration, for this man's high courage that forced him to remain true to his ideals, to live in poverty, squalor and obscurity rather than achieve fame and riches by giving to the world a work which he deemed incomplete and unfinished.

Turning over the papers at random I came on a little miniature buried beneath them. It was the painting, on ivory, of a girl's head and shoulders set in a gold frame encrusted with tiny seed pearls. I would have passed it over, but the face arrested me. It was the loveliest I have ever seen, pure oval in shape, delicately tinted, with pale auburn hair falling in silky curls all about it, wide, serious grey eyes beneath arching black brows, and a firm, but sweet mouth. D'Aleth looked over my shoulder as I gazed at the miniature, and in answer to my half-questioning glance:

"I loved her," he replied softly. "I loved her and was to have married her, but I could not after the crash came. She was rich, and though she loved me she was very young, and obedient too. Her parents broke it off. I have never seen her since. She is probably married now. Her name is Esperance; Esperance Marie Cecile d'Aunay. She gave me that miniature when we were first engaged."

He turned away and paced the room, hands behind his back, his brows gathered in a deep frown.

For a moment his opera was forgotten in the bitter-sweet memory of that old love.

"She would have eloped with me," he continued. "She was like that, faithful and steadfast, and full of hope that I would make good. Honor forbade me to allow her to take such a course. I left her with scarce a word of farewell."

I stood staring at the little miniature, but half hearing his words. The pictured face gazing back at me from the gold, pearl-encrusted frame was one I knew well, and the name, Esperance d'Aunay, sounded familiar to my ears. The wide grey eyes, the auburn hair, the sweet mouth, I had met them but a month before in Paris, and they belonged to the daughter of my old friend, the Comtesse d'Aunay.

The girl Esperance and I soon became firm friends. I noted a certain sadness of demeanor which never left her, and for which I could not account, until she told me of her sad love affair, only omitting, perhaps through maiden delicacy, the name of her lover.

"Oh! Monsieur Arbuthnot," she had cried to me, her hands clasped, her grey eyes full of tears. "If only I could meet Lucien again I would tell him that I am willing to marry him at once, penniless as he is, and I will never marry anyone but him. I have told mamma so often and often, and I think she is resigned to what she calls my stubbornness. At any rate, she said the other day that she would rather I married my penniless musician than not marry at all."

D'Aleth ceased his pacing to and fro and picked up the miniature which I had laid on the table.

"She is probably married now," he said fiercely. "Married! I can hardly bear the thought. I who loved her so—who love her so."

"Monsieur," I turned to him. "Was this girl, Mdle D'Aunay, the daughter of the Comtesse Marguerite d'Aunay?"

"Why?" he asked, surprised at my question. "Why? Of course she was. Do you know her?"

Then I told him of my relationship with the Countess, of our meeting in Paris, of my conversations with Esperance, and of those words of hers. When I had finished he grew pale, pressed his hands to his eyes, then gripped both mine.

"Repeat that again!" he cried in a strangled voice.

I complied. The joy in his face was indescribable. He snatched up the miniature and kissed it many times. Then, still holding it, he walked to the window and stood gazing out upon the darkening sea. The last sunset colors had faded, and out over the channel the stars gleamed bright and clear. The lights from the shipping in the harbor were reflected in the still water, and the voice of the town was hushed. Then, above the silent streets, grey roof tops and ancient walls rang the cathedral bells, calling to evening service. D'Aleth bent his head for a while in prayer, then straightened himself, threw back his head, and thus stood with half closed eyes, listening, while the chimes faded away. The little room grew very still and shadowy, and I dared not stir.

At last, he turned and walked to the piano and struck one chord, just one, and I knew that he had found it, the last perfect chord which he had been seeking so long.

His opera was finished; honor, fame and riches would be his, and—Esperance d'Aunay.

Seeds Survive the Centuries

If seeds are stored in a cool, dry place, excluded from air, they will germinate centuries afterwards, according to Alvin F. Harlow, in the New York Herald-Tribune.

THE last few years have been a period of re-discovery and reversal of much scientific opinion. Some cherished beliefs and traditions of a century ago which have been discredited and scoffed at for decades are coming back into their own. It has not been so long ago, for example, that the "higher criticism" has proved to its own satisfaction that the New Testament was not written when it was purported to have been written, and that it was bristling with misstatements which proved its spurious origin. But translations of thousands of papyrus records found during the past few years have struck blow after blow in favor of the authenticity of many suspected portions of the New Testament and have proved that it was actually written in the opening years of the Christian Era.

And then there was the matter of the vitality of seeds. How often we used to hear of wheat which has been found in Egyptian and Syrian tombs where it had lain in darkness for perhaps three or four thousand years—of how it had been brought to this country or England, planted, and had sprouted and grown new wheat! Many well-informed people believed the stories. A certain cult leader in America realized a very handsome income for a time from the "sacred wheat seed," which was supposed to produce new grain of unusual excellence and peculiar virtues.

Botanists scoffed at the stories, as they were well justified in doing. But thereupon they went too far, and asserted that no seed would retain its vitality for more than fifteen or twenty years, and that very few would do that well. The mummy wheat stories thus brought all seeds into discredit. If I had told of the case within

my knowledge of the woman who put a package of watermelon seeds, carefully labelled, away and forgot their hiding place for thirty-five years, then found them, planted them and grew melons, the older botanists would have smiled tolerantly and said that the lady was mistaken in her dates.

Many naturalists ridiculed the report which recently came from Peru that because of certain meteorological changes which had taken place, a portion of the coast which had been rainless and without vegetation for centuries had now acquired a good and regular rainfall, in consequence of which a blanket of vegetation has sprung up and covered that desert soil, supposedly coming from seeds which had lain buried and dormant in the dust through many ages. The doubting scientists did not deny the appearance of vegetation, but said that it had come from seeds recently dropped by birds; that the tiny germs of annuals would not remain alive for centuries or even decades.

But when this was mentioned to three eminent specialists at the New York Botanical Garden the other day there were no sneers. They merely said, "We don't know. There may be some truth in it." These men having kept themselves informed regarding recent tests and discoveries along this line, accept without demur such reports as the one from England to the effect that land which had been in pasture for thirty or forty years, upon being ploughed deeply, immediately produced numerous specimens of black mustard, which had not grown on the land during those three or four decades, but whose seed had apparently lain dormant far below the surface.

Radishes Survive

WHEN Lieutenant A. W. Greely went to the Arctic in 1881 he took with him several packages of seeds of quick-growing vegetables such as lettuce, radish,

cabbage, etc., hoping to grow a little green stuff with which to vary the diet of the men in his party. The attempt to grow vegetables was unsuccessful, and Greely left a quantity of the lettuce and radish seed in the small building which he called Fort Conger. They were in the ordinary flat paper packages in which seeds are put up for use in home gardens. As they were purchased early in 1881, they had evidently been grown in 1880.

Greely left the Arctic in 1883. Sixteen years later Peary visited Fort Conger, and Surgeon Thomas S. Dedrick of his expedition picked up the packages of seed and brought them home with him. Stowed away in a trunk, they remained forgotten for six years longer. Then Dr. Dedrick found them in 1905 and decided to plant them in his garden in New Jersey. They were now twenty-five years old, and for sixteen years in the Arctic they had been exposed for months at a time to temperatures of 60 to 70 degrees below zero. Notwithstanding these supposed handicaps, fully one-half the radish seed germinated. The remainder of the radish and all of the lettuce failed to respond. The radish which germinated formed good roots and reproduced seed. In warmer, moister climates, radish loses vitality very rapidly. In tests at Cornell University, for example, the germ was dead after twelve years, and in the states along the Gulf coast seeds not hermetically sealed lose from 50 to 70 per cent of their vitality in a single summer. As the seedsmen say, they literally sweat themselves to death.

Many people have noticed that old pine cones cling to the tree even after the year in which they were formed, but it will probably be astonishing news to most folk to learn that they sometimes hang on for thirty years. And another queer thing is that the longer some varieties hang on the tree the better they germinate when planted. Lodgepole pine cones, for

example, which had been hanging thus from ten to thirty years were tested, and while 57 per cent. of the younger seed germinated the older cones produced 66 per cent.

In 1870 Dr. W. J. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, devised an original method of making a test of the vitality of seeds. Following his conception of the best artificial means of preserving them, he mixed the seeds with a much larger proportion of only slightly moist sand, dug from three feet below the surface, and put the mixture into pint bottles, each kind of seed in its own bottle. The bottles were then buried about twenty inches below the surface of the ground, mouth downward and was uncorked. Drainage from the surface was thus kept out of the bottle, only a small degree of moisture reached the seeds from below and they were kept too cool to germinate. He chose twenty-three kinds of seed for these tests, most of them common weeds, and made up twenty lots of them, there being fifty seeds of a species in a bottle. He thus buried something like 460 bottles each carefully labeled.

At intervals of five years, Dr. Beal dug up one bottle each of his various kinds of seed and planted them under as nearly ideal conditions for germination as he could obtain. And each year a remarkable percentage of these tiny seed—it seems hard to believe that they could retain the spark of life so long—have germinated. Dr. Beal died last year, aged ninety-one, but the tests are to be carried on under other observers until all the bottles are exhausted. The last lot was dug up in 1919. It was then decided to make the tests thereafter at intervals of ten years, instead of five, so the next seed will not be exhumed until 1929.

The seeds were found to differ widely in viability. Some failed to retain life even for five years; others still showed a good

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The Soul of a Sod House

Continued from page 20

"It seems to be, Letty," he answered, placing her carefully upon the bottom step. "Look at me!"

She found courage to meet his eyes, the old Matthew's eyes, even if the hair were gray, and the lines deep upon his face.

"How on arth did ye know me, Matthew?"

"Know you, and you wearin' the very same apple-blossom dress you wore in the orchard that night, you—Oh Letty, every springtime, since then, has brought it all back; what a fool a man can be!"

She stood up straight, steadying herself on the banister. "Matthew."

"Yes, Letty!"

"You forgot to get the saw!"

"Never mind the saw. When shall we start?"

"Start?"

"Yes, start eloping! You can't break your word. They'll never let you live, again, in that sod house, alone. You can't live in some other woman's house. And my house has never been any other woman's house but yours. It's been waiting all these years for a chance to be *your house*. Won't you let it be, Letty? Letty?" The strong old voice grew husky with emotion. The man reached out his hands to the little figure in pink-sprigged muslin.

"How wide are the window sills, Matthew?" she asked, holding back from him, shyly.

"As wide as ever you want them, Letty."

"Wide enough for my geraniums?"

"Yes, and for your work-basket, and—"

"And the maltese cat?"

"Yes, and the maltese cat!"

"Can I bring my chest of draw's?"

"If I have to knock out the side of the house to get it in!"

"And my Franklin stove?"

"If we have to close the settin-room register, forever, and set by that stove and talk, the rest of our days!"

Grandma came a step nearer him. "But, Matt, what will the children say?"

"Never mind them, Letty. Whose house are you goin' to live in? Yours; that is, *ours*, or *theirs*?"

She took his hand, and they emerged triumphantly from the clutches of the *two-story-square*.

"Letty, dear; you ain't changed a mite!"

"No, Matthew; not even my dress. You might call it," her voice quavered into a laugh, "my eloping gown."

At the car, she faltered. "Matthew, we can't. I forgot! We can't!"

"For the land's sake, Letty! What's the trouble now?" he demanded.

"We ain't got a horse to drive to the preacher's with!"

Matthew laughed uproariously. "A horse. What's wrong with this boat of mine, Letty?"

"We can't go. It ain't possible for me to ride in a car!"

"Letty, have you gone clean daft?"

"When Matt, my son, traded Hiram's last team in on a car, I said I'd never set foot in a car again, to my dyin' day. That's why I ain't at the encampment."

Matthew Campbell looked down at her with an understanding born of forty years of loneliness. His gravity gave way to boyish humor. He picked her up, boldly, and set her down in the car.

"You didn't set your foot in this car, Letty; I did the settin', see?" He climbed in beside her. "We'll elope first, and see about all your vows, afterward!" He planted a kiss in the region of Grandma's left ear.

"I don't really mind, Matt!"

They laughed like children as their car turned towards the sunset. The countryside welcomed them with golden fingers. The bare wheat fields stretched out to meet them. But the soul of a sod house had passed on, and left it as empty as a heart from which love has gone.

The Mother of Blackfoot Bouchette

Continued from page 30

Up to her neck or wholly submerged she had stood in the water fourteen hours, but now crept forth. She picked the scraps from the smouldering campfires, tied them in her red silk neckerchief and turning her face to the southwest, retreated swiftly over Star Blanket's track of the day before.

Just as the sudden night was about to descend she spied her husband leading the two buffalo runners and moving rapidly, if carefully, toward her on the same track.

Blackfoot Bouchette, as he was ever after called, was born that night under the stars on the highest point of Big Touchwood Hills. All his life he cowered when the mud-hens rose in clouds from a rushy lake. He never crossed water but hunted always between the Qu'Appelle and the Saskatchewan.

Once a year, when the rushes crackled dryly in Big Quill Lake, white deer-skin moccasins, curiously patterned with Blackfeet syllabic characters, were found tied to the ponass over Maggie's campfire. So did Star Blanket propitiate Manitou.

Seeds Survive the Centuries

Continued from page 110

percentage of germination when the last lot was tested, after being buried forty years. Among those which seemed to lose their vitality within five years were red oak, arbor vitae or white cedar, white clover, fireweed, cockle and two or three others. But here arises a curious contradiction. Ragweed failed utterly to respond to any test during the first twenty-five years, but showed signs of life in later tests. At forty years 4 per cent. of the seed germinated. This seems to argue that conditions in the earlier tests were not precisely what the seed required. Dr. Beal himself said that he could not be certain that he had given the seed the best possible chance.

Shepherd's purse germinated at every test up to thirty-five years, but failed at forty. In the forty-year test one seed each of pigweed, purslane and peppergrass sent forth a shoot; plantain showed a 10 per cent. germination, narrow or yellow dock and black mustard 18 per cent., evening primrose 38 per cent. and tumbleweed 66 per cent.

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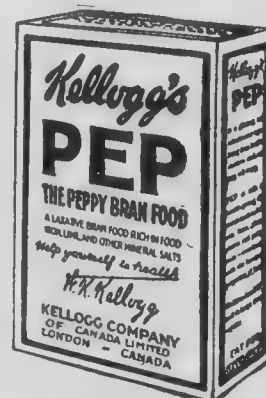
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Knight Takes Queen

Continued from page 9

"I apologize," he said to Wynthorpe one day. "You have grit after all—shake hands. These hens ought to be proud of their owner. But hens have no pride. They are idiotic. You can't spend your life getting down to the level of a feathered fowl. You have grit. We ought to put you under a glass case, eh? *This bird is extinct*. Never mind, go on working—and I'll learn more about chess. It is the one game never mastered altogether."

He had reason for the confession, since the next day Heath Cardrill beat him.

There was excuse for Dynleigh. He had not been well. That heart of his had given him its weird warning. He ought to have remained in bed, but he did not do so. At eleven o'clock he had started his game, at four o'clock Cardrill rose the winner.

Dynleigh did not say much—but his knuckles shone white. Cardrill was aggressive in his triumph and went off—swaggering.

Thomas Dynleigh put away his board and went to bed. When his servant called him next morning he was dead.

June heard the news from Wynthorpe, who came in to Rallarni Farm, his footprints looking gigantic in the heavy moisture on the grass. June could hardly believe at first, and shed kindly tears for a friend.

"I loved him," she said. "He was so—well, I can't describe it except by the word *pathetic*. I always wanted to kiss him, only I didn't like to. But I know he was fond of me."

"Yes," said Tim, "he was fond of you."

Then he did a more surprising thing. He put both arms around June and kissed her. There was no mistaking it for anything but a lover's kiss.

June gasped.

"Tim!" she whispered, "but—the month is up tomorrow and . . . and . . ."

"And you are going to tell Heath Cardrill," said Wynthorpe, "that you intend to marry me."

He only paused long enough to see the dawn of faith behind the wonder in blue eyes.

"Dynleigh's lawyer called on me by 10 a.m.," said he. "It appeared he was coming in any case to spend the day with the old man. He said he might as well tell me at once what all would know within a week. Mr. Dynleigh was a rich man—a very rich man whose dividends rolled up yearly—trebling his capital. He has left you and me joint heirs if we marry. If one refuses, the whole fortune goes to the other. Shall I wait here whilst you go and tell your mother?"

But June could not go yet—it was an hour later when they went together to find the mother who after all had been hiding her anxiety as well as she could. For the fear that June's happiness was in jeopardy haunted her. She yielded at once to a petition—and with the strange indifference of some women—appeared little troubled by thoughts of Heath Cardrill's sufferings.

"He was too fond of suggesting a purchaser," she admitted—"he was most kind. I'm not saying a word against him, but—he knew June did not love him—and he ought not to grumble now."

"But we do not always do as we ought," and—if the speaker could have seen Heath Cardrill's face at that moment, it might have startled her.

For he sat with a chessboard before him and an open letter in his hand. Just a sheet of grey paper with a single sentence written across it.

"*Knight takes Queen—check!*"

After all, Thomas Dynleigh had been the winner of the game.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 52

exports of American grain were 51,890,226 bushels, against 68,569,959 bushels in 1924. The falling off in American grain is accounted for largely by the fact that shipments of Canadian grain were greater, and that the elevator capacity of the port was fully taken up during the crop-moving season. The commodity tonnage of imports and exports, exclusive of grain, showed a gain of some 700,000 tons compared with the figures for 1924.

The enlarged imports of British coal accounted for almost one-third of this increase, but imports of raw sugar also were nearly double the quantity imported in the year immediately preceding. Other important imports include crude oil, petrol, sheet glass, sheet iron, manganese ore, molasses, dry goods, salt, sand, sulphur, toys, whiting, wire rods, and liquors. Increases were recorded in respect of all these items except dry-goods and salt.

Canadian Enterprise

THE Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce announces that Mr. Harry A. Scott, who for the past eighteen months has been assistant Trade Commissioner in Liverpool, has been promoted to the full rank of Trade Commissioner. Mr. Scott will devote himself to the general interests of Canadian exporters in that territory which covers the North of England, Lincolnshire, North Midlands, and North Wales; and Mr. J. Forsyth Smith, Canadian Fruit Trade Commissioner, who has been located for a number of years in Liverpool, will now direct his energies exclusively to the extension of Canadian fruit exports in the United Kingdom and on the Continent.

Canadian Trade Boards

A three-day convention of the Canadian Boards of Trade will be held in St. John, N.B., toward the end of September. This will be the first annual convention of the new body which was organized last November for the purpose of bringing together representative business men of the whole Dominion.

A Canadian Invitation

(From our Toronto Correspondent)

The Duke and Duchess of York will be invited to open the Canadian National Exhibition of 1927. The intention is to make this Exhibition a feature of the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the Confederation.

It is hoped that the Duke and Duchess will be able to visit Canada on their way to or on the return journey from Australia.

Mrs. Fischback Makes it a Fivesome

Continued from page 37

remarked Sonia, who had just handed Marcus a wallop "for getting fresh."

"Suddenly Mrs. Fischback rose. The accommodating stranger stopped his car, and she turned round.

"Listen, Sonia!" cried her mother. "Remember the Schapps—used to be neighbors by us on Second Avenue? Here's Jacob Schapp! Him and your pa, such good fine friends they was! He lives by the country all alone. Dear Mrs. Schapp she died same year as your pa. Ain't it wonderful? He got a married daughter. He wants I should stop off and visit—and you call for me coming back."

"Sure," said Mr. Schapp at this point. "For why you want to take a mother-by-law on a honeymoon anyhow? Such an idea! Rebecca and me got a lot—now—to talk back, eh, Becky?"

"Didn't I told you," said Barney to Marcus, "always you should look on the bright side?"

A week later Mrs. F. set out on another honeymoon trip, but this time as the leading partner in a twosome.

Do not make the mistake of trying to forget your mistakes. Keep them in mind, study them, and use them as helps to success.

The Splendid Lie

By William E. Bowns

"WOMEN," said young Bailey (he was very young) sententiously, "should make good Cabinet Ministers; they are such splendid liars."

It may be remembered en passant that Bailey's knowledge both of women and Cabinet Ministers was chiefly confined to waitresses and newspapers.

"They can't help it, poor things," remarked the Cynic, looking up from a magazine; "they are brought up to deceit from their cradles. No woman ever tells the truth except by accident."

"Oh, I say," protested the young man who had just become engaged, "that's a bit strong you know, I'm sure Mabel—" He broke off blushing under the Cynic's eye. "Well, anyway, I know there are women who speak the truth."

"Our young friend is quite right," said the voice of the newest arrival. "I knew one—once."

We glanced casually in his direction, but he sat well back among the shadows by the fireplace of the hotel smoking room, and there was nothing much to be seen of him beyond a pair of long legs crossed comfortably and the red tip of a cigar.

"The woman I honor most," said Lascelles, speaking for the first time, "is a woman who once told not the truth, but a lie—a splendid lie."

Lascelles was a first-class man for a yarn when he was in the mood. "It all happened a longish time back," he began, as he sank heavily into a saddle back chair, "so I don't mind telling you fellows about it, especially as the lady concerned married again years ago, and there is no chance of her name being recognized. Jove! the second husband, whoever he may be, is a lucky fellow. She was a woman in a thousand, I can tell you—splendid figure, a skin like cream, and hair—well, I never saw such colored hair as hers. It always reminded me of a bottle of Chianti, the cheaper kind—you know what a particular red that is. The other women said it was dyed, but women will say anything where a younger and prettier one is concerned especially those living all the year round in a little township in the prairie. They couldn't forgive Mrs. Mortimer her looks or her clothes. The clothes came from Winnipeg, three times a year, if you please; and the women said that her complexion also originated from the same city."

"But Mrs. Mortimer could afford to laugh. She knew that gossip as they might, the other women could not afford to keep her out of their houses; for every man in the town was in love with her more or less, and she was the sole magnet that drew them to the dull tennis parties and dinner parties that were all the feminine portion could boast of in the way of entertainment."

"Personally, I considered Mrs. Mortimer the straightest little woman I had ever met. She was always smiling and had a good word for everybody, and her patience with that sullen booby of a husband of hers was amazing. She seemed wrapped up in him, although, curiously enough, he did not seem to return her devotion. His work, of course, took him away from her during the daytime, but he always spent the evening, when he could have been with her, playing cards at the club, which he rarely left before one o'clock in the morning."

"He was a quarrelsome devil, too; always on the lookout to pick a row with somebody. He took a splendid dislike to a chap called Sanders, a decent young fellow enough, who had just come to the place. Everybody liked him, but Mortimer, for some reason or other, went out of his way to be downright rude to him. Mrs. Mortimer confessed to me once she didn't dare ask him to the house any more. It seemed that Mortimer had come home unexpectedly one day, and had found his wife and young Sanders having tea together, and had been positively insulting to poor Mr. Saunders."

"Sanders, naturally enough resented such treatment, and the relations between the two grew so strained that when, one morning Mortimer was found lying dead on the road just beyond his

house, with the brains beaten out of his head, it was not very surprising that suspicion fell upon young Sanders. It was remembered that they had had an exceptionally violent quarrel at the club the evening before and that Sanders had left early in a towering rage. Mortimer, although he had left the club early for him, had not gone much before midnight, which seemed to me to be a pretty good argument in Sander's favor, inasmuch as he wasn't at all the kind of man to hang about from nine in the evening until midnight on the off chance of killing Mortimer. He was hot-headed if you like, but not cold-blooded. Anyway, Sanders was arrested on suspicion."

"Mrs. Mortimer was lying at the time very seriously ill. The doctor said that the shock of her husband's death had very nearly turned her brain. But she recovered sufficiently just before the inquest to be told of Sander's arrest and she went as white as a sheet of paper, they said, when she heard."

"The next thing we knew was that she had elected to give evidence at the inquest. I can tell you the town fairly hummed with gossip, and the courthouse was so crammed on the eventful day, that in spite of all the fans going, there wasn't literally any air to breathe, or the room to breathe it in if there had been any."

"Mrs. Mortimer looked a perfect picture all in black, with long trailing things about her. When she was called you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. When she had finished speaking there was such a buzz that you could not have heard a barrelful fall, for Mrs. Mortimer had sworn on oath that young Sanders couldn't possibly have murdered her husband inasmuch as from half past nine to a quarter past three he had been with her. I forgot to mention before, the medical evidence had gone to prove that Mortimer was murdered at about half past one at the latest."

"Of course after that they were obliged to let young Sanders go, and it was a jolly good thing that they did, for the man who had murdered Mortimer confessed about a week later. He was a discharged clerk, with a big grudge against Mortimer, who had once beaten him heavily about the head with a stick. The clerk had watched his opportunity, and had returned the beating with interest."

"So much for the actual murder. But to return to Mrs. Mortimer."

"Curiously enough, nobody in the town, not even the women, believed her. They were obliged to accept the evidence, but they all thought she had done it to shield young Sanders. They made quite a heroine of her, and when she left the town for good, which she did shortly afterwards, she departed in a shower of good wishes and bouquets. I must say I think she deserved them, for she was a deuced plucky little woman. It must take grit, I can tell you, for a woman to stand up in public and accuse herself of dishonoring her husband and herself. Yes, I call it a splendid lie."

"It was the truth," said the quiet voice from beyond the shadows. There was a noise of a chair being pushed back, and a tall man came forward into the circle of light."

"It was the truth," said the quiet voice again. "I ought to know. You see, I happen to be Sanders."

She Pitied the Lion

Uncle had just returned home from an expedition into Africa after big game, says the Tatler; he was delighting all the family with stirring tales of adventure in the jungle."

"One of my beaters was so savagely bitten by a lion once," he announced, "that he had to have his arm amputated."

There was a short silence while the information sank in, and then the small daughter of the house said in a sympathetic voice:

"What a pity, uncle; the poor lion might just as well have had it."



"Only One Thing — Kept that Business Going"

WHEN Jim Elliott suddenly passed away, some people said the firm of Elliott and Barclay would fail.

Barclay, the younger partner, handled the sales end, relying almost entirely upon Jim's judgment in financial matters. So it was predicted that since Barclay apparently lacked the capital to carry on while adjusting himself to his now greater responsibilities, the firm would be forced into liquidation.

But nothing like that happened—thanks to Jim Elliott's farsightedness.

Five years before his death he foresaw the dire possibility of such an emergency and in the interests of his own family as well as Barclay's he insisted that he and his partner invest in Business Insurance.

When Elliott died, that Business Insurance saved the firm; it firmly established Barclay's credit and eased his mind of financial worry during the critical period of readjustment. Thus not only the future of the Elliott family but also the success of the business was entirely safeguarded.

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the Continent"

HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO, CANADA



MY DEAR Boys and Girls: Didn't I tell you so? Here we are before you can turn round, back in October, and almost, not quite, but almost, getting ready for winter. Isn't October a nice month? It's such a brown, red, golden, fruity month. The skies are so blue, the leaves so golden and brown, the oak and the dogwood so crimson, and the cellars and stores so full of beautiful fruit. Down in Ontario they have been picking the grapes. Did you ever do that? Walk down the long rows of green vines trained on wire fences, and smell the marvellous smell of the grapes, and then lift the great heavy purple bunches and snip them off and pack them in baskets? And pop a particularly big one into your mouth every now and then? Yum, yum. This summer Bobby Burke journeyed from you all, right across the wide, grey, rolling Atlantic to far away France, and Belgium, and Holland, and England, and bonny Scotland, and there we tasted the tiny green sweet grapes of France, the luscious juicy blue hot-house grapes of England (and we saw the 800 year old grape vine at Hampton Court that sometimes has nearly 1,000 bunches of grapes on it at one time); we sampled the small French peaches too, and the green almonds that come in a fruit like a small peach, but let me tell you a secret, in all those wonderful countries we visited and of all the nice fruit we saw and sampled, there is none anywhere that is as nice as our own Canadian fruit. No apples that can touch ours, no peaches so ripe and golden, no grapes with that wonderful flavor, no pears that are as mellow, and this is really true, the first thing everyone wanted when they landed at Quebec was a Canadian pear or a peach, and they got it I can assure you! There are many things that they have across the sea that are wonderful, many things that are much finer and more beautiful than the things we have, but fruit is not one of them. Would you like to hear some day about some of the things that are finer? If you would I will try to tell you. I hope you have been like the busy squirrels, filling your storehouses with pictures instead of nuts, for when the long winter evenings come there will be plenty of time for you to think of the lovely summer days, and the good times that you had.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

IRENE PEACOCK, of 1256-6th Ave. S., Lethbridge, wanted someone to write to her, and she has one new friend made through the Corner. Perhaps now the holidays are over there will be other Cosy Cornerites who would like to write to Irene.

Gladys Adman, of Etzikom, Alta., sends us a receipt for making caramels. Thank you, Gladys, I am sure they will be good. **Candy Caramels**

Take 1 cup cream or milk, 2 cups sugar, 1/3 cup syrup. Beat all together well, cook, and when it forms a quite firm ball when tried in cold water, pour into buttered pan. When cool, mark into squares. By filling the bottom of buttered pan with peanuts or chopped walnuts it makes lovely candy. Then, for special occasions, when nearly cold, make into shapes, dip with dipping chocolate and roll into finely chopped nuts. This is excellent.

Arthur Reeve, of Grenfell, enjoys reading the Cosy Corner, especially the letters. He is fond of outdoor life, rides and loves working around engines. He thinks he would like to be an engineer. Arthur's a real boy, and I am sure he would like to hear from some other real boys who like engines. Once upon a time I had a brother (he was killed in the Great War) and when he was a little fellow he gave me a little engine for a Christmas present, because he was afraid no one would give it to him, and he knew I wouldn't want it and he could use it. He loved engines too.

Alfred Ash, of Abergere, Wentworth Road, High Brans, Herts., England sends in such a neat, nice printed letter. He is seven years old and likes the Cosy Corner and wants to join. We would like to have you very much, Alfred, and because you are so far away and will not be able to earn a button, we will send you one from the Canadian members of the Cosy Corner.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE

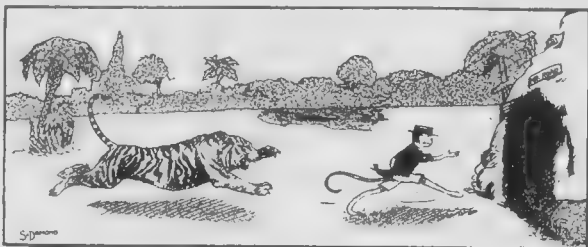


"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

Monkey Tales

By Uncle Eric

ONCE there lived a monkey named Jocko, he lived with his mother and father at the top of a high cocoanut tree near the jungle. He was a good little monkey and never got into any mischief—except—well, you know what monkeys are.



All the animals in the jungle liked Jocko and some of them loved him.

But the bad old tiger hated him.

And Jocko didn't like the bad old tiger very much.

One day Jocko came down from his home at the top of the high cocoanut tree to play on the grass a while, he was very thoughtless and didn't see the bad old tiger hiding behind a sarsaparilla bush.

But the bad old tiger saw him.

And sprang out on Jocko to catch him.

But quick little Jocko ran for his life. And ran—and ran—and ran! And so did the bad old tiger.

At last poor little Jocko was so tired that he could run no further, and just as the bad old tiger was going to grab him, he saw just before him the cave in which Mr. Roar, the lion lived. So poor little Jocko rushed in there and the bad old tiger dare not follow him.

Mr. Roar, the lion, was at home and welcomed Jocko right heartily and invited him to dinner.

"Thank you, Mr. Lion," said Jocko politely, "but I must be going home—only I am rather afraid that the bad old tiger will get me."

"Don't be frightened, my dear little Jocko," said the nice old lion, "I will protect you."

"But suppose you are not there when the bad old tiger comes?" said Jocko.

"Well," the nice old lion said, "Take this little whistle, and if you need me—just whistle on your whistle and I'll come to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Roar," said Jocko, "And good day to you." And so Jocko went gaily on his way through the jungle.

Soon he met Mr. Bear. (Mr. Bear's name was Bruin.)

"Good day Mr. Bruin," said the polite little Jocko.

"Good day," gruffly grunted Mr. Bruin, who always spoke gruffly like that although he didn't mean to be rude. "And how are you today?" "I'm quite well thank you, only I'm a little scared of Mr. Tiger, who chased me again today. But Mr. Roar, the lion, gave me a little whistle to blow on, if the bad old tiger gets me and I need help so all I've got to do is to whistle on my whistle and Mr. Roar will come to me."

"Well," said the nice old Mr. Bruin,

"Take this little bell, and, if you need me—ring on your bell and I'll come to you."

"Thank you," said Jocko and good day to you." And so Jocko went gaily on his way through the jungle.

"Soon he met Mr. Howl, the wolf. And he told Mr. Howl all his adventures, how Mr. Lion had given him a whistle and Mr. Bruin had given him a bell.

"Well," said the nice old Mr. Howl, "Take this little drum, and if you need me—drum on your drum and I'll come to you."

"Thank you," said Jocko. "And good day to you." And Jocko went gaily on his way through the jungle.

Soon he met Mr. Hiss, the python snake, to whom he told all his adventures and how kind Mr. Lion, Mr. Bruin and Mr. Howl had been to him.

"Well," said Mr. Hiss. "Take this little trumpet and if you have need of me just—trumpet on your trumpet and I'll come to you."

"Thank you," said Jocko. "And good day to you." And Jocko went gaily on his way through the jungle, until he came to the river which flowed by his home, where he met Mr. Tears, the crocodile, who was crying real crocodile tears just like soap bubbles, and showed that he was as happy as could be. Crocodiles are like that.

So dear little Jocko told his friend Mr. Tears all his adventures, how Mr. Lion had given him a whistle, Mr. Bruin, the bear had given him a

bell, Mr. Howl, the wolf had given him a drum, and Mr. Hiss, the python snake, a trumpet, and if the bad old tiger got him, all he had to do was to

"Whistle on his whistle."

"Ring on his bell."

"Drum on his drum."

"Trumpet on his trumpet."

"Well," said the nice old crocodile, "take this little rattle and, if you need me just—rattle on your rattle and I'll come to you."

"Thank you," said Jocko, "and good



day to you." And Jocko went gaily through the jungle towards his home at the top of the high cocoanut tree, thinking how nice it was to have such kind friends and how safe he was from the bad old tiger.

But suddenly the bad old tiger jumped out from behind a sarsaparilla bush and growled in a nasty snarly kind of voice: "Now, I've got you at last; and a nice, fine, fat dinner you will make me."

"Oh no, I won't," cried Jocko, pulling out his whistle, which he quickly put to his lips and gave a loud, clear blast.

Like this—"Whooooo ee!" And far away in the jungle, ever so far off, they both heard Mr. Lion roar.

Like this—"Whooooo!"

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the bad old tiger, "I can eat you a long time before he gets here."

But brave little Jocko quickly pulled out his little bell and rang on it. Like this—"Ding a ling a ling a ling!" And far away they both heard Mr. Bruin's hoarse grunt.

Like this—"Woof, woof!"

"Ha! Haw! Hee!" laughed the bad old tiger, "I can eat you a long time before he gets here."

But the brave little Jocko snatched out his little drum and drummed as loudly on it as he could. Like this—"Rubetty rub de rub de rub!"

And away in the jungle they both heard Mr. Howl. Like this—"Whow-ow-oo!"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the bad old tiger, "I can eat you a long time before he gets here."

But the brave little Jocko quickly pulled out his trumpet and trumped on it. Like this—"Toot, toot, toot!"

And quite close at hand they heard the hiss of Mr. Python the snake. Like this—"Ssssss—Ssssss!"

"Ho!" said the bad old tiger quickly, for he was a little frightened, "I can eat you a long time before he comes!"

But brave little Jocko quickly pulled out the little rattle that the nice old crocodile had given him and rattled on it very loudly. Like this—"Rattle, rattle, rattle!"

"Ho!" said the bad old tiger, "I'd better eat you up, before the stupid old Mr. Tears gets here."

But just then—"Snap!" went the sharp teeth of Mr. Crocodile on the bad old tiger's tail—windy windy—ssssssss went the python snake, tying himself firmly round the bad old tiger's legs.

"Crunch-unch-nch-ch-hh!" went the strong arms of Mr. Bruin as he took a heavy grip of the bad old tiger.

"Snap!" went Mr. Howl, the wolf as he took a nice big bite out of the bad old tiger's leg.

"Whoor-oor!" and the dear old Mr. Roar the lion, just tore that bad old tiger into pieces. And so the dear little Jocko thanked his good friends and went gaily on his way through the jungle to his little home at the top of the cocoanut tree near the river.

(Jocko sent each of his friends a beautiful ripe cocoanut to show how thankful he was.)

SOMETHING TO DO

HOW about those snapshots we spoke of in the September number? You know how much you would like to see pictures of the boys and girls whose names you know from the Cosy Corner. Well, they would like to see your picture too, so send one, only be sure it is clear and well printed or it cannot be re-printed in the Corner.

Something to do for October—the evenings are long and dark in October, and it's cosy around the stove or the fireplace—see if on one of these cosy evenings you can't write us a letter and pretend that you are the log of wood that is crackling away in the fire, and go back to the beginning when you were part of a tree and tell us all about your life, your growth, your forest friends and how you came to be burning up and keeping people warm. You may be any kind of wood you like, but let us see that your heads aren't wood, and that you have real imaginations! There will be a prize for the best "Log of Wood" story, and that prize will be a fitted pencil box that will make all the other pupils at school quite envious of you.

SUMMER PRIZES

THE great moment has arrived at last when poor Bobby Burke, buried in sheets of letter paper, foolscap, and so on, all covered closely with writing, has to begin the great work of deciding who has won the summer prize for the best diary.

Pearl J. Turner, of Denzil, Sask., is the lucky winner of a camera for the best farm diary. Pearl must be a splendid little worker, and she has her eyes and ears open too. No fooling her, she

knows what is going on on the farm, and can do her share as well as any boy. She ends her diary with this little verse:

"If I should by some lucky chance
Win the farm diary prize,
Would you please send the camera
To greet my surprised eyes?"

One of Pearl's first entries runs this way: "Stopped raining today. The frogs are thick everywhere. I guess they stay in the ground until it rains and then come out full force. Everything is growing now, but it'll be too muddy to work in the garden for a while. I went for eggs this morning as our hens nearly stopped laying and the canary birds have to have egg to eat.

"I rode into town 16 miles for the mail today. The roads are pretty bad. Bought some more garden seed to plant as it is not too late yet to plant peas, radishes, etc. Most of the tender gardens got frozen last night."

Some of her last entries: "Wash day, baking day, ironing day, gardening day, well, that's today! I am as tired tonight as a performing monkey. The beans still need hoeing but it's not going to hurt them to wait till tomorrow. Cleaned out the chicken house this morning. We started to cut and stook wheat today. I am afraid we've over-estimated the average stand."

This diary was neatly written and bound into a book. Congratulations, Pearl. Second prize goes to Harold Buchanan, of Thornhill. A boy scout knife would likely be your choice, Harold. A well written diary. There's a gold button goes to Vera Leslie, of Steveston, B.C. Vera went to a very interesting girls' camp for her holidays and she tells about it in her diary. You must write and tell us about Steveston some day, Vera. Everyone would like to hear about the salmon boats coming in and the great fish being cut up. A gold button goes to Bessie Coxworth, of Regent P.O., for a good farm diary illustrated with pen and ink sketches. Another gold button to Virginia N. Innes, of Abernethy, Sask. And still another gold button, this time to a town girl, Eileen Dykes, of 2621-15th Street, Calgary, Alta. Eileen went on a nice trip to the Pacific Coast with her mother and granny, and she kept a diary during her visit. I think you all did very well during the summer months, and I hope you will enjoy your camera, your knife, and your gold buttons, and come again next year.

SAFED AND THE BLUE BEADS

THE little sister of the daughter of the daughter of Keturah spake thus unto me:

Grandpa, dost thou know what happened while thou wast around the World?

And I answered, Tell me what happened.

And she said, The Five and Ten Cent Store came in on Marion Street. Shall we go there?

And I said, We will go at once.

And she said, I want some Beads.

And the Salesgirl said, We have Red ones and Blue ones and Yellow ones and Pink ones.

And she chose those that were Blue.

And as we walked away she did not button her Coat at the top.

And a lady was coming toward us, and the little sister of the daughter of the daughter of Keturah said, She will Notice My Beads.

And the Lady said, They are very fine, and they Match thine Eyes.

And she said, Thou canst not guess who gave them to me.

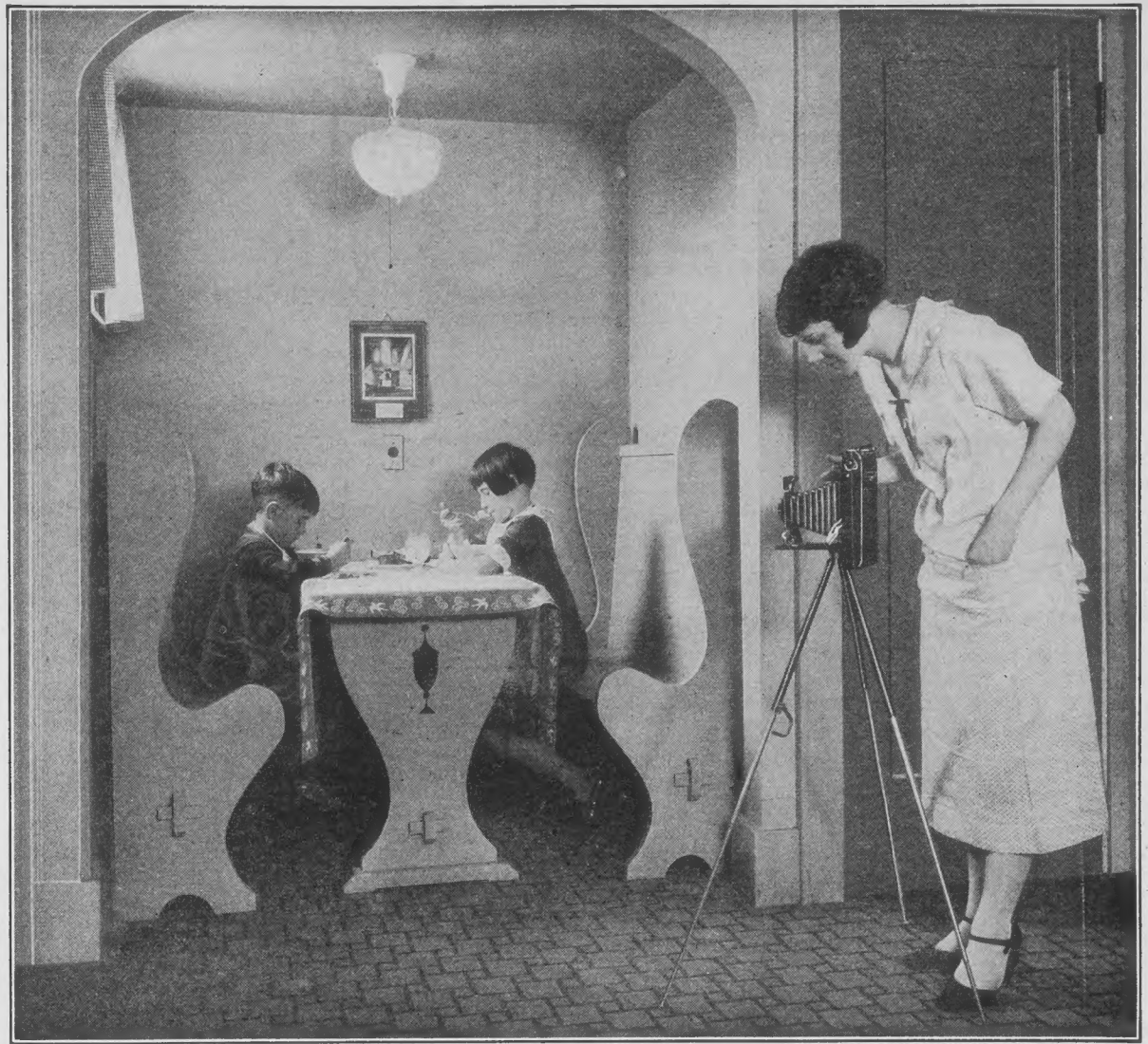
And the lady said, who?

And she said, My Grandpa.

And the lady said, I know thy Grandpa by sight. I have seen his picture in the paper. Yea, I have read certain of his writings. Moreover, I have heard him speak. Thy Grandpa is a Distinguished Man.

And she said, That's because he is My Grandpa.

Now I rather think she is right. For whatever of distinction a man shall gain in his own person or reputation, what shall it profit him if his children be fools or his grand children walk in the paths of folly? Verily that man who hath sweet and virtuous and healthy and strong Posterity, he is distinguished.—Public Opinion.



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The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

To Hold the Whole Family

What this country needs is a good small car with flexible sides.—Fort William Times-Journal.

It Would Appear So

"There are queer laws in America," writes a critic. Yes, rum ones.—London Opinion.

The City of Many Perils to Life

Chicago plans the highest twin towers in the world as isles of safety?—Buffalo Express.

Mistaking the Knock

Some men miss success because when opportunity knocks at the door they think it's the wolf.—London Free Press.

An Ancient Art in Politics

Fog, according to a scientific publication, can now be made to order. This will be no news to politicians.—Vancouver Sun.

Potentates in the Republic

The United States may call itself a republic, but its newspapers are full of stories about alcohol czars, beer barons and vice kings.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Fashion Item

America's greatest problem appears to centre around trying to keep dress hems below those of nether garments, if any.—Kingston Whig.

The Opportunities Canada Offers

James Stewart, M.P. for Glasgow, says that the opportunities Canada offers are not fully appreciated in Great Britain. Are they fully appreciated in Canada?—Edmonton Journal.

The Best Beauty Doctor

Old Ma Nature is the greatest beauty doctor, but she doesn't attract much custom because she does her work free.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

How the Styles Have Changed!

A woman reports that last week she got hold of a 1918 skirt and made herself three new dresses and a couple of bungalow aprons.—Peterboro Examiner.

A Sheik and His Trousers

We notice where the chief sheik of Morocco has been sent to an island by the French. What we would like to know is, did he take his sheik trousers with him?—Brandon Sun.

Can This Be True?

A beauty expert says that bobbed hair is now to be cut on the bias, ears painted in shades flesh color and cerise, and finger nails stained to match the gown. Us boys are certainly heading into great times.—The Pas Herald.

What the Judge Might Have Added

Judge Harrison, of Little Rock, Arkansas, says that a home without a flapper is like a home without a radio set. He might have added that a home with both flapper and radio set is like nothing else on earth.—Lethbridge Herald.

When Fiction Began

"Fiction," says Mr. Kipling, "began when a man invented a story about another man; it developed when another man told tales about a woman." That was the time, too, when the slander and divorce courts dawned on human history.—Calgary Herald.

The Changed Orient

Where the camels of Ghengis Khan once printed the sands the Ford now plows its impertinent way. Go to Bagdad, Father Time's old home town, and the first thing to strike your eye will be an advertisement for somebody's sewing machine.—London Daily Mail.

Quite So

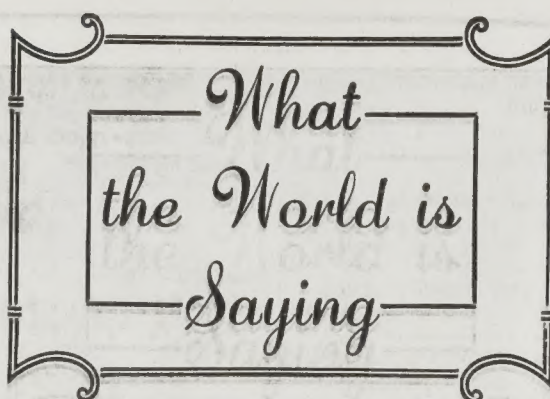
General Andrews, chief of prohibition enforcement, has gone to England to try to induce the English to quit sending liquor over here. If General Andrews can't induce Americans to quit buying it we wonder what chance he has to induce Englishmen to quit selling it.—Kansas City Star.

A Dance That is Hard on the Eyes

The department of health in Mexico City has issued orders forbidding the dancing of the Charleston in public dance halls, on the ground that it is apt to cause heart failure. And of course, there is always the danger of the spectators becoming cross-eyed.—Minneapolis Journal.

Again the Films are Blamed

Two children of five and seven years were brought before the Lancaster children's court for breaking into railway warehouses, mixing nails with jam, starting fires in the yards, and decorating with paint a tram under repair. If these children lived near Hollywood, they would have been given a contract each and salaries of anything from \$15,000 up.—Brockville Recorder-Times.



A Difference

A genuine dry is always dry, but a genuine wet has mornings when he has his doubts.—Stockton Independent.

A Rum Blossom

The California prohibition enforcement officer recently indicted for irregularities in the disposal of liquor said: "I am no lily." Well, at least, he is not a water lily.—Seattle Times.

Twenty Dresses in a Suitcase

An Ottawa girl boasts that she packed twenty dresses in one suitcase. She neglects to say what she used to finish filling it.—Montreal La Presse.

No, Indeed

General Chang, Chinese war lord, has two stuffed tigers in his throne-room and a dozen wives. War lord, then, is no idle appellation.—Ottawa Journal.

But the Map is Unchanged

The London Express tells of emigrants leaving for "Regina in Manitoba." There must have been an earthquake in the West to move it like that.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A Comparison

But at that the girl who wears furs in July is not much crazier than the man who drinks whisky to keep cool in summer and warm in winter.—Toledo Blade.

Two Main Classes of People

We sometimes think, after reading the accident lists, our citizens are divided into two classes, the careless and the careless.—Boston Transcript.

Valuable Legs

A dancer named Thaie La Pe has her legs insured for \$200,000. Which works out at \$100,000 apiece. She is lucky she is not a centipede.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Films and Fame

It is one more evidence of the widespread influence of the movies that provincial newspapers in England, in discussing Canadian public affairs, usually print the given name of Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen as Thomas.—Ottawa Citizen.

Joy-bringing Words

A literary critic says that a few words spoken aloud can cause a surge of joy in the heart of the listener. For instance, when the dentist says, "Now rinse your mouth out with this."—Moose Jaw Times.

Strange, but True

An English scientist says he can sell sunshine in the form of pills. But again America leads. In this country moonshine in bottles has already become an article of commerce.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Another Criticism of the Fashions

The head of the Wholesale Jewellery Association in the United States says that the women do not wear enough clothes these days to hang expensive jewellery on, hence a falling off in sales. Who looks at the jewellery these days?—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Considering the Other Side

Short skirts are blamed by Senator Butler, of Massachusetts, for putting the textile industry on the blink. But look at how the horn-rimmed spectacle industry has flourished since the advent of silk and knees.—New York World.

A Long Drawn Out Romance

A Japanese author has dashed off a romance in 106 volumes, and no doubt there are impatient persons in Japan who will read the last sixteen volumes first to see whether he married the girl.—Montreal Gazette.

The Teaching of Kindness

Humane societies are performing a real service in educating the little children in the schools to be kind to animals. The generation is helped by such education and gets a brighter and a broader view of life in general, and those kind to animals are usually found to be kinder to humans than others who have no regard for animals at all.—Toronto Globe.

What Some Drivers Need

Some drivers need chains on their feet more than they need them on their tires.—Montreal Herald.

A Bad Combination

About the worst possible mixture is a dominating personality driving a five-ton truck.—Kitchener Record.

What War Prophets Do Not Tell

We read a great deal about how the next war will be fought, but we get no enlightenment about how the war debts will be settled.—London Express.

When the Walker Will Have a Chance

A Frenchman has invented a flying bicycle. Now, if they can make autos fly, we may have some chance to get across the street alive.—Chicago Tribune.

They Are Usually Wide Awake

A big insurance man says that seven hours is enough sleep, but we did not know they ever slept.—Hamilton Reporter.

Clubs Were Arguments Then

Prehistoric man was immeasurably happier than we are. He didn't have to listen to political speeches.—Galt Reporter.

A Downtrodden Husband

Our idea of an abused man is one whose wife sends him to the store to buy something at the lingerie counter.—Toronto Telegram.

Warnings Seem Vain

A few more deaths from wood alcohol are announced. Just give wood alcohol time and it will get them all.—Detroit News.

A Question

Prof. Fleure states that men become bald when their brains develop. He may make the assertion, but where is he going to find proof for it?—Vancouver Province.

Progress in Winnipeg

Fifty years ago this summer restless cows in Winnipeg made night hideous with the tinkling of their cow-bells. The honk of the horn has long since replaced the tintinabulating cow-bell.—Winnipeg Free Press.

It Was, No Doubt

A ghost which tore down nine tombstones and left giant footmarks in a wrecked cemetery in Clinton, Conn., has turned out to be an auto which "went on the rampage." Still, it may have been spirits at that.—Springfield Republican.

Expensive Travelling

Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, Jr., went from New York to Chicago in a special train. Her ticket cost her \$7,000. A few customers like that in Canada would soon earn dividends for the C.N.R.—Toronto Star.

The Horse Hasn't Vanished Yet

Unostentatiously, and little by little, the horse has been superseded by the motor until now there are only 4,152,000 more horses on American farms than there were in 1900.—Pittsburg Post.

The ex-Kaiser Tried the Same Role

Charlie Chaplin says he will essay the role of Napoleon. In other words he will exchange the shoes that have amused the world for the boots that once trampled on Europe.—Winnipeg Tribune.

What Are We Coming To?

The beauty experts in convention at Chicago declare that compacts for men are on the way. Last year men bought \$8,000,000 worth of hair dye. It is averred that men more and more are frequenting beauty parlors and taking treatments.—Saskatoon Star.

Chinese Generals and their Heads

One Chinese general offers \$1,000,000 for the head of another. It is a lot of money, but the job of getting the other general's head is probably not an easy one. A man doesn't become a general in China without having a head that is pretty good at taking care of itself.—Regina Leader.

A Good Place to Make A Stop

As it has been proved desirable to stop before entering a "stop" street simply because there is danger of colliding with another car, how much greater is the need for stopping before coming to the right-of-way of the locomotive, a machine that cannot stop suddenly or swerve one inch to avoid a collision? Stratford Beacon Herald.

Partisanship

How much better government this country would have if it were not that when an election campaign is announced and the party leaders begin to pound their tom-toms and shout their war cries and dance their war dances, so many of their followers become carried away with excitement and begin thinking with their prejudices, instead of using their reasoning powers.—Brantford Expositor.

Dominion *Inlaid* Linoleum



Design illustrated is Dominion Inlaid Linoleum, No. 7021. The same design can be obtained in wood effect No. 7020.

The Floor Beautiful for Beautiful Homes

Rich, colorful, artistic, Dominion Inlaid Linoleum gives lasting beauty wherever it is laid. Cover your floors with it this Fall. You can easily select appropriate designs and color schemes for reception hall, living room, dining room, bedrooms, library, kitchen or bathroom.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum is easy and quick to lay. As the sole floor covering or as a background for woven rugs, its effect is equally delightful and artistic.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum is firm and smooth—the easiest of floors to clean and keep clean. It lasts a lifetime because the colors go right through to the burlap back. And best of all, it is remarkably moderate in price.

Other Beautiful Dominion Floors

Dominion Printed Linoleum is an exceptionally durable floor covering that comes in a wide range of unusually beautiful designs. Made in widths up to twelve feet, it is easy and quick to lay and moderately priced. Dominion Linoleum Rugs are also widely favored for their beauty and low cost. They lie flat without fastening of any kind and wear for years and years. All popular sizes.



At House Furnishing and Departmental Stores Everywhere

*This might
have been
prevented*



**Bad Teeth May Mean
Sickly Backward Child**

**Taxpayers Assessed Huge Sum
Because Pupils Are Re-
tarded by Dental Ills**

It is hard to believe that defective teeth can lead to the dreaded "catching" diseases that mothers fear when children go to school. But ask your dentist or physician. Either one will tell you that the consequences of tooth decay may be serious beyond belief.

Do you realize what it means in cold dollars and cents, when children fail "to pass" in school? The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has figured out that taxpayers are assessed hundreds of thousands of dollars each year for the re-instruction of children who have been kept back through disability caused by bad teeth.

School surveys have shown that mental development as well as physical, suffers when children's teeth are bad.

The move for better teeth is sweeping the country. Conditions are improving—but they still are bad. Much must yet be done.

Give the child a chance.

Special Trial Tube Offer

COLGATE & Co. Limited, Dept. H.M.
72 St. Ambrose Street,
MONTREAL CANADA

I enclose two cents in stamps. Please send me
a generous trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

Here are children being taught to fight tooth decay. Colgate co-operates with thousands of school officials and health authorities in teaching dental hygiene.



MADE IN
CANADA

Priced right, too!
Large tube...25c



Mother—Guard Those Lovely Teeth They're Priceless!

She'll thank you in after years if you teach her now the way to healthy, happy teeth. And you can't afford to let her take chances, for her beauty, her health and her mental development, all depend so much on her teeth.

Teach her the simplest, yet most effective beauty secret in the world . . . Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

* * *

Colgate's is the modern way to protect the charm of beautiful teeth. It makes them flash white and lovely when you talk or smile. It brings out all their natural beauty. But more important . . .

it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and under the edges of the gums.

Remove Those Causes of Decay

Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. The warm, dark interior of your mouth is an ideal breeding place for germs. But they can't lurk there and multiply, when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and removes those causes of tooth decay.

No Grit . . . No Harsh Chemicals

Colgate's contains no grit. It can't scratch or "ridge" the thin enamel of your teeth. It contains none of those chemicals that burn or harm the delicate mouth tissues. Your mouth feels clean after using Colgate's . . . and it is clean. You'll like the taste of Colgate's . . . even children love to use it regularly.

Colgate
Limited